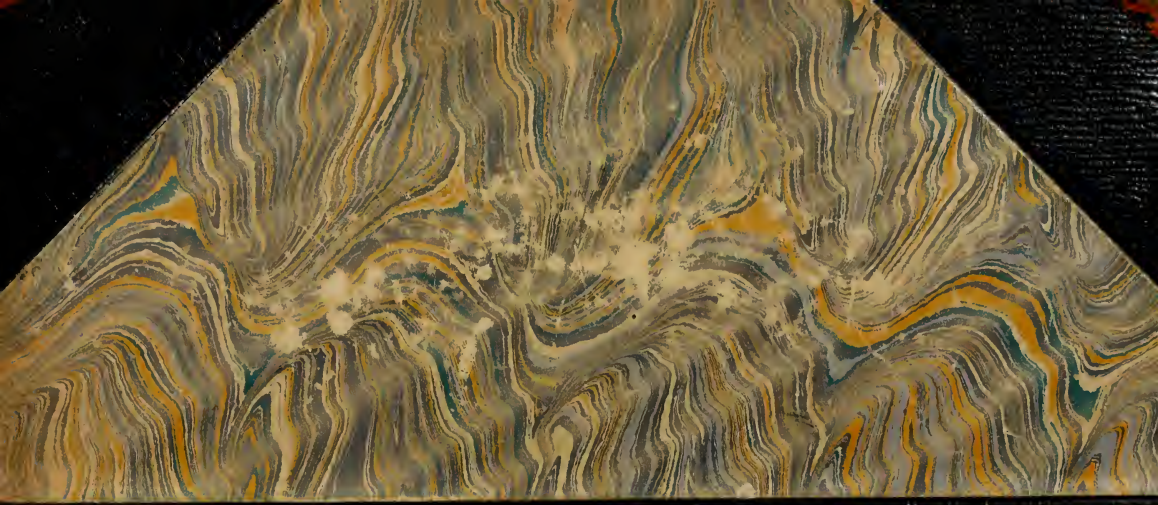

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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FORTY-FOURTH.

LONDON:

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THE

FORTY-FOURTH VOLUME

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS;

CONTAINING

SWIFT AND BROOME.

THE

POEMS

OF

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT.*

Occaſioned by reading the following MAXIM in ROCHEFOUCAULT, " Dans l'adverſité de nos " meilleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours quelque " choſe qui ne nous déplaît pas.

" In the adverſity of our beſt friends, we always find ſomething " that doth not diſpleaſe us."

AS Rochefoucault his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true:
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.
This maxim more than all the reſt
Is thought too baſe for human breaſt:
" In all diſtreſſes of our friends,
" We firſt conſult our private ends;
" While nature, kindly bent to eaſe us,
" Points out ſome circumſtance to pleaſe us."
If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reaſon and experience prove.
We all behold with envious eyes
Our equals rais'd above our ſize.

* Written in November, 1731.—There are two diſtinct poems on this ſubject, one of them containing many ſpurious lines. In what is here printed, the genuine parts of both are preſerved. N.

'Who would not at a crowded ſhow
Stand high himſelf, keep others low?
I love my friend as well as you:
But why ſhould he obſtruct my view?
Then let me have the higher poſt;
Suppoſe it but an inch at moſt.
If in a battle you ſhould find
One, whom you love of all mankind,
Had ſome heroic action done,
A champion kill'd, or trophy won;
Rather than thus be over-topt,
Would you not wiſh his laurels cropt?
Dear honeſt Ned is in the gout,
Lies rack'd with pain, and you without:
How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad the caſe is not your own!
What poet would not grieve to ſee
His brother write as well as he?
But, rather than they ſhould excel,
Would wiſh his rivals all in hell?
Her end when emulation miſſes,
She turns to envy, ſtings, and hiſſes:
The ſtrongeſt friendſhip yields to pride,
Unleſs the odds be on our ſide.
Vain human-kind! fantaſtic race!
Thy various follies who can trace?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.
Give others riches, power, and ſtation,
'Tis all to me an uſurpation.

I have

I have no title to aſpire;
Yet, when you ſink, I ſeem the higher.
In Pope I cannot read a line,
But with a ſigh I wiſh it mine:
When he can in one couplet fix
More ſenſe than I can do in ſix;
It gives me ſuch a jealous fit,
I cry, "Pox take him and his wit!"
I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own humorous biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refin'd at firſt, and ſhew'd its uſe.
St. John, as well as Pulteney, knows
That I had ſome repute for proſe;
And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a miniſter of ſtate.
If they have mortified my pride,
And made me throw my pen aſide;
If with ſuch talents Heaven hath bleſs'd 'em,
Have I not reaſon to deteſt 'em?

To all my foes, dear Fortune, ſend
Thy gifts; but never to my friend:
I tamely can endure the firſt;
But this with envy makes me burſt.

Thus much may ſerve by way of proem;
Proceed we therefore to our poem.

The time is not remote when I
Muſt by the courſe of nature die;

When, I foreſee, my ſpecial friends
Will try to find their private ends:
And, though 'tis hardly underſtood
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them ſpeak:
" See how the Dean begins to break!
" Poor gentleman, he droops apace!
" You plainly find it in his face.
" That old vertigo in his head
" Will never leave him, till he 's dead.
" Beſides, his memory decays:
" He recollects not what he ſays;
" He cannot call his friends to mind;
" Forgets the place where laſt he din'd;
" Plies you with ſtories o'er and o'er;
" He told them fifty times before.
" How does he fancy, we can ſit
" To hear his out-of-faſhion wit?
" But he takes up with younger folks,
" Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
" Faith! he muſt make his ſtories ſhorter,
" Or change his comrades once a quarter:
" In half the time he talks them round,
" There muſt another ſet be found.
" For poetry, he 's paſt his prime:
" He takes an hour to find a rhyme;
" His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
" His fancy ſunk, his Muſe a jade.
" I 'd have him throw away his pen;—
" But there 's no talking to ſome men!"

And

And then their tenderneſs appears
By adding largely to my years:
" He 's older than he would be reckon'd,
" And well remembers Charles the Second.
" He hardly drinks a pint of wine;
" And that, I doubt, is no good ſign.
" His ſtomach too begins to fail:
" Laſt year we thought him ſtrong and hale;
" But now he 's quite another thing:
" I wiſh he may hold out till ſpring!"
They hug themſelves, and reaſon thus:
" It is not yet ſo bad with us!"
In ſuch a caſe, they talk in tropes,
And by their fears expreſs their hopes.
Some great misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend.
With all the kindneſs they profeſs,
The merit of a lucky gueſs
(When daily how-d'ye's come of courſe,
And ſervants anſwer, " Worſe and worſe!")
Would pleaſe them better, than to tell,
That, " God be prais'd, the Dean is well."
Then he who propheſy'd the beſt,
Approves his foreſight to the reſt:
" You know I always fear'd the worſt,
" And often told you ſo at firſt."
He 'd rather chooſe that I ſhould die,
Than his predictions prove a lye.
Not one foretells I ſhall recover;
But all agree to give me over.

Yet, ſhould ſome neighbour feel a pain
Juſt in the parts where I complain;
How many a meſſage would he ſend!
What hearty prayers that I ſhould mend!
Inquire what regimen I kept;
What gave me eaſe, and how I ſlept?
And more lament when I was dead,
Than all the ſnivelers round my bed.

My good companions, never fear;
For, though you may miſtake a year,
Though your prognoſtics run too faſt,
They muſt be verify'd at laſt.

Behold the fatal day arrive!
"How is the Dean?"—"He 's juſt alive."
Now the departing prayer is read;
He hardly breathes—The Dean is dead.

Before the paſſing-bell begun,
The news through half the town is run.
"Oh! may we all for death prepare!
"What has he left? and who 's his heir?
"I know no more than what the news is;
"'Tis all bequeath'd to public uſes.
"To public uſes! there 's a whim!
"What had the public done for him?
"Mere envy, avarice, and pride:
"He gave it all—but firſt he dy'd.
"And had the Dean, in all the nation,
"No worthy friend, no poor relation?
"So ready to do ſtrangers good,
"Forgetting his own fleſh and blood!"

Now Grub-ſtreet wits are all employ'd;
With elegies the town is cloy'd:
Some paragraph in every paper,
To *curſe* the Dean, or *bleſs* the Drapier.
The doctors, tender of their fame,
Wiſely on me lay all the blame.
" We muſt confeſs, his caſe was nice;
" But he would never take advice.
" Had he been rul'd, for aught appears,
" He might have liv'd theſe twenty years:
" For, when we open'd him, we found
" That all his vital parts were ſound."
From Dublin ſoon to London ſpread,
'Tis told at court, " The Dean is dead."
And Lady Suffolk*, in the ſpleen,
Runs laughing up to tell the Queen.
The Queen, ſo gracious, mild, and good,
Cries, " Is he gone! 'tis time he ſhould.
" He 's dead, you ſay; then let him rot.
" I 'm glad the *medals*† were forgot.
" I promis'd him, I own; but when?
" I only was the Princeſs then:
" But now, as conſort of the King,
" You know, 'tis quite another thing."

* Mrs. Howard, at one time a favourite with the Dean. N.

† Which the Dean in vain expected, in return for a ſmall preſent he had ſent to the Princeſs. N.

Now Chartres, at Sir Robert's levee,
Tells with a ſneer the tidings heavy:
" Why, if he dy'd without his ſhoes,"
Cries Bob, " I 'm ſorry for the news:
" Oh, were the wretch but living ſtill,
" And in his place my good friend Will!
" Or had a mitre on his head,
" Provided Bolingbroke were dead!"
Now Curll his ſhop from rubbiſh drains:
Three genuine tomes of Swift's remains!
And then, to make them paſs the glibber,
Revis'd by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber.
He 'll treat me as he does my betters,
Publiſh my will, my life, my letters;
Revive the libels born to die:
Which Pope muſt bear, as well as I.
Here ſhift the ſcene, to repreſent
How thoſe I love my death lament.
Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day.
St. John himſelf will ſcarce forbear
To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
The reſt will give a ſhrug, and cry,
" I 'm ſorry—but we all muſt die!"
Indifference, clad in Wiſdom's guiſe,
All fortitude of mind ſupplies:
For how can ſtony bowels melt
In thoſe who never pity felt!
When we are laſh'd, they kiſs the rod,
Reſigning to the will of God.

The

The fools, my juniors by a year,
Are tortur'd with ſuſpenſe and fear;
Who wiſely thought my age a ſcreen,
When death approach'd, to ſtand between:
The ſcreen remov'd, their hearts are trembling;
They mourn for me without diſſembling.
My female friends, whoſe tender hearts
Have better learn'd to act their parts,
Receive the news in doleful dumps:
"The Dean is dead: (Pray what is trumps?)
"Then, Lord have mercy on his ſoul!
"(Ladies, I 'll venture for the vole.)
"Six Deans, they ſay, muſt bear the pall:
"(I wiſh I knew what king to call.)
"Madam, your huſband will attend
"The funeral of ſo good a friend.
"No, madam, 'tis a ſhocking ſight;
"And he 's engag'd to-morrow night:
"My Lady Club will take it ill,
"If he ſhould fail her at quadrille.
"He lov'd the Dean—(I lead a heart.)
"But deareſt friends, they ſay, muſt part.
"His time was come; he ran his race;
"We hope he 's in a better place."
Why do we grieve that friends ſhould die?
No loſs more eaſy to ſupply.
One year is paſt; a different ſcene!
No farther mention of the Dean,
Who now, alas! no more is miſs'd,
Than if he never did exiſt.

Where 's

Where 's now the favourite of Apollo?
Departed:—*and his works muſt follow*;
Muſt undergo the common fate;
His kind of wit is out of date.

Some country ſquire to Lintot goes,
Inquires for Swift in verſe and proſe.
Says Lintot, " I have heard the name;
" He dy'd a year ago."—" The ſame."
He ſearches all the ſhop in vain.
" Sir, you may find them in Duck-lane:
" I ſent them, with a load of books,
" Laſt Monday, to the paſtry-cook's.
" To fancy they could live a year!
" I find you 're but a ſtranger here.
" The Dean was famous in his time,
" And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
" His way of writing now is paſt:
" The town has got a better taſte.
" I keep no antiquated ſtuff;
" But ſpick and ſpan I have enough.
" Pray, do but give me leave to ſhew 'em:
" Here 's Colley Cibber's birth-day poem.
" This ode you never yet have ſeen,
" By Stephen Duck, upon the Queen.
" Then here 's a letter finely penn'd
" Againſt the Craftſman and his friend:
" It clearly ſhews that all reflection
" On miniſters is diſaffection.
" Next, here 's Sir Robert's vindication,
" And Mr. Henley's laſt oration.

" The

" The hawkers have not got them yet:
" Your Honour pleaſe to buy a ſet?
" Here 's Wolſton's tracts, the twelfth edition;
" 'Tis read by every politician:
" The country-members, when in town,
" To all their boroughs ſend them down:
" You never met a thing ſo ſmart;
" The courtiers have them all by heart:
" Thoſe maids of honour who can read,
" Are taught to uſe them for their creed.
" The reverend author's good intention
" Hath been rewarded with a penſion*:
" He doth an honour to his gown,
" By bravely running *prieſt-craft* down:
" He ſhews, as ſure as God 's in Glouceſter,
" That Moſes was a grand impoſtor;
" That all his miracles were cheats,
" Perform'd as jugglers do their feats:
" The church had never ſuch a writer;
" A ſhame he hath not got a mitre!"
Suppoſe me dead; and then ſuppoſe
A club aſſembled at the Roſe;
Where, from diſcourſe of this and that,
I grow the ſubject of their chat.
And while they toſs my name about,
With favour ſome, and ſome without;
One, quite indifferent in the cauſe,
My character impartial draws.

* Wolſton is here confounded with Woolaſton. N.

" The

" The Dean, if we believe report,
" Was never ill receiv'd at court,
" Although, ironically grave,
" He ſham'd the fool, and laſh'd the knave;
" To ſteal a hint was never known,
" But what he writ was all his own."
" Sir, I have heard another ſtory;
" He was a moſt *confounded* Tory,
" And grew, or he is much bely'd,
" Extremely *dull*, before he dy'd."
" Can we the Drapier then forget?
" Is not our nation in his debt?
" 'Twas he that writ the Drapier's letters!"—
" He ſhould have left them for his *betters*;
" We had a hundred *abler men*,
" Nor need *depend* upon his *pen*.—
" Say what you will about his *reading*,
" You never can *defend* his *breeding*;
" Who, in his *ſatires* running riot,
" Could never leave the *world* in *quiet*;
" Attacking, when he took the *whim*,
" *Court*, *city*, *camp*—all one to him.—
" By why would he, except he *ſlobber'd*,
" Offend our *patriot* great Sir Robert,
" Whoſe *counſels* aid the ſovereign power
" To ſave the nation every hour!
" What *ſcenes* of evil he unravels
" In *ſatires*, *libels*, *lying travels*;
" Not ſparing his own *clergy cloth*,
" But *eats* into it, like a *moth!*"

" Perhaps

" Perhaps I may allow the Dean
" Had too much ſatire in his vein,
" And ſeem'd determin'd not to ſtarve it,
" Becauſe no age could more deſerve it.
" Yet malice never was his aim;
" He laſh'd the vice, but ſpar'd the name.
" No individual could reſent,
" Where thouſands equally were meant:
" His ſatire points at no defect,
" But what all mortals may correct;
" For he abhor'd the ſenſeleſs tribe
" Who call it humour when they gibe:
" He ſpar'd a hump, or crooked noſe,
" Whoſe owners ſet not up for beaux.
" True genuine dullneſs mov'd his pity,
" Unleſs it offer'd to be witty.
" Thoſe who their ignorance confeſt,
" He ne'er offended with a jeſt;
" But laugh'd to hear an ideot quote
" A verſe from Horace learn'd by rote.
" Vice, if it e'er can be abaſh'd,
" Muſt be or *ridicul'd*, or *laſh'd*.
" If you *reſent* it, who 's to blame?
" He neither knows *you*, nor your *name*.
" Should *vice* expect to 'ſcape rebuke,
" Becauſe its *owner* is a *duke?*
" His friendſhips, ſtill to few confin'd,
" Were always of the middling kind;
" No fools of rank, or mungrel breed,
" Who fain would paſs for lords indeed:

" Where

" Where titles give no right or power,
" And peerage is a wither'd flower;
" He would have deem'd it a diſgrace,
" If ſuch a wretch had known his face.
" On rural ſquires, that kingdom's bane,
" He vented oft' his wrath in vain:
" ******* ſquires to market brought,
" Who ſell their ſouls and **** for nought:
" The **** **** go joyful back,
" To rob the church, their tenants rack;
" Go ſnacks with ***** juſtices,
" And keep the peace to pick up fees;
" In every jobb to have a ſhare,
" A gaol or turnpike to repair;
" And turn ******* to public roads
" Commodious to their own abodes.
" He never thought an honour done him,
" Becauſe a peer was proud to own him;
" Would rather ſlip aſide, and chooſe
" To talk with wits in dirty ſhoes;
" And ſcorn the tools with ſtars and garters,
" So often ſeen careſſing Chartres.
" He never courted men in ſtation,
" *Nor perſons held in admiration*;
" Of no man's greatneſs was afraid,
" Becauſe he ſought for no man's aid.
" Though truſted long in great affairs,
" He gave himſelf no haughty airs:
" Without regarding private ends,
" Spent all his credit for his friends;

" And

" And only chose the wise and good;
" No flatterers; no allies in blood:
" But succour'd virtue in distress,
" And seldom fail'd of good success;
" As numbers in their hearts must own,
" Who, but for him, had been unknown.
" He kept with princes due decorum;
" Yet never stood in awe before 'em.
" He follow'd David's lesson just;
" In princes never put his trust:
" And, would you make him truly sour,
" Provoke him with a slave in power.
" The Irish senate if you nam'd,
" With what impatience he declaim'd!
" Fair LIBERTY was all his cry;
" For her he stood prepar'd to die;
" For her he boldly stood alone;
" For her he oft' expos'd his own.
" Two kingdoms, just as faction led,
" Had set a price upon his head;
" But not a traitor could be found,
" To sell him for six hundred pound.
" Had he but spar'd his tongue and pen,
" He might have rose like other men:
" But power was never in his thought,
" And wealth he valued not a groat:
" Ingratitude he often found,
" And pity'd those who meant the wound;
" But kept the tenor of his mind,
" To merit well of human-kind;

" Nor made a ſacrifice of thoſe
" Who ſtill were true, to pleaſe his foes.
" He labour'd many a fruitleſs hour,
" To reconcile his friends in power;
" Saw miſchief by a faction brewing,
" While they purſued each other's ruin.
" But, finding vain was all his care,
" He left the court in mere deſpair.
" And, oh! how ſhort are human ſchemes!
" Here ended all our golden dreams.
" What St. John's ſkill in ſtate affairs,
" What Ormond's valour, Oxford's cares,
" To ſave their ſinking country lent,
" Was all deſtroy'd by one event.
" Too ſoon that precious life was ended,
" On which alone our weal depended.
" When up a dangerous faction ſtarts,
" With wrath and vengeance in their hearts;
" By *ſolemn league and covenant bound*,
" To ruin, ſlaughter, and confound;
" To turn religion to a fable,
" And make the government a Babel;
" Pervert the laws, diſgrace the gown,
" Corrupt the ſenate, rob the crown;
" To ſacrifice Old England's glory,
" And make her infamous in ſtory:
" When ſuch a tempeſt ſhook the land,
" How could unguarded Virtue ſtand!
" With horror, grief, deſpair, the Dean
" Beheld the dire deſtructive ſcene:

" His

" His friends in exile, or the Tower,
" Himſelf within the frown of power;
" Purſued by baſe invenom'd pens,
" Far to the land of ſ—— and fens;
" A ſervile race in folly nurs'd,
" Who truckle moſt, when treated worſt.
" By innocence and reſolution,
" He bore continual perſecution;
" While numbers to preferment roſe,
" Whoſe merit was to be his foes;
" When *ev'n his own familiar friends*,
" Intent upon their private ends,
" Like renegadoes now he feels,
" *Againſt him lifting up their heels.*
" The Dean did, by his pen, defeat
" An infamous deſtructive cheat;
" Taught fools their intereſt how to know,
" And gave them arms to ward the blow.
" Envy hath own'd it was his doing,
" To ſave that hapleſs land from ruin;
" While they who at the ſteerage ſtood,
" And reap'd the profit, ſought his blood.
" To ſave them from their evil fate,
" In him was held a crime of ſtate.
" A wicked monſter on the bench,
" Whoſe fury blood could never quench;
" As vile and profligate a villain,
" As modern Scroggs, or old Treſſilian;
" Who long all juſtice had diſcarded,
" *Nor fear'd he God, nor man regarded*;

" Vow'd on the Dean his rage to vent,
" And make him of his zeal repent:
" But Heaven his innocence defends,
" The grateful people ſtand his friends;
" Not ſtrains of law, nor judges' frown,
" Nor topics brought to pleaſe the crown,
" Nor witneſs hir'd, nor jury pick'd,
" Prevail to bring him in convict.
" In exile, with a ſteady heart,
" He ſpent his life's declining part;
" Where folly, pride, and faction ſway,
" Remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay."
" Alas, poor Dean! his only ſcope
" Was to be held a *miſanthrope*.
" This into general *odium* drew him,
" Which if he lik'd, *much good may 't do him.*
" His *zeal* was not to laſh our *crimes*,
" But *diſcontent* againſt the times:
" For, had we made him *timely* offers
" To *raiſe* his *poſt*, or *fill* his *coffers*,
" Perhaps he might have truckled down,
" Like other *brethren* of his *gown*;
" For *party* he would ſcarce have bled:—
" I ſay no more—becauſe he 's *dead*.—
" What *writings* has he left behind?"
" I hear they 're of a different kind:
" A few in *verſe*; but moſt in proſe—"
" Some *high-flown pamphlets*, I ſuppoſe:—
" All ſcribbled in the *worſt* of *times*,
" To *palliate* his friend Oxford's crimes;

" To

" To praiſe queen Anne, nay more, defend her,
" As never favouring the Pretender:
" Or *libels* yet conceal'd from ſight,
" Againſt the *court* to ſhew his *ſpite:*
" Perhaps his *travels, part the third*;
" A *lye* at every *ſecond word*—
" Offenſive to a *loyal* ear:—
" But—*not one ſermon*, you may *ſwear*."
" He knew an hundred pleaſing ſtories,
" With all the turns of Whigs and Tories:
" Was cheerful to his dying-day;
" And friends would let him have his way.
" As for his works in verſe or proſe,
" I own myſelf no judge of thoſe.
" Nor can I tell what criticks thought them;
" But this I know, all people bought them,
" As with a moral view deſign'd,
" To *pleaſe* and to *reform* mankind:
" And, if he often miſs'd his aim,
" The *world* muſt own it to their *ſhame*,
" The *praiſe* is *his*, and theirs the *blame*.
" He gave the little wealth he had
" To build a houſe for fools and mad;
" To ſhew, by one ſatiric touch,
" No nation wanted it ſo much.
" That kingdom he hath left his debtor,
" I wiſh it ſoon may have a better.
" And, ſince you dread no further *laſhes*,
" Methinks you may *forgive his aſhes*."

AN EPISTLE TO TWO FRIENDS*.

TO DR. HELSHAM.

SIR, Nov. 23, at night, 1731.

WHEN I left you, I found myſelf of the grape's juice ſick;
I 'm ſo full of pity, I never abuſe ſick;
And the patienteſt patient that ever you knew ſick,
Both when I am purge-ſick, and when I am ſpew-ſick.
I pitied my cat, whom I knew by her mew ſick;
She mended at firſt, but now ſhe 's a-new ſick.
Captain Butler made ſome in the church black and blue ſick;
Dean Croſs, had he preach'd, would have made us all pew-ſick.
Are not you, in a crowd when you ſweat and ſtew, ſick?
Lady Santry got out of the church when ſhe grew ſick,
And, as faſt as ſhe could, to the deanry flew ſick.
Miſs Morice was (I can aſſure you 'tis true) ſick:
For, who would not be in that numerous crew ſick?
Such muſick would make a fanatick or Jew ſick,
Yet, ladies are ſeldom at *ombre* or *lue* ſick:
Nor is old Nanny Shales, whene'er ſhe does brew, ſick.
My footman came home from the church of a bruiſe ſick,
And look'd like a rake, who was made in the ſtews ſick;

* This medley (for it cannot be called a poem) is given as a ſpecimen of thoſe *bagatelles* for which the Dean hath perhaps been too ſeverely cenſured. Some, which were ſtill more exceptionable, are ſuppreſſed. N.

But

But you learned doctors can make whom you chooſe ſick:
And poor I myſelf was, when I withdrew, ſick;
For the ſmell of them made me like garlick and rue ſick,
And I got through the crowd, though not let by a clue, ſick.
You hop'd to find many (for that was your cue) ſick;
But there was not a dozen (to give them their due) ſick,
And thoſe, to be ſure, ſtuck together like glew, ſick.
So are ladies in crowds, when they ſqueeze and they ſcrew, ſick.
You may find they are all, by their yellow pale hue, ſick;
So am I, when tobacco, like Robin, I chew, ſick.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

IF I write any more, it will make my poor Muſe ſick.
This night I came home with a very cold dew ſick,
And I wiſh I may ſoon be not of an ague ſick;
But I hope I ſhall ne'er be, like you, of a ſhrew ſick,
Who often has made me, by looking aſkew, ſick.

DR. HELSHAM'S ANSWER.

THE Doctor's firſt rhyme would make any Jew ſick:
I know it has made a fine lady in blue ſick,
For which ſhe is gone in a coach to Killbrew ſick,
Like a hen I once had, from a fox when ſhe flew ſick.
Laſt Monday a lady at St. Patrick's did ſpew ſick,
And made all the reſt of the folks in the pew ſick;
The ſurgeon who bled her, his lancet out drew ſick,
And ſtopt the diſtemper, as being but new ſick.

The yacht, the laſt ſtorm, had all her whole crew ſick;
Had we two been there, it would have made me and
you ſick:
A lady that long'd, is by eating of glew ſick;
Did you ever know one in a very good Q ſick?
I 'm told that my wife is by winding a clue ſick;
The doctors have made her by rhyme and by rue ſick.
There 's a gameſter in town, for a throw that he
threw ſick,
And yet the old trade of his dice he 'll purſue ſick;
I 've known an old miſer for paying his due ſick;
At preſent I 'm grown by a pinch of my ſhoe ſick,
And what would you have me with verſes to do ſick?
Send rhymes, and I 'll ſend you ſome others in lieu ſick.
Of rhymes I 've a plenty,
And therefore ſend twenty.

Anſwered the ſame day when ſent, Nov. 23.

I deſire you will carry both theſe to the Doctor, together with his own; and let him know we are not perſons to be inſulted.

" Can you match with me,
" Who ſend thirty-three?
" You muſt get fourteen more,
" To make up thirty-four:
" But, if me you can conquer,
" I 'll own you a ſtrong cur*."

* The lines " thus marked" were written by Dr. Swift, at the bottom of Dr. Helſham's twenty lines; and the following fourteen were afterwards added on the ſame paper. N.

This

This morning I 'm growing by ſmelling of yew ſick;
My brother 's come over with gold from Peru ſick;
Laſt night I came home in a ſtorm that then blew ſick;
This moment my dog at a cat I halloo ſick;
I hear, from good hands, that my poor couſin Hugh 's ſick,
By quaffing a bottle, and pulling a ſcrew ſick:
And now there 's no more I can write (you 'll excuſe) ſick;
You ſee that I ſcorn to mention word muſick.

I 'll do my beſt,
To ſend the reſt;
Without a jeſt,
I 'll ſtand the teſt.

Theſe lines that I ſend you, I hope you 'll peruſe ſick;
I 'll make you with writing a little more news ſick:
Laſt night I came home with drinking of booze ſick;
My carpenter ſwears that he 'll hack and he 'll hew ſick;
An officer's lady, I 'm told, is tattoo ſick:
I 'm afraid that the line thirty-four you will view ſick.

Lord! I could write a dozen more;
You ſee, I 've mounted thirty-four.

EPIGRAM,

ON THE BUSTS* IN RICHMOND HERMITAGE. 1732.

"Sic ſibi lætantur Docti."

WITH honour thus by Carolina plac'd,
How are theſe venerable buſtoes grac'd!
O Queen, with more than regal title crown'd,
For love of arts and piety renown'd!

* Newton, Locke, Clarke, and Woolaſton.

How

How do the friends of virtue joy to ſee
Her darling ſons exalted thus by thee!
Nought to their fame can now be added more,
Rever'd by her whom all mankind adore.

ANOTHER.

LEWIS the living learned fed,
And rais'd the ſcientific head:
Our frugal Queen, to ſave her meat,
Exalts the head that cannot eat.

A CONCLUSION drawn from the above EPIGRAMS, and ſent to the DRAPIER.

SINCE Anna, whoſe bounty thy merits had fed,
Ere her own was laid low, had exalted thy head;
And ſince our good Queen to the wiſe is ſo juſt,
To raiſe heads for ſuch as are humbled in duſt;
I wonder, good man, that you are not envaulted;
Pr'ythee, go and be dead, and be doubly exalted.

DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER.

HER majeſty never ſhall be my exalter;
And yet ſhe would raiſe me, I know, by a halter!

TO

TO THE REVEREND DR. SWIFT.

WITH A PRESENT OF A PAPER-BOOK FINELY BOUND ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1732.

BY JOHN EARL OF ORRERY.

TO thee, dear Swift, these spotless leaves I send;
Small is the present, but sincere the friend.
Think not so poor a book below thy care;
Who knows the price that thou canst make it bear?
Though tawdry now, and, like Tyrilla's face,
The specious front shines out with borrow'd grace;
Though paste-boards, glittering like a tinsel'd coat,
A *rasa tabula* within denote:
Yet, if a venal and corrupted age,
And modern vices, should provoke thy rage;
If, warn'd once more by their impending fate,
A sinking country and an injur'd state
Thy great assistance should again demand,
And call forth reason to defend the land;
Then shall we view these sheets with glad surprise
Inspir'd with thought, and speaking to our eyes:
Each vacant space shall then, enrich'd, dispense
True force of eloquence, and nervous sense;
Inform the judgement, animate the heart,
And sacred rules of policy impart.
The spangled covering, bright with splendid ore,
Shall cheat the sight with empty show no more;

But

But lead us inward to thoſe golden mines,
Where all thy ſoul in native luſtre ſhines.
So when the eye ſurveys ſome lovely fair,
With bloom of beauty grac'd, with ſhape and air;
How is the rapture heighten'd, when we find
Her form excell'd by her celeſtial mind!

VERSES LEFT WITH A SILVER STANDISH ON THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S DESK ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

BY DR. DELANY.

HITHER from Mexico I came,
To ſerve a proud Iernian dame:
Was long ſubmitted to her will;
At length ſhe loſt me at *quadrille*.
Through various ſhapes I often paſs'd,
Still hoping to have reſt at laſt;
And ſtill ambitious to obtain
Admittance to the patriot dean;
And ſometimes got within his door,
But ſoon turn'd out to ſerve the poor*;
Not ſtrolling Idleneſs to aid,
But honeſt Induſtry decay'd.

* Alluding to 500 *l.* a year lent by the Dean, without intereſt, to poor tradeſmen. F.

At

At length an artiſt purchas'd me,
And wrought me to the ſhape you ſee.
This done, to Hermes I apply'd:
" O Hermes! gratify my pride;
" Be it my fate to ſerve a ſage,
" The greateſt genius of his age;
" That matchleſs pen let me ſupply,
" Whoſe living lines will never die!"
I grant your ſuit, the God reply'd;
And here he left me to reſide.

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY

THE FOREGOING PRESENTS.

A PAPER-BOOK is ſent by Boyle,
Too neatly gilt for me to ſoil.
Delany ſends a ſilver ſtandiſh,
When I no more a pen can brandiſh.
Let both around my tomb be plac'd,
As trophies of a Muſe deceas'd:
And let the friendly lines they writ
In praiſe of long-departed wit
Be grav'd on either ſide in columns,
More to my praiſe than all my volumes,
To burſt with envy, ſpite, and rage,
The Vandals of the preſent age.

THE

THE BEASTS CONFESSION TO THE PRIEST.

ON OBSERVING HOW MOST MEN MISTAKE THEIR OWN TALENTS. 1732.

WHEN beaſts could ſpeak (the learned ſay,
They ſtill can do ſo every day),
It ſeems, they had religion then,
As much as now we find in men.
It happen'd, when a plague broke out
(Which therefore made them more devout),
The king of brutes (to make it plain,
Of quadrupeds I only mean)
By proclamation gave command,
That every ſubject in the land
Should to the prieſt confeſs their ſins;
And thus the pious wolf begins:
Good father, I muſt own with ſhame,
That often I have been to blame:
I muſt confeſs, on Friday laſt,
Wretch that I was! I broke my faſt:
But I defy the baſeſt tongue
To prove I did my neighbour wrong;
Or ever went to ſeek my food
By rapine, theft, or thirſt of blood.
The aſs, approaching next, confeſs'd,
That in his heart he lov'd a jeſt:

A wag

A wag he was, he needs muſt own,
And could not let a dunce alone:
Sometimes his friend he would not ſpare,
And might perhaps be too ſevere:
But yet, the worſt that could be ſaid,
He was a *wit* both born and bred;
And, if it be a ſin or ſhame,
Nature alone muſt bear the blame:
One fault he hath, is ſorry for 't,
His ears are half a foot too ſhort;
Which could he to the ſtandard bring,
He 'd ſhew his face before the king:
Then for his voice, there 's none diſputes
That he 's the nightingale of brutes.

The ſwine with contrite heart allow'd,
His ſhape and beauty made him proud:
In diet was perhaps too nice,
But gluttony was ne'er his vice:
In every turn of life content,
And meekly took what fortune ſent:
Inquire through all the pariſh round,
A better neighbour ne'er was found:
His vigilance might ſome diſpleaſe;
'Tis true, he hated ſloth like peaſe.

The mimic ape began his chatter,
How evil tongues his life beſpatter:
Much of the cenſuring world complain'd,
Who ſaid, his gravity was feign'd:
Indeed the ſtrictneſs of his morals
Engag'd him in a hundred quarrels:

He

He ſaw, and he was griev'd to ſee 't,
His zeal was ſometimes indiſcreet:
He found his virtues too ſevere
For our corrupted times to bear:
Yet ſuch a lewd licentious age
Might well excuſe a Stoic's rage.
The goat advanc'd with decent pace;
And firſt excus'd his youthful face;
Forgiveneſs begg'd, that he appear'd
('Twas nature's fault) without a beard.
'Tis true, he was not much inclin'd
To fondneſs for the female kind;
Not, as his enemies object,
From chance, or natural defect;
Not by his frigid conſtitution;
But through a pious reſolution:
For he had made a holy vow
Of chaſtity, as Monks do now;
Which he reſolv'd to keep for ever hence,
And ſtrictly too, as doth his *Reverence.
Apply the tale, and you ſhall find,
How juſt it ſuits with human-kind.
Some faults we own: but, can you gueſs?
—Why, virtues carried to exceſs,
Wherewith our vanity endows us,
Though neither foe nor friend allows us.
The lawyer ſwears (you may rely on 't)
He never ſqueez'd a needy client;

* The prieſt his confeſſor.

And

And this he makes his conſtant rule;
For which his brethren call him fool:
His conſcience always was ſo nice,
He freely gave the poor advice;
By which he loſt, he may affirm,
A hundred fees laſt Eaſter-term.
While others of the learned robe
Would break the patience of a Job,
No pleader at the bar could match
His diligence and quick diſpatch;
Ne'er kept a cauſe, he well may boaſt,
Above a term, or two at moſt.

The cringing knave who ſeeks a place
Without ſucceſs, thus tells his caſe:
Why ſhould he longer mince the matter?
He fail'd, becauſe he could not flatter;
He had not learn'd to turn his coat,
Nor for a party give his vote:
His crime he quickly underſtood;
Too zealous for the nation's good:
He found the miniſters reſent it,
Yet could not for his heart repent it.

The chaplain vows he cannot fawn,
Though it would raiſe him to the lawn:
He paſs'd his hours among his books;
You find it in his meagre looks:
He might, if he were worldly wiſe,
Preferment get, and ſpare his eyes;
But own'd he had a ſtubborn ſpirit,
That made him truſt alone to merit:

Would rise by merit to promotion;
Alas! a mere chimeric notion.
The doctor, if you will believe him,
Confess'd a sin; and, (God forgive him!)
Call'd up at midnight, ran to save
A blind old beggar from the grave:
But see how Satan spreads his snares;
He quite forgot to say his prayers.
He cannot help it for his heart
Sometimes to act the parson's part:
Quotes from the Bible many a sentence,
That moves his patients to repentance:
And, when his medicines do no good,
Supports their minds with heavenly food,
At which, however well intended,
He hears the clergy are offended,
And grown so bold behind his back,
To call him hypocrite and quack.
In his own church he keeps a seat;
Says grace before and after meat;
And calls, without affecting airs,
His household twice a day to prayers.
He shuns apothecaries' shops,
And hates to cram the sick with slops:
He scorns to make his art a trade,
Nor bribes my lady's favourite maid:
Old nurse-keepers would never hire,
To recommend him to the squire;
Which others, whom he will not name,
Have often practis'd to their shame.

The ſtateſman tells you, with a *ſneer*,
His fault is to be too *ſincere*;
And, having no ſiniſter ends,
Is apt to diſoblige his friends.
The nation's good, his maſter's glory,
Without regard to Whig or Tory,
Were all the ſchemes he had in view;
Yet he was ſeconded by few:
Though ſome had ſpread a thouſand lyes,
'Twas *he* defeated the Exciſe.
'Twas known, though he had borne aſperſion,
That *ſtanding troops* were his averſion:
His practice was, in every ſtation,
To ſerve the king, and pleaſe the nation;
Though hard to find in every caſe
The fitteſt man to fill a place:
His promiſes he ne'er forgot,
But took memorials on the ſpot:
His enemies, for want of charity,
Said, he affected popularity:
'Tis true, the people underſtood,
That all he did was for their good;
Their kind affections he has try'd;
No love is loſt on either ſide.
He came to court with fortune clear,
Which now he runs out every year:
Muſt, at the rate that he goes on,
Inevitably be undone:
Oh! if his Majeſty would pleaſe
To give him but a writ of eaſe,

Would grant him licence to retire,
As it hath long been his deſire,
By fair accounts it would be found,
He 's poorer by ten thouſand pound.
He owns, and hopes it is no ſin,
He ne'er was partial to his kin;
He thought it baſe for men in ſtations
To crowd the court with their relations:
His country was his deareſt mother,
And every virtuous man his brother;
Through modeſty or awkward ſhame
(For which he owns himſelf to blame),
He found the wiſeſt man he could,
Without reſpect to friends or blood;
Nor never acts on private views,
When he hath liberty to chooſe.

The ſharper ſwore he hated play,
Except to paſs an hour away:
And well he might; for, to his coſt,
By want of ſkill he always loſt:
He heard there was a club of cheats,
Who had contriv'd a thouſand feats;
Could change the ſtock, or cog a dye,
And thus deceive the ſharpeſt eye.
Nor wonder how his fortune ſunk;
His brothers fleece him when he 's drunk.

I own the moral not exact:
Beſides, the tale is falſe in fact;
And ſo abſurd, that, could I raiſe up
From fields Elyſian, fabling Æſop,

I would

I would accuſe him to his face
For libeling the four-foot race.
Creatures of every kind but ours
Well comprehend their natural powers;
While we, whom *reaſon* ought to ſway,
Miſtake our talents every day.
The aſs was never known ſo ſtupid
To act the part of Tray or Cupid;
Nor leaps upon his maſter's lap,
There to be ſtroak'd, and fed with pap,
As Æſop would the world perſuade;
He better underſtands his trade:
Nor comes, whene'er his lady whiſtles;
But carries loads, and feeds on thiſtles.
Our author's meaning, I preſume, is,
A creature *bipes et implumis*;
Wherein the moraliſt deſign'd
A compliment on human-kind:
For here he owns, that now and then
Beaſts may *degenerate* into men.

ADVICE TO A PARSON. 1732.

WOULD you riſe in the *church?* be ſtupid and dull;
Be empty of learning, of inſolence full;
Though lewd and immoral, be formal and grave,
In flattery an *artiſt*, in fawning a *ſlave:*
No merit, no ſcience, no virtue, is wanting
In him that 's accompliſh'd in *cringing* and *canting*.

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Be ſtudious to practiſe true *meanneſs of ſpirit*;
For who but lord Bolton* was mitred for *merit?*
Would you wiſh to be wrapt in a *rochet?* in ſhort,
Be pox'd and profane as F—n or Horte†.

THE PARSON'S CASE.

THAT you, friend Marcus, like a Stoick,
Can wiſh to die in ſtrains heroic,
No real fortitude implies:
Yet, all muſt own, thy wiſh is wiſe.
Thy curate's place, thy fruitful wife,
Thy buſy, drudging ſcene of life,
Thy inſolent, illiterate vicar,
Thy want of all-conſoling liquor,
Thy thread-bare gown, thy caſſock rent,
Thy credit ſunk, thy money ſpent,
Thy week made up of faſting-days,
Thy grate unconſcious of a blaze,
And, to complete thy other curſes,
The quarterly demands of nurſes,
Are ills you wiſely wiſh to leave,
And fly for refuge to the grave:
And, oh, what virtue you expreſs,
In wiſhing ſuch afflictions leſs!
But, now, ſhould Fortune ſhift the ſcene,
And make thy Curateſhip a Dean;

* Then archbiſhop of Caſhel.
† At that time biſhop of Kilmore.

Or

Or ſome rich benefice provide,
To pamper luxury and pride;
With labour ſmall, and income great;
With chariot leſs for uſe than ſtate;
With ſwelling ſcarf and gloſſy gown,
And licence to reſide in town;
To ſhine, where all the gay reſort,
At concerts, coffee-houſe, or court,
And weekly perſecute his Grace
With viſits, or to beg a place;
With underlings thy flock to teach,
With no deſire to pray or preach;
With haughty ſpouſe in veſture fine,
With plenteous meals and generous wine;
Wouldſt thou not wiſh, in ſo much eaſe,
Thy years as numerous as thy days?

THE HARDSHIP UPON THE LADIES.

1733.

POOR ladies! though their buſineſs be to play,
'Tis hard they muſt be buſy night and day:
Why ſhould they want the privilege of men,
Nor take ſome ſmall diverſions now and then?
Had women been the makers of our laws
(And why they were not, I can ſee no cauſe),
The men ſhould ſlave at cards from morn to night,
And female pleaſures be to read and write.

A LOVE SONG, IN THE MODERN TASTE. 1733.

I.

FLUTTERING ſpread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;
I a ſlave in thy dominions;
Nature muſt give way to art.

II.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days conſuming
All beneath yon flowery rocks.

III.

Thus the Cyprian goddeſs weeping
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth:
Him the boar, in ſilence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers;
Fair Diſcretion, ſtring the lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking ſlumbers;
Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.

V.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the cryſtal mirrors,
Watering ſoft Elyſian plains.

VI. Mournful

VI.

Mournful cypreſs, verdant willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
Morpheus, hovering o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy ſmooth Mæander,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flowery chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when Philomela drooping
Softly ſeeks her ſilent mate,
See the bird of Juno ſtooping;
Melody reſigns to fate.

On the Words BROTHER PROTESTANTS, and FELLOW CHRISTIANS,

So familiarly uſed by the Advocates for the Repeal of the TEST-ACT in IRELAND. 1733.

AN inundation, ſays the fable,
O'erflow'd a farmer's barn and ſtable;
Whole ricks of hay, and ſtacks of corn,
Were down the ſudden current borne;
While things of heterogeneous kind
Together float with tide and wind.
The generous wheat forgot its pride,
And fail'd with litter ſide by ſide;

Uniting

Uniting all, to ſhew their amity,
As in a general calamity.
A ball of new-dropt horſe's dung,
Mingling with apples in the throng,
Said to the pippin plump and prim,
" See, brother, how we apples ſwim."
Thus Lamb, renown'd for cutting corns,
An offer'd fee of Radcliff ſcorns:
" Not for the world—we doctors, brother,
" Muſt take no fees of one another."
Thus to a Dean ſome Curate ſloven
Subſcribes, " Dear Sir, your brother loving."
Thus all the footmen, ſhoe-boys, porters,
About St. James's, cry, " We courtiers."
Thus H—e in the houſe will prate,
" Sir, we the miniſters of ſtate."
Thus at the bar the blockhead Betteſworth,
Though half a crown o'erpays his ſweat's worth,
Who knows in law nor text nor margent,
Calls Singleton his brother ſerjeant.
And thus fanatic ſaints, though neither in
Doctrine nor diſcipline our brethren,
Are Brother Proteſtants and Chriſtians,
As much as Hebrews and Philiſtines:
But in no other ſenſe, than nature
Has made a rat our fellow-creature.
Lice from your body ſuck their food;
But is a louſe your fleſh and blood?
Though born of human filth and ſweat, it
May as well be ſaid man did beget it:

But

But maggots in your noſe and chin
As well may claim you for their kin.
  Yet criticks may object, Why not?
Since lice are brethren to a Scot:
Which made our ſwarm of ſects determine
Employments for their brother vermin.
But be they Engliſh, Iriſh, Scottiſh,
What Proteſtant can be ſo ſottiſh,
While o'er the church theſe clouds are gathering,
To call a ſwarm of lice his brethren?
  As Moſes, by divine advice,
In Egypt turn'd the duſt to lice;
And as our ſects, by all deſcriptions,
Have hearts more harden'd than Egyptians;
As from the trodden duſt they ſpring,
And, turn'd to lice, infeſt the king:
For pity's ſake, it would be juſt,
A *rod* ſhould turn them back to *duſt*.
  Let folks in high or holy ſtations
Be proud of owning ſuch relations;
Let courtiers hug them in their boſom,
As if they were afraid to loſe 'em:
While I, with humble Job, had rather
Say to corruption—" Thou 'rt my father."
For he that has ſo little wit
To nouriſh vermin, may be *bit*.

THE YAHOO'S OVERTHROW;

OR,

THE KEVAN BAYL'S NEW BALLAD,

UPON SERJEANT KITE'S INSULTING THE DEAN.

To the Tune of "Derry down."

JOLLY boys of St. Kevan's, St. Patrick's, Donore,
And Smithfield, I 'll tell you, if not told before,
How Betteſworth, that booby, and ſcoundrel in grain,
Hath inſulted us all by inſulting the Dean.
Knock him down, down, down, knock him down.

The Dean and his merits we every one know;
But this ſkip of a Lawyer, where the De'el did he grow?
How greater his merit at Four Courts or Houſe,
Than the barking of Towzer, or leap of a louſe?
Knock him down, &c.

That he came from the Temple, his morals do ſhow;
But where his deep law is, few mortals yet know:
His rhetoric, bombaſt, ſilly jeſts, are by far
More like to lampooning, than pleading at bar.
Knock him down, &c.

This pedlar, at ſpeaking and making of laws,
Hath met with returns of all ſorts but applauſe;
Has, with noiſe and odd geſtures, been prating ſome years,
What honeſter folks never durſt for their ears.
Knock him down, &c.

Of

Of all sizes and sorts, the fanatical crew
Are his Brother Protestants, good men and true;
Red hat, and blue bonnet, and turbant 's the same:
What the De'el is 't to him whence the Devil they came?
Knock him down, &c.

Hobbes, Tindal, and Woolston, and Collins, and Nayler,
And Muggleton, Toland, and Bradley the Taylor,
Are Christians alike; and it may be averr'd,
He 's a Christian as good as the rest of the herd.
Knock him down, &c.

He only the rights of the clergy debates,
Their rights! their importance! We 'll set on new rates
On their tithes at half-nothing, their priesthood at less:
What 's next to be voted, with ease you may guess.
Knock him down, &c.

At length his Old Master (I need not him name)
To this damnable Speaker had long ow'd a shame;
When his speech came abroad, he paid him off clean,
By leaving him under the pen of the Dean.
Knock him down, &c.

He kindled, as if the whole Satire had been
The oppression of Virtue, not wages of Sin:
He began, as he bragg'd, with a rant and a roar;
He bragg'd how he bounc'd, and he swore how he swore.
Knock him down, &c.

Though

Though he cring'd to his Deanſhip in very low
ſtrains,
To others he boaſted of knocking out brains,
And ſlitting of noſes, and cropping of ears,
While his own aſs's zaggs were more fit for the ſhears.
Knock him down, &c.

On this Worrier of Deans whene'er we can hit,
We 'll ſhew him the way how to crop and to ſlit;
We 'll teach him ſome better addreſs to afford
To the Dean of all Deans, though he wears not a ſword.
Knock him down, &c.

We 'll colt him through Kevan, St. Patrick's, Donore,
And Smithfield, as Rap was ne'er colted before;
We 'll oil him with kennel, and powder him with
grains,
A modus right fit for inſulters of Deans.
Knock him down, &c.

And, when this is over, we 'll make him amends;
To the Dean he ſhall go; they ſhall kiſs and be friends:
But how? Why, the Dean ſhall to him diſcloſe
A face for to kiſs, without eyes, ears, or noſe.
Knock him down, &c.

If you ſay this is hard on a man that is reckon'd
That ſerjeant at law whom we call Kite the Second,
You miſtake; for a ſlave, who will coax his ſuperiors,
May be proud to be licking a great man's poſteriors.
Knock him down, &c.

What

What care we how high runs his paſſion or pride?
Though his ſoul he deſpiſes, he values his hide;
Then fear not his tongue, or his ſword, or his knife;
He 'll take his revenge on his innocent wife.
Knock him down, down, down, keep him down.

ON THE
ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL, AND BETTESWORTH.

DEAR Dick, pr'ythee tell by what paſſion you move?
The world is in doubt, whether hatred or love;
And, while at good Caſhel you rail with ſuch ſpite,
They ſhrewdly ſuſpect it is all but a bite.
You certainly know, though ſo loudly you vapour,
His ſpite cannot wound, who attempted the Drapier.
Then, pr'ythee, reflect, take a word of advice;
And, as your old wont is, change ſides in a trice:
On his virtues hold forth; 'tis the very beſt way;
And ſay of the man what all honeſt men ſay.
But if, ſtill obdurate, your anger remains;
If ſtill your foul boſom more rancour contains;
Say then more than they; nay, laviſhly flatter,
'Tis your groſs panegyricks alone can beſpatter:
For thine, my dear Dick, give me leave to ſpeak plain,
Like a very foul mop, dirty more than they clean.

ON

ON POETRY:

A RHAPSODY. 1733.

ALL human race would fain be *wits*,
And millions miſs for one that hits.
Young's univerſal paſſion, *pride*,
Was never known to ſpread ſo wide.
Say, Britain, could you ever boaſt
Three poets in an age at moſt?
Our chilling climate hardly bears
A *ſprig* of bays in fifty years;
While every fool his claim alledges,
As if it grew in common hedges.
What reaſon can there be aſſign'd
For this perverſeneſs in the mind?
Brutes find out where their talents lie:
A *bear* will not attempt to fly;
A founder'd *horſe* will oft' debate,
Before he tries a five-barr'd gate;
A *dog* by inſtinct turns aſide,
Who ſees the ditch too deep and wide.
But *man* we find the only creature
Who, led by *folly*, combats Nature;
Who, when *ſhe* loudly cries, *Forbear*,
With obſtinacy fixes there;
And, where his genius leaſt inclines,
Abſurdly bends his whole deſigns.

Not

Not *empire* to the rising sun
By valour, conduct, fortune won;
Not highest *wisdom* in debates
For framing laws to govern states;
Not skill in sciences profound,
So large to grasp the circle round;
Such heavenly influence require,
As how to strike the *Muse's lyre.*

Not beggar's brat on bulk begot;
Not bastard of a pedlar Scot;
Not boy brought up to cleaning shoes,
The spawn of Bridewell or the stews;
Not infants dropt, the spurious pledges
Of *gipsies* littering under hedges;
Are so disqualify'd by fate
To rise in *church*, or *law*, or *state*,
As he whom Phœbus in his ire
Hath blasted with poetic fire.

What hope of custom in the *fair*,
While not a soul demands your ware?
Where you have nothing to produce
For private life, or public use?
Court, *city*, *country*, want you not;
You cannot bribe, betray, or plot.
For poets, law makes no provision;
The wealthy have you in derision:
Of state affairs you cannot smatter;
Are awkward when you try to flatter:
Your portion, taking Britain round,
Was just one annual hundred pound;

Now not ſo much as in remainder,
Since Cibber brought-in an attainder;
For ever fix'd by right divine
(A monarch's right) on Grub-ſtreet line.
Poor ſtarveling bard, how ſmall thy gains!
How unproportion'd to thy pains!
And here a *ſimile* comes pat in:
Though *chickens* take a month to fatten,
The gueſts in leſs than half an hour
Will more than half a ſcore devour.
So, after toiling twenty days
To earn a ſtock of pence and praiſe,
Thy labours, grown the critick's prey,
Are ſwallow'd o'er a diſh of tea;
Gone to be never heard of more,
Gone where the *chickens* went before.
How ſhall a new attempter learn
Of different ſpirits to diſcern,
And how diſtinguiſh which is which,
The poet's vein, or ſcribbling itch?
Then hear an old experienc'd ſinner,
Inſtructing thus a young beginner.
Conſult yourſelf; and if you find
A powerful impulſe urge your mind,
Impartial judge within your breaſt
What ſubject you can manage beſt;
Whether your genius moſt inclines
To ſatire, praiſe, or humorous lines,
To elegies in mournful tone,
Or prologue ſent from hand unknown.

Then,

Then, rising with Aurora's light,
The Muse invok'd, sit down to write;
Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
Enlarge, diminish, interline;
Be mindful, when invention fails,
To scratch your head, and bite your nails.

Your poem finish'd, next your care
Is needful to transcribe it fair.
In modern wit all printed trash is
Set off with numerous *breaks* and *dashes*.
To statesmen would you give a wipe,
You print it in *Italic type*.
When letters are in vulgar shapes,
'Tis ten to one the wit escapes:
But, when in *capitals* express't,
The dullest reader smokes the jest:
Or else perhaps he may invent
A better than the poet meant;
As learned commentators view
In Homer more than Homer knew.

Your poem in its modish dress,
Correctly fitted for the press,
Convey by penny-post to Lintot,
But let no friend alive look into 't.
If Lintot thinks 'twill quit the cost,
You need not fear your labour lost:
And how agreeably surpris'd
Are you to see it advertis'd!
The hawker shews you one in print,
As fresh as farthings from the mint:

The product of your toil and sweating;
A bastard of your own begetting.
Be sure at Will's, the following day,
Lie snug, and hear what criticks say;
And, if you find the general vogue
Pronounces you a stupid rogue,
Damns all your thoughts as low and little,
Sit still, and swallow down your spittle.
Be silent as a politician,
For talking may beget suspicion:
Or praise the judgement of the town,
And help yourself to run it down.
Give up your fond paternal pride,
Nor argue on the weaker side:
For poems read without a name
We justly praise, or justly blame;
And criticks have no partial views,
Except they know whom they abuse:
And, since you ne'er provoke their spite,
Depend upon 't their judgement 's right.
But if you blab, you are undone:
Consider what a risk you run:
You lose your credit all at once;
The town will mark you for a dunce;
The vilest doggrel, Grub-street sends,
Will pass for yours with foes and friends;
And you must bear the whole disgrace,
Till some fresh blockhead takes your place.
Your secret kept, your poem sunk,
And sent in quires to line a trunk,

If

If ſtill you be diſpos'd to rhyme,
Go try your hand a ſecond time.
Again you fail: yet *Safe* 's the word;
Take courage, and attempt a third.
But firſt with care employ your thoughts
Where criticks mark'd your former faults;
The trivial turns, the borrow'd wit,
The *ſimiles* that nothing fit;
The *cant* which every fool repeats,
Town jeſts and coffee-houſe conceits;
Deſcriptions tedious, flat and dry,
And introduc'd the Lord knows why:
Or where we find your fury ſet
Againſt the harmleſs alphabet;
On A's and B's your malice vent,
While readers wonder whom you meant;
A public or a private *robber*,
A *ſtateſman*, or a South-ſea *jobber*;
A *prelate* who no God believes;
A parliament, or den of thieves;
A pick-purſe at the bar or bench;
A dutcheſs, or a ſuburb-wench:
Or oft', when epithets you link
In gaping lines to fill a chink;
Like ſtepping-ſtones to ſave a ſtride,
In ſtreets where kennels are too wide;
Or like a heel-piece, to ſupport
A cripple with one foot too ſhort;
Or like a bridge, that joins a mariſh
To moorlands of a different pariſh.

So have I seen ill-coupled hounds
Drag different ways in miry grounds.
So geographers in Afric maps
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.

But, though you miss your third essay,
You need not throw your pen away.
Lay now aside all thoughts of fame,
To spring more profitable game.
From party-merit seek support;
The vilest verse thrives best at court.
A pamphlet in Sir Bob's defence
Will never fail to bring-in pence:
Nor be concern'd about the sale,
He pays his workmen on the nail.

A prince, the moment he is crown'd,
Inherits every virtue round,
As emblems of the sovereign power,
Like other baubles in the Tower;
Is generous, valiant, just, and wise,
And so continues till he dies:
His humble *senate* this professes,
In all their *speeches, votes, addresses.*
But once you fix him in a tomb,
His virtues fade, his vices bloom;
And each perfection, wrong imputed,
Is fully at his death confuted.
The loads of poems in his praise,
Ascending, make one funeral blaze:

As

As soon as you can hear his knell,
This god on earth turns devil in hell:
And lo! his ministers of state,
Transform'd to imps, his levee wait;
Where, in the scenes of endless woe,
They ply their former arts below;
And, as they sail in Charon's boat,
Contrive to bribe the judge's vote;
To Cerberus they give a sop,
His triple-barking mouth to stop;
Or in the ivory gate of dreams
Project Excise and South-sea schemes;
Or hire their party-pamphleteers
To set Elysium by the ears.

Then, *poet*, if you mean to thrive,
Employ your Muse on kings alive;
With prudence gathering up a cluster
Of all the virtues you can muster,
Which, form'd into a garland sweet,
Lay humbly at your monarch's feet;
Who, as the odours reach his throne,
Will smile, and think them all his own;
For *law* and *gospel* both determine
All virtues lodge in royal ermine:
(I mean the oracles of both,
Who shall depose it upon oath.)
Your garland in the following reign,
Change but the names, will do again.

But, if you think this trade too base,
(Which seldom is the dunce's case)

Put on the critick's brow, and ſit
At Will's the puny judge of wit.
A nod, a ſhrug, a ſcornful ſmile,
With caution us'd, may ſerve a while.
Proceed no further in your part,
Before you learn the terms of art;
For you can never be too far gone
In all our modern criticks' jargon:
Then talk with more authentic face
Of *unities, in time and place*;
Get ſcraps of Horace from your friends,
And have them at your fingers' ends;
Learn Ariſtotle's rules by rote,
And at all hazards boldly quote;
Judicious Rymer oft' review,
Wiſe Dennis, and profound Boſſu;
Read all the *prefaces* of Dryden,
For theſe our criticks much confide in
(Though merely writ at firſt for filling,
To raiſe the volume's price a ſhilling).
A forward critick often dupes us
With ſham quotations *peri hupſous*;
And if we have not read Longinus,
Will magiſterially outſhine us.
Then, leſt with Greek he over-run ye,
Procure the book for love or money,
Tranſlated from Boileau's tranſlation,
And quote *quotation* on *quotation*.
At Will's you hear a poem read,
Where Battus from the table-head,

Reclining

Reclining on his elbow-chair,
Gives judgement with deciſive air;
To whom the tribe of circling wits
As to an oracle ſubmits.
He gives directions to the town,
To cry it up, or run it down;
Like *courtiers*, when they ſend a note,
Inſtructing members how to vote.
He ſets the ſtamp of bad and good,
Though not a word be underſtood.
Your leſſon learn'd, you 'll be ſecure
To get the name of *connoiſſeur*:
And, when your merits once are known,
Procure diſciples of your own.
For poets (you can never want 'em)
Spread through Auguſta Trinobantum,
Computing by their pecks of coals,
Amount to juſt nine thouſand ſouls:
Theſe o'er their proper diſtricts govern,
Of wit and humour judges ſovereign.
In every ſtreet a city-bard
Rules, like an alderman, his ward;
His indiſputed rights extend
Through all the lane, from end to end;
The neighbours round admire his *ſhrewdneſs*
For ſongs of *loyalty* and *lewdneſs*;
Out-done by none in rhyming well,
Although he never learn'd to ſpell.
Two bordering wits contend for glory;
And one is Whig, and one is Tory:

And this for epics claims the bays,
And that for elegiac lays:
Some fam'd for numbers ſoft and ſmooth,
By lovers ſpoke in Punch's booth;
And ſome as juſtly fame extols
For lofty lines in Smithfield drolls.
Bavius in Wapping gains renown,
And Mævius reigns o'er Kentiſh-town:
Tigellius, plac'd in Phœbus' car,
From Ludgate ſhines to Temple-bar:
Harmonious Cibber entertains
The court with annual birth-day ſtrains;
Whence Gay was baniſh'd in diſgrace;
Where Pope will never ſhow his face;
Where Young muſt torture his invention
To flatter *knaves*, or loſe his *penſion*.
But theſe are not a thouſandth part
Of jobbers in the poet's art,
Attending each his proper ſtation,
And all in due ſubordination,
Through every alley to be found,
In garrets high, or under ground;
And when they join their *pericranies*,
Out ſkips a *book of miſcellanies*.
Hobbes clearly proves, that every creature
Lives in a ſtate of war by nature.
The greater for the ſmalleſt watch,
But meddle ſeldom with their match.
A whale of moderate ſize will draw
A ſhoal of herrings down his maw;

A ſox

A fox with geese his belly crams;
A wolf destroys a thousand lambs:
But search among the rhyming race,
The brave are worry'd by the base.
If on Parnassus' top you sit,
You rarely bite, are always bit.
Each poet of inferior size
On you shall rail and criticise,
And strive to tear you limb from limb;
While others do as much for him.
The vermin only tease and pinch
Their foes superior by an inch.
So, naturalists observe, a flea
Hath smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
And so proceed *ad infinitum*.
Thus every poet in his kind
Is bit by him that comes behind:
Who, though too little to be seen,
Can tease, and gall, and give the spleen;
Call dunces fools and sons of whores,
Lay Grub-street at each other's doors;
Extol the Greek and Roman masters,
And curse our modern poetasters;
Complain, as many an ancient bard did,
How genius is no more rewarded;
How wrong a taste prevails among us;
How much our ancestors outsung us;
Can personate an awkward scorn
For those who are not poets born;

And all their brother-dunces laſh,
Who crowd the preſs with hourly traſh.
O Grub-ſtreet! how do I bemoan thee,
Whoſe graceleſs children ſcorn to own thee!
Their filial piety forgot,
Deny their country, like a Scot;
Though, by their idiom and grimace,
They ſoon betray their native place:
Yet *thou* haſt greater cauſe to be
Aſham'd of them, than they of thee,
Degenerate from their ancient brood,
Since firſt the court allow'd them food.
Remains a difficulty ſtill,
To purchaſe fame by writing ill.
From Flecknoe down to Howard's time,
How few have reach'd the *low ſublime!*
For when our high-born Howard dy'd,
Blackmore alone his place ſupply'd:
And, leſt a chaſm ſhould intervene,
When death had finiſh'd Blackmore's reign,
The *leaden crown* devolv'd to thee,
Great poet of the *hollow tree.*
But ah! how unſecure thy throne!
A thouſand bards thy right diſown:
They plot to turn, in factious zeal,
Duncenia to a common weal;
And with rebellious arms pretend
An equal privilege to *deſcend.*
In bulk there are not more degrees
From *elephants* to *mites* in cheeſe,

Than

Than what a curious eye may trace
In creatures of the rhyming race.
From bad to worſe, and worſe, they fall;
But who can reach the worſt of all?
For though, in nature, depth and height
Are equally held infinite;
In poetry, the height we know;
'Tis only infinite below.
For inſtance: when you raſhly think,
No rhymer can like Welſted ſink,
His merits balanc'd, you ſhall find
The Laureat leaves him far behind.
Concannen, more aſpiring bard,
Soars downwards deeper by a yard.
Smart Jemmy Moor with vigour drops:
The reſt purſue as thick as hops.
With heads to points the gulph they enter,
Link'd perpendicular to the centre;
And, as their heels elated riſe,
Their heads attempt the nether ſkies.
Oh, what indignity and ſhame,
To proſtitute the Muſe's name!
By flattering kings, whom Heaven deſign'd
The plagues and ſcourges of mankind;
Bred up in ignorance and ſloth,
And every vice that nurſes both.
Fair Britain, in thy monarch bleſt,
Whoſe virtues bear the ſtricteſt teſt;
Whom never faction could beſpatter,
Nor miniſter nor poet flatter;

What

What juſtice in rewarding merit!
What magnanimity of ſpirit!
What lineaments divine we trace
Through all his figure, mien, and face!
Though peace with olive bind his hands,
Confeſs'd the conquering hero ſtands.
Hydaſpes, Indus, and the Ganges,
Dread from his hand impending changes.
From him the Tartar and Chineſe,
Short by the knees, intreat for peace.
The *conſort* of his throne and bed,
A perfect goddeſs born and bred,
Appointed ſovereign judge to ſit
On learning, eloquence, and wit.
Our eldeſt hope, divine Iülus,
(Late, very late, oh may he rule us!)
What early manhood has he ſhown,
Before his downy beard was grown!
Then think, what wonders will be done,
By going on as he begun,
An heir for Britain to ſecure
As long as ſun and moon endure.
The remnant of the royal blood
Comes pouring on me like a flood:
Bright goddeſſes, in number five;
Duke William, ſweeteſt prince alive.
Now ſing the *miniſter of ſtate*,
Who ſhines alone without a mate.
Obſerve with what majeſtic port
This Atlas ſtands to prop the court:

Intent

Intent the public debts to pay,
Like prudent Fabius, by delay.
Thou great vicegerent of the king,
Thy praiſes every Muſe ſhall ſing!
In all affairs thou ſole director,
Of wit and learning chief protector;
Though ſmall the time thou haſt to ſpare,
The church is thy peculiar care.
Of pious prelates what a ſtock
You chooſe, to rule the ſable flock!
You raiſe the honour of the peerage,
Proud to attend you at the ſteerage.
You dignify the noble race,
Content yourſelf with humbler place.
Now learning, valour, virtue, ſenſe,
To titles give the ſole pretence.
St. George beheld thee with delight
Vouchſafe to be an azure knight,
When on thy breaſts and ſides Herculean
He fix'd the *ſtar* and *ſtring cerulean*.
Say, poet, in what other nation
Shone ever ſuch a conſtellation!
Attend, ye Popes, and Youngs, and Gays,
And tune your harps, and ſtrow your bays:
Your panegyricks here provide;
You cannot err on flattery's ſide.
Above the ſtars exalt your ſtyle,
You ſtill are low ten thouſand mile.
On Lewis all his bards beſtow'd
Of incenſe many a thouſand load;

But Europe mortify'd his pride,
And ſwore the fawning raſcals ly'd.
Yet what the world refus'd to Lewis,
Apply'd to George, exactly true is.
Exactly true! invidious poet!
'Tis fifty thouſand times below it.
Tranſlate me now ſome lines, if you can,
From Virgil, Martial, Ovid, Lucan.
They could all power in Heaven divide,
And do no wrong on either ſide;
They teach you how to ſplit a hair,
Give George and Jove an equal ſhare.
Yet why ſhould we be lac'd ſo ſtrait?
I'll give my monarch butter-weight.
And reaſon good; for many a year
Jove never intermeddled here:
Nor, though his prieſts be duly paid,
Did ever we deſire his aid:
We now can better do without him,
Since Woolſton gave us arms to rout him.

Cætera deſiderantur.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE XIX. IMITATED.

TO HUMPHRY FRENCH, ESQ.* 1733.

PATRON of the tuneful throng,
Oh! too nice, and too ſevere!
Think not that my *country* ſong
Shall diſpleaſe thy honeſt ear.

* Lord-mayor of Dublin. N.

Choſen

Choſen ſtrains I proudly bring;
Which the Muſes' ſacred choir,
When they gods and heroes ſing,
Dictate to th' harmonious lyre.

Ancient Homer, princely bard!
Juſt precedence ſtill maintains;
With ſacred rapture ſtill are heard
Theban Pindar's lofty ſtrains.

Still the old triumphant ſong,
Which, when hated tyrants fell,
Great Alcæus boldly ſung,
Warns, inſtructs, and pleaſes well.

Nor has Time's all-darkening ſhade
In obſcure oblivion preſs'd
What Anacreon laugh'd and play'd;
Gay Anacreon, drunken prieſt!

Gentle Sappho, love-ſick Muſe,
Warms the heart with amorous fire;
Still her tendereſt notes infuſe
Melting rapture, ſoft deſire.

Beauteous Helen, young and gay,
By a painted fopling won,
Went not firſt, fair nymph, aſtray,
Fondly pleas'd to be undone.

Nor young Teucer's ſlaughtering bow,
Nor bold Hector's dreadful ſword,
Alone the terrors of the foe,
Sow'd the field with hoſtile blood.

Many valiant chiefs of old
Greatly liv'd and died, before
Agamemnon, Grecian bold,
Wag'd the ten years' famous war.

But their names, unſung, unwept,
Unrecorded, loſt and gone,
Long in endleſs night have ſlept,
And ſhall now no more be known.

Virtue, which the poet's care
Has not well conſign'd to fame,
Lies, as in the ſepulchre
Some old king without a name.

But, O Humphry, great and free,
While my tuneful ſongs are read,
Old forgetful Time on thee
Dark oblivion ne'er ſhall ſpread.

When the deep-cut notes ſhall fade
On the mouldering Parian ſtone,
On the braſs no more be read
The periſhing inſcription;

Forgotten all the enemies,
Envious G——n's curſed ſpite,
And P——l's derogating lies,
Loſt and ſunk in Stygian night;

Still thy labour and thy care,
What for Dublin thou haſt done,
In full luſtre ſhall appear,
And outſhine th' unclouded ſun.

Large

Large thy mind, and not untried,
For Hibernia now doth ſtand;
Through the calm, or raging tide,
Safe conducts the ſhip to land.

Falſely we call the rich man great;
He is only ſo that knows
His plentiful or ſmall eſtate
Wiſely to enjoy and uſe.

He, in wealth or poverty,
Fortune's power alike deſies;
And falſehood and diſhoneſty
More than death abhors and flies:

Flies from death!—No, meets it brave,
When the ſuffering ſo ſevere
May from dreadful bondage ſave
Clients, friends, or country dear.

This the ſovereign man, compleat;
Hero; patriot; glorious; free;
Rich and wiſe; and good and great;
Generous Humphry, thou art He.

A NEW SIMILE FOR THE LADIES.

BY DR. SHERIDAN. 1733.

"To make a writer miſs his end,
"You 've nothing elſe to do but mend."

I OFTEN try'd in vain to find
A *ſimile* for woman-kind,

A *ſimile* I mean to fit 'em,
In every circumſtance to hit 'em.
Through every beaſt and bird I went,
I ranſack'd every element;
And, after peeping through all nature,
To find ſo whimſical a creature,
A *cloud* preſented to my view,
And ſtrait this parallel I drew:
Clouds turn with every wind about;
They keep us in ſuſpence and doubt;
Yet oft perverſe, like woman-kind,
Are ſeen to ſcud againſt the wind:
And are not women juſt the ſame?
For, who can tell at what they aim?
Clouds keep the ſtouteſt mortals under,
When bellowing they diſcharge their thunder:
So when th' alarum-bell is rung
Of Xanti's everlaſting tongue,
The huſband dreads its loudneſs more
Than lightning's flaſh, or thunder's roar.
Clouds weep, as they do, without pain;
And what are tears but women's rain?
The *clouds* about the welkin roam;
And ladies never ſtay at home.
The *clouds* build caſtles in the air,
A thing peculiar to the fair;
For all the ſchemes of their forecaſting
Are not more ſolid, nor more laſting.
A *cloud* is light by turns, and dark;
Such is a lady with her ſpark:

Now

Now with a ſudden pouting gloom
She ſeems to darken all the room;
Again ſhe 's pleas'd, his fears beguil'd,
And all is clear when ſhe has ſmil'd.
In this they 're wondrouſly alike
(I hope the *ſimile* will ſtrike);
Though in the darkeſt dumps you view them,
Stay but a moment, you 'll ſee through them.

The *clouds* are apt to make reflection,
And frequently produce infection;
So Cælia, with ſmall provocation,
Blaſts every neighbour's reputation.

The *clouds* delight in gaudy ſhow
(For they, like ladies, have their bow);
The graveſt matron will confeſs,
That ſhe herſelf is fond of dreſs.

Obſerve the *clouds* in pomp array'd,
What various colours are diſplay'd;
The pink, the roſe, the violet's dye,
In that great drawing-room the ſky;
How do theſe differ from our Graces,
In garden-ſilks, brocades, and laces?
Are they not ſuch another ſight,
When met upon a birth-day night?

The *clouds* delight to change their faſhion:
(Dear ladies, be not in a paſſion!)
Nor let this whim to you ſeem ſtrange,
Who every hour delight in change.

In them and you alike are ſeen
The ſullen ſymptoms of the ſpleen;

The moment that your vapours riſe,
We ſee them dropping from your eyes.
In evening fair you may behold
The *clouds* are fring'd with borrow'd gold;
And this is many a lady's caſe,
Who flaunts about in borrow'd lace.
Grave matrons are like *clouds* of ſnow,
Their words fall thick, and ſoft, and ſlow;
While briſk coquettes, like rattling hail,
Our ears on every ſide aſſail.
Clouds, when they intercept our ſight,
Deprive us of celeſtial light:
So when my Chloe I purſue,
No heaven beſides I have in view.
Thus, on compariſon, you ſee,
In every inſtance they agree,
So like, ſo very much the ſame,
That one may go by t' other's name.
Let me proclaim it then aloud,
That every woman is a *cloud*.

ANSWER. BY DR. SWIFT.

PRESUMPTUOUS Bard! how could you dare
A woman with a *cloud* compare?
Strange pride and inſolence you ſhow
Inferior mortals *there* below.
And is our thunder in your ears
So frequent or ſo loud as theirs?

Alas!

Alas! our thunder ſoon goes out;
And only makes you more devout.
Then is not female clatter worſe,
That drives you not to *pray*, but *curſe*?
We hardly thunder thrice a year;
The bolt diſcharg'd, the ſky grows clear:
But every ſublunary dowdy,
The more ſhe ſcolds, the more ſhe 's cloudy.
Some critick, may object, perhaps,
That *clouds* are blam'd for giving *claps*;
But what, alas! are *claps* æthereal,
Compar'd for miſchief to venereal?
Can *clouds* give buboes, ulcers, blotches,
Or from your noſes dig out notches?
We leave the body ſweet and ſound;
We kill, 'tis true, but never wound.
You know a *cloudy* ſky beſpeaks
Fair weather when the morning breaks;
But women in a *cloudy* plight
Foretell a ſtorm to laſt till night.
A *cloud* in proper ſeaſons pours
His bleſſings down in fruitful ſhowers;
But woman was by fate deſign'd
To pour down curſes on mankind.
When Sirius o'er the welkin rages,
Our kindly help his fire aſſuages;
But woman is a curſt inflamer,
No pariſh ducking-ſtool can tame her:
To kindle ſtrife, dame Nature taught her;
Like fire-works, ſhe can burn in water.

For fickleneſs how durſt you blame us,
Who for our conſtancy are famous?
You 'll ſee a *cloud* in gentle weather
Keep the ſame face an hour together;
While women, if it could be reckon'd,
Change every feature every ſecond.
Obſerve our figure in a morning,
Of foul or fair we give you warning;
But can you gueſs from woman's air
One minute, whether foul or fair?
Go read in ancient books enroll'd
What honours we poſſeſs'd of old.
To diſappoint Ixion's rape,
Jove dreſt a *cloud* in Juno's ſhape;
Which when he had enjoy'd, he ſwore,
No goddeſs could have pleas'd him more;
No difference could he find between
His *cloud* and Jove's imperial queen:
His *cloud* produc'd a race of Centaurs,
Fam'd for a thouſand bold adventures;
From us deſcended *ab origine*,
By learned authors call'd *nubigenæ*.
But ſay, what earthly nymph do you know,
So beautiful to paſs for Juno?
Before Æneas durſt aſpire
To court her majeſty of Tyre,
His mother begg'd of us to dreſs him,
That Dido might the more careſs him:
A coat we gave him, dy'd in grain,
A *flaxen* wig and *clouded* cane

(The

(The wig was powder'd round with fleet,
Which fell in *clouds* beneath his feet),
With which he made a tearing ſhow;
And Dido quickly *ſmoak'd the beau*.

Among your females make enquiries,
What nymph on earth ſo fair as Iris?
With heavenly beauty ſo endow'd?
And yet her father is a *cloud*.
We dreſt her in a gold brocade,
Befitting Juno's favourite maid.

'Tis known, that Socrates the wiſe
Ador'd us *clouds* as deities:
To us he made his daily prayers,
As Ariſtophanes declares;
From Jupiter took all dominion,
And dy'd defending his opinion.
By his authority 'tis plain
You worſhip other gods in vain,
And from your own experience know
We govern all things there below.
You follow where we pleaſe to guide;
O'er all your paſſions we preſide,
Can raiſe them up, or ſink them down,
As we think fit to ſmile or frown:
And, juſt as we diſpoſe your brain,
Are witty, dull, rejoice, complain.

Compare us then to female race!
We, to whom all the gods give place!
Who better challenge your allegiance,
Becauſe we dwell in higher regions!

You find the gods in Homer dwell
In ſeas and ſtreams, or low as hell:
Ev'n Jove, and Mercury his pimp,
No higher climb than mount Olymp
(Who makes you think the *clouds* he pierces?
He pierce the *clouds!* he kiſs their a—es);
While we, o'er Teneriffa plac'd,
Are loftier by a mile at leaſt:
And, when Apollo ſtruts on Pindus,
We ſee him from our kitchen-windows;
Or, to Parnaſſus looking down,
Can piſs upon his laurel crown.
Fate never form'd the gods to fly;
In vehicles they mount the ſky:
When Jove would ſome fair nymph inveigle,
He comes full gallop on his eagle.
Though Venus be as light as air,
She muſt have doves to draw her chair.
Apollo ſtirs not out of door
Without his lacker'd coach and four.
And jealous Juno, ever ſnarling,
Is drawn by peacocks in her *berlin*.
But we can fly where'er we pleaſe,
O'er cities, rivers, hills, and ſeas:
From eaſt to weſt the world we roam,
And in all climates are at home;
With care provide you, as we go,
With ſun-ſhine, rain, and hail, or ſnow.
You, when it rains, like fools, believe
Jove piſſes on you through a ſieve:

An

An idle tale, 'tis no ſuch matter;
We only dip a ſpunge in water;
Then ſqueeze it cloſe between our thumbs,
And ſhake it well, and down it comes.
As you ſhall to your ſorrow know,
We 'll watch your ſteps where'er you go;
And, ſince we find you walk a-foot,
We 'll ſoundly ſouce your frize-ſurtout.
'Tis but by our peculiar grace,
That Phœbus ever ſhows his face:
For, when we pleaſe, we open wide
Our curtains blue from ſide to ſide:
And then how ſaucily he ſhows
His brazen face and fiery noſe;
And gives himſelf a haughty air,
As if he made the weather fair!
'Tis ſung, wherever Cælia treads,
The violets ope their purple heads;
The roſes blow, the cowſlip ſprings:
'Tis ſung; but we know better things.
'Tis true, a woman on her mettle
Will often piſs upon a nettle;
But, though we own ſhe makes it wetter,
The nettle never thrives the better;
While we, by ſoft prolific ſhowers,
Can every ſpring produce you flowers.
Your poets, Chloe's beauty heightening,
Compare her radiant eyes to lightning;
And yet I hope 'twill be allow'd,
That lightning comes but from a *cloud*.

But

But gods like us have too much ſenſe
At poets' flights to take offence:
Nor can hyperboles demean us;
Each drab has been compar'd to Venus.
We own your verſes are melodious;
But ſuch compariſons are odious.

A VINDICATION OF THE LIBEL:

OR,

A NEW BALLAD, written by a SHOE-BOY, on an ATTORNEY who was formerly a SHOE-BOY.

"Qui color ater erat, nunc eſt contrarius atro."

WITH ſinging of ballads, and crying of news,
With whitening of buckles, and blacking of ſhoes,
Did Hartley* ſet out, both ſhoeleſs and ſhirtleſs,
And moneyleſs too, but not very dirtleſs;
Two pence he had gotten by begging, that 's all;
One bought him a *bruſh*, and one a *black ball*;
For clouts at a loſs he could not be much,
The cloaths on his back as being but ſuch;
Thus vamp'd and accoutred, with *clouts*, *ball*, and *bruſh*,
He gallantly ventur'd his fortune to puſh:
Veſpaſian *thus*, *being beſpatter'd with dirt*,
Was omen'd to be Rome's emperor for 't.

* See the next poem.

But

But as a wife fidler is noted, you know,
To have a good couple of ſtrings to one bow;
So Hartley judiciouſly thought it too little,
To live by the ſweat of his hands and his ſpittle:
He finds out another profeſſion as fit,
And ſtraight he becomes a retailer of wit.
One day he cried--"Murders, and ſongs, and great news!"
Another as loudly—"Here blacken your ſhoes!"
At Domvile's* full often he fed upon bits,
For winding of jacks up, and turning of ſpits;
Lick'd all the plates round, had many a grubbing,
And now and then got from the cook-maid a drubbing:
Such baſtings effect upon *him* could have none;
The dog will be patient, that 's ſtruck with a bone.
Sir Thomas, obſerving this Hartley withal
So expert and ſo active at *bruſhes* and *ball*,
Was mov'd with compaſſion, and thought it a pity
A youth ſhould be loſt, that had been ſo witty:
Without more ado, he vamps up my ſpark,
And now we 'll ſuppoſe him an eminent clerk;
Suppoſe him an adept in all the degrees
Of ſcribbling *cum daſho*, and hooking of fees;
Suppoſe him a miſer, attorney *per* bill;
Suppoſe him a courtier—ſuppoſe what you will—
Yet would you believe, though I ſwore by the Bible,
That he took up two *news-boys* for crying the *libel?*

* Sir T. Domvile, patentee of the Hanaper-office. N.

A FRIENDLY

A FRIENDLY APOLOGY
FOR A CERTAIN JUSTICE OF PEACE,
By Way of Defence of HARTLEY HUTCHINSON, Esq.

" But he by bawling news about,
" And aptly using brush and clout,
" A justice of the peace became,
" To punish rogues who do the same." HUD.

By JAMES BLACK-WELL, Operator for the Feet.

I SING the man of courage try'd,
O'er-run with ignorance and pride,
Who boldly hunted out disgrace
With canker'd mind and hideous face;
The first who made (let none deny it)
The libel-vending rogues be quiet.
The fact was glorious, we must own,
For Hartley was before unknown,
Contemn'd I mean;—for who would chuse
So vile a subject for the Muse?
'Twas once the noblest of his wishes
To fill his paunch with scraps from dishes,
For which he 'd parch before the grate,
Or wind the *jack*'s slow-rising weight
(Such toils as best his talents fit),
Or polish *shoes*, or turn the *spit*:
But, unexpectedly grown rich in
'Squire Domvile's family and kitchen,
He pants to eternize his name,
And takes the dirty road to fame;

Believes

Believes that perſecuting wit
Will prove the ſureſt way to it;
So, with a Colonel* at his back,
The Libel feels his firſt attack;
He calls it a ſeditious paper,
Writ by another Patriot Drapier;
Then raves and blunders nonſenſe thicker
Than aldermen o'ercharg'd with liquor;
And all this with deſign, no doubt,
To hear his praiſes hawk'd about;
To ſend his name through every ſtreet,
Which erſt he roam'd with dirty feet;
Well pleas'd to live to future times,
Though but in keen ſatiric rhymes.
So Ajax, who, for aught we know,
Was juſtice many years ago,
And minding then no earthly things,
But killing libelers of kings;
Or, if he wanted work to do,
To run a bawling news-boy through;
Yet he, when wrapp'd up in a cloud,
Entreated Father Jove aloud,
Only in light to ſhow his face,
Though it might tend to his diſgrace.
And ſo th' Epheſian villain fir'd
The temple which the world admir'd,
Contemning death, deſpiſing ſhame,
To gain an ever-odious name.

* Colonel Ker, a mere Scotchman, Lieutenant-Colonel to Lord Harrington's regiment of dragoons, who made a news-boy evidence againſt the printer. IRISH ED.

DR.

DR. SHERIDAN'S BALLAD ON BALLYSPELLIN*.

ALL you that would refine your blood,
As pure as fam'd Llewellyn,
By waters clear, come every year,
To drink at Ballyſpellin.

Though pox or itch your ſkins enrich
With rubies paſt the telling,
'Twill clear your ſkin before you 've been
A month at Ballyſpellin.

If lady's cheek be green as leek
When ſhe comes from her dwelling,
The kindling roſe within it glows
When ſhe 's at Ballyſpellin.

The ſooty brown, who comes from town,
Grows here as fair as Helen;
Then back ſhe goes, to kill the beaux
By dint of Ballyſpellin.

Our ladies are as freſh and fair
As Roſe, or bright Dunkelling;
And Mars might make a fair miſtake,
Were he at Ballyſpellin.

* A famous ſpa in the county of Kilkenny, where the Doctor had been to drink the waters with a favourite Lady. N.

We

We men submit as they think fit,
And here is no rebelling:
The reason 's plain; the ladies reign,
They 're queens at Ballyspellin.

By matchless charms, unconquer'd arms,
They have the way of quelling
Such desperate foes as dare oppose
Their power at Ballyspellin.

Cold water turns to fire, and burns,
I know, because I fell in
A stream which came from one bright dame
Who drank at Ballyspellin.

Fine beaux advance, equipt for dance,
To bring their Anne or Nell in
With so much grace, I 'm sure no place
Can vie with Ballyspellin.

No politicks, no subtle tricks,
No man his country selling:
We eat, we drink; we never think
Of these at Ballyspellin.

The troubled mind, the puff'd with wind,
Do all come here pell-mell in;
And they are sure to work their cure
By drinking Ballyspellin.

Though dropsy fills you to the gills,
From chin to toe though swelling;
Pour in, pour out, you cannot doubt
A cure at Ballyspellin.

Death throws no darts through all theſe parts,
No ſextons here are knelling:
Come, judge and try, you 'll never *die*,
But *live* at Ballyſpellin;

Except you feel darts tipt with ſteel,
Which here are every belle in:
When from their eyes ſweet ruin flies,
We die at Ballyſpellin.

Good cheer, ſweet air, much joy, no care,
Your ſight, your taſte, your ſmelling,
Your ears, your touch, tranſported much
Each day at Ballyſpellin.

Within this ground we all ſleep ſound,
No noiſy dogs a-yelling;
Except you wake, for Cælia's ſake,
All night at Ballyſpellin.

There all you ſee, both he and ſhe,
No lady keeps her cell in;
But all partake the mirth we make,
Who drink at Ballyſpellin.

My rhymes are gone; I think I 've none,
Unleſs I ſhould bring hell in;
But, ſince I 'm here to heaven ſo near,
I can't at Ballyſpellin!

ANSWER.

ANSWER.

BY DR. SWIFT.*

DARE you diſpute, you ſaucy brute,
And think there 's no refelling
Your ſcurvy lays, and ſenſeleſs praiſe
You give to Ballyſpellin?

Howe'er you bounce, I here pronounce,
Your medicine is repelling;
Your water 's mud, and ſours the blood,
When drunk at Ballyſpellin.

Thoſe pocky drabs, to cure their ſcabs,
You thither are compelling,
Will back be ſent, worſe than they went,
From naſty Ballyſpellin.

Llewellyn why? As well may I
Name honeſt doctor Pellin;
So hard ſometimes you tug for rhymes,
To bring in Ballyſpellin.

No ſubject fit to try your wit,
When you went colonelling,
But dull intrigues 'twixt jades and teagues
That met at Ballyſpellin.

* This anſwer was reſented by Dr. Sheridan, as an affront on himſelf and the lady he attended to the ſpa. N.

Our laſſes fair, ſay what you dare,
Who ſowing make with ſhelling,
At Market-hill more beaux can kill,
Than yours at Ballyſpellin.

Would I was whipt, when Sheelah ſtript
To waſh herſelf our well in;
A bum ſo white ne'er came in ſight,
At paltry Ballyſpellin.

Your mawkins there ſmocks hempen wear,
Of Holland not an ell in;
No, not a rag, whate'er you brag,
Is found at Ballyſpellin.

But Tom will prate at any rate,
All other nymphs expelling;
Becauſe he gets a few griſettes
At louſy Ballyſpellin.

There 's bonny Jane, in yonder lane,
Juſt o'er againſt The Bell-inn;
Where can you meet a laſs ſo ſweet,
Round all your Ballyſpellin?

We have a girl deſerves an earl;
She came from Enniſkillin:
So fair, ſo young, no ſuch among
The belles at Ballyſpellin.

How would you ſtare to ſee her there,
The foggy miſt diſpelling,
That clouds the brows of every blowſe
Who lives at Ballyſpellin!

Now

Now as I live, I would not give
A ſtiver for a ſkellin,
To towſe and kiſs the faireſt miſs
That leaks at Ballyſpellin.

Whoe'er will raiſe ſuch lies as theſe
Deſerves a good cudgélling;
Who falſely boaſts of belles and toaſts,
At dirty Ballyſpellin.

My rhymes are gone, to all but one,
Which is, our trees are felling;
As proper quite as thoſe you write,
To force in Ballyſpellin.

HORACE, PART OF BOOK I. SAT. VI. PARAPHRASED.

IF noiſy Tom* ſhould in the ſenate prate,
" That he would anſwer both for church and ſtate;
" And, further to demonſtrate his affection,
" Would take the kingdom into his protection;"
All mortals muſt be curious to inquire,
Who could this coxcomb be, and who his ſire?
" What! thou, the ſpawn of him† who ſham'd our iſle,
" That traitor, aſſaſſin, informer vile!

* Sir Thomas Prendergaſt. IRISH ED.

† The father of Sir Thomas P——, who engaged in a plot to murder king William III; but, to avoid being hanged, turned informer againſt his aſſociates, for which he was rewarded with a good eſtate, and made a baronet. Ibid.

" Though by the female ſide* you proudly bring,
" To mend your breed, the murderer of a king;
" What was thy grandſire† but a mountaineer,
" Who held a cabin for ten groats a year;
" Whoſe maſter Moore‡ preſerv'd him from the halter,
" For ſtealing cows; nor could he read the Pſalter!
" Durſt thou, ungrateful, from the ſenate chace
" Thy founder's grandſon§, and uſurp his place?
" Juſt heaven! to ſee the dunghill baſtard brood
" Survive in thee, and make the proverb good‖!
" Then vote a worthy citizen** to jail,
" In ſpite of juſtice, and refuſe his bail!"

* Cadogan's family. IRISH ED.

† A poor thieving cottager, under Mr. Moore, condemned at Clonmell aſſizes to be hanged for ſtealing cows. Ibid.

‡ The grandfather of Guy Moore, eſq. who procured him a pardon. Ibid.

§ Guy Moore was fairly elected member of parliament for Clonmell; but Sir Thomas, depending upon his intereſt with a certain party then prevailing, and ſince known by the title of Parſon-hunters, petitioned the houſe againſt him; out of which he was turned, upon pretence of bribery, which the paying of his lawful debts was then voted to be. Ibid.

‖ " Save a thief from the gallows, and he will cut your " throat." Ibid.

** Mr. George Faulkner. See the verſes in the following page. N.

On

On a PRINTER's being sent to NEWGATE.

BETTER we all were in our graves
Than live in slavery to slaves,
Worse than the anarchy at sea,
Where fishes on each other prey;
Where every trout can make as high rants
O'er his inferiors as our tyrants,
And swagger while the coast is clear:
But, should a lordly pike appear,
Away you see the varlet scud,
Or hide his coward snout in mud.
Thus, if a gudgeon meet a roach,
He dare not venture to approach;
Yet still has impudence to rise,
And, like Domitian, leap at flies.

THE DAY OF JUDGEMENT.*

WITH a whirl of thought oppress'd,
I sunk from reverie to rest.
An horrid vision seiz'd my head,
I saw the graves give up their dead!
Jove, arm'd mith terrors, burst the skies,
And thunder roars, and lightning flies!
Amaz'd, confus'd, its fate unknown,
The world stands trembling at his throne!

* That this poem is the genuine production of the Dean, Lord Chesterfield bears ample testimony in his Letter to M. Voltaire, Aug. 27, 1752. N.

While each pale ſinner hung his head,
Jove, nodding, ſhook the heavens, and ſaid:
" Offending race of human-kind,
" By nature, reaſon, *learning*, blind;
" You who, through frailty, ſtepp'd aſide;
" And you who never fell, *through pride*;
" You who in different ſects were ſhamm'd,
" And come to ſee each other damn'd
" (So ſome folk told you, but they knew
" No more of Jove's deſigns than you);
" —The world's mad buſineſs now is o'er,
" And I reſent theſe pranks no more.
" —I to ſuch blockheads ſet my wit!
" I damn ſuch fools!—Go, go, you 're *bit*."

VERSES SENT TO THE DEAN ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, WITH PINE'S HORACE, FINELY BOUND, BY DR. J. SICAN.*

—[Horace ſpeaking]

YOU 'VE read, Sir, in poetic ſtrain,
How Varus and the Mantuan ſwain
Have on my birth-day been invited
(But I was forc'd in verſe to write it)

* This ingenious young gentleman was unfortunately murdered in Italy. N.

Upon

Upon a plain repaſt to dine,
And taſte my old Campanian wine;
But I, who all punctilios hate,
Though long familiar with the great,
Nor glory in my reputation,
Am come without an invitation;
And, though I 'm us'd to right Falernian,
I 'll deign for once to taſte Iernian;
But fearing that you might diſpute
(Had I put on my common ſuit)
My breeding and my *politeſſe*,
I viſit in a birth-day dreſs;
My coat of pureſt Turkey red,
With gold embroidery richly ſpread;
To which I 've ſure as good pretenſions
As Iriſh lords who ſtarve on penſions.
What though proud miniſters of ſtate
Did at your anti-chamber wait;
What though your Oxfords and your St. Johns
Have at your levee paid attendance;
And Peterborough and great Ormond,
With many chiefs who now are dormant,
Have laid aſide the general's ſtaff
And public cares, with you to laugh;
Yet I ſome friends as good can name,
Nor leſs the darling ſons of Fame;
For ſure my Pollio and Mæcenas
Were as good ſtateſmen, Mr. Dean, as
Either your Bolingbroke or Harley,
Though they made Lewis beg a parley;

And

And as for Mordaunt, your lov'd hero,
I 'll match him with my Druſus Nero.
You 'll boaſt, perhaps, your favourite Pope;
But Virgil is as good, I hope.
I own indeed I can't get any
To equal Helſham and Delany;
Since Athens brought forth Socrates,
A Grecian iſle Hippocrates;
Since Tully liv'd before my time,
And Galen bleſs'd another clime.
You 'll plead perhaps, at my requeſt,
To be admitted as a gueſt,
" Your hearing 's bad!"—But why ſuch fears?
I ſpeak to eyes, and not to ears;
And for that reaſon wiſely took
The form you ſee me in, a book.
Attack'd by ſlow-devouring moths,
By rage of barbarous Huns and Goths;
By Bentley's notes, my deadlieſt foes,
By Creech's rhymes and Dunſter's proſe;
I found my boaſted wit and fire
In their rude hands almoſt expire:
Yet ſtill they but in vain aſſail'd;
For, had their violence prevail'd,
And in a blaſt deſtroy'd my fame,
They would have partly miſs'd their aim;
Since all my ſpirit in thy page
Defies the Vandals of this age.
'Tis yours to ſave theſe ſmall remains
From future pedants' muddy brains,

And

And fix my long-uncertain fate,
You beſt know how—which way?—TRANSLATE.

ON PSYCHE.*

AT two afternoon for our Pſyche inquire,
Her tea-kettle 's on, and her ſmock at the fire:
So loitering, ſo active; ſo buſy, ſo idle;
Which hath ſhe moſt need of, a ſpur or a bridle?
Thus a greyhound out-runs the whole pack in a race,
Yet would rather be hang'd than he 'd leave a warm place.
She gives you ſuch plenty, it puts you in pain;
But ever with prudence takes care of the main.
To pleaſe you, ſhe knows how to chooſe a nice bit;
For her taſte is almoſt as refin'd as her wit.
To oblige a good friend, ſhe will trace every market.
It would do your heart good, to ſee how ſhe will cark it.
Yet beware of her arts; for, it plainly appears,
She ſaves half her victuals by feeding your ears.

THE DEAN AND DUKE. 1734.

JAMES BRYDGES and the Dean had long been friends;
James is beduk'd; of courſe their friendſhip ends:
But ſure the Dean deſerves a ſharp rebuke,
From knowing James, to boaſt he knows the Duke.
Yet, ſince juſt Heaven the Duke's ambition mocks,
Since all he got by fraud is loſt by ſtocks,

* Mrs. Sican, a very ingenious well-bred lady, mother to the author of the preceding poem. N.

His

His wings are clipp'd: he tries no more in vain
With bands of fiddlers to extend his train.
Since he no more can build, and plant, and revel,
The Duke and Dean ſeem near upon a level.
Oh! wert thou not a Duke, my good Duke Humphry,
From bailiff's claws thou ſcarce couldſt keep thy bum free.
A Duke to know a Dean! go, ſmooth thy crown:
Thy brother (far thy betters) wore a gown.
Well, but a Duke thou art; ſo pleas'd the King:
Oh! would his Majeſty but add a ſtring!

ON

DR. RUNDLE, BISHOP OF DERRY.*

MAKE Rundle biſhop! fie for ſhame!
An Arian to uſurp the name!
A biſhop in the iſle of Saints!
How will his brethren make complaints!
Dare any of the mitred hoſt
Confer on him the Holy Ghoſt;
In mother-church to breed a variance,
By coupling Orthodox with Arians?
Yet, were he Heathen, Turk, or Jew,
What is there in it ſtrange or new?
For, let us hear the weak pretence
His brethren find to take offence;
Of whom there are but four at moſt,
Who know there is an Holy Ghoſt:

* Promoted to that ſee in February, 1734-5. N.

The

The reſt, who boaſt they have conferr'd it,
Like Paul's Epheſians, never heard it;
And, when they gave it, well 'tis known,
They gave what never was their own.
Rundle a biſhop! well he may;
He 's ſtill a Chriſtian more than they.
We know the ſubject of their quarrels;
The man has learning, ſenſe, and morals.
There is a reaſon ſtill more weighty;
'Tis granted he believes a Deity;
Has every circumſtance to pleaſe us,
Though fools may doubt his faith in Jeſus.
But why ſhould he with that be loaded,
Now twenty years from court exploded?
And is not this objection odd
From rogues who ne'er believ'd a God?
For liberty a champion ſtout,
Though not ſo goſpel-ward devout;
While others, hither ſent to ſave us,
Came but to plunder and enſlave us;
Nor ever own'd a power divine,
But Mammon and the German line.
Say, how did Rundle undermine 'em?
Who ſhew'd a better *jus divinum?*
From ancient canons would not vary,
But thrice refus'd *epiſcopari.*
Our biſhop's predeceſſor, Magus,
Would offer all the ſands of Tagus,
Or ſell his children, houſe, and lands,
For that one gift, to lay-on hands:

But all his gold could not avail
To have the Spirit ſet to ſale.
Said ſurly Peter, "Magus, pr'ythee,
"Be gone: thy money periſh with thee."
Were Peter now alive, perhaps
He might have found a ſcore of chaps,
Could he but make his gift appear
In rents three thouſand pounds a year.
Some fancy this promotion odd,
As not the handy-work of God;
Though e'en the biſhops diſappointed
Muſt own it made by God's anointed,
And, well we know, the *congé* regal
Is more ſecure as well as legal;
Becauſe our lawyers all agree,
That biſhopricks are held in fee.
Dear Baldwin chaſte, and witty Croſſe,
How ſorely I lament your loſs!
That ſuch a pair of wealthy ninnies
Should ſlip your time of dropping guineas;
For, had you made the king your debtor,
Your title had been ſo much better.

EPIGRAM.

FRIEND Rundle fell, with grievous bump,
Upon his reverential rump.
Poor rump! thou hadſt been better ſped,
Hadſt thou been join'd to Boulter's head:
A head, ſo weighty and profound,
Would needs have kept thee from the ground.

A CHA-

A CHARACTER, PANEGYRICK, and DESCRIPTION of the LEGION-CLUB. 1736.

AS I ſtroll the city, oft' I
See a building large and lofty,
Not a bow-ſhot from the college;
Half the globe from ſenſe and knowledge:
By the prudent architect,
Plac'd againſt the church direct,
Making good my grand-dame's jeſt,
"Near the church"—you know the reſt.
Tell us, what the pile contains?
Many a head that holds no brains.
Theſe demoniacks let me dub
With the name of Legion-club.
Such aſſemblies, you might ſwear,
Meet when butchers bait a bear;
Such a noiſe, and ſuch haranguing,
When a brother thief is hanging:
Such a rout and ſuch a rabble
Run to hear Jack-pudden gabble;
Such a crowd their ordure throws
On a far leſs villain's noſe.
Could I from the building's top
Hear the rattling thunder drop,
While the devil upon the roof
(If the devil be thunder-proof)
Should with poker fiery red
Crack the ſtones, and melt the lead;

Drive

Drive them down on every ſcull,
While the den of thieves is full;
Quite deſtroy the harpies' neſt;
How might then our iſle be bleſt!
For Divines allow, that God
Sometimes makes the devil his rod;
And the Goſpel will inform us,
He can puniſh ſins enormous.
Yet ſhould Swift endow the ſchools,
For his lunaticks and fools,
With a rood or two of land;
I allow the pile may ſtand.
You perhaps will aſk me, Why ſo?
But it is with this proviſo:
Since the houſe is like to laſt,
Let the royal grant be paſs'd,
That the club have right to dwell
Each within his proper cell,
With a paſſage left to creep in,
And a hole above for peeping.
Let them, when they once get in,
Sell the nation for a pin;
While they ſit a-picking ſtraws,
Let them rave at making laws;
While they never hold their tongue,
Let them dabble in their dung:
Let them form a grand committee,
How to plague and ſtarve the city;
Let them ſtare, and ſtorm, and frown,
When they ſee a clergy-gown;

Let them, ere they crack a louſe,
Call for th' orders of the houſe;
Let them, with their goſling quills,
Scribble ſenſeleſs heads of bills.
We may, while they ſtrain their throats,
Wipe our a—s with their votes.
Let Sir Tom*, that rampant aſs,
Stuff his guts with flax and graſs;
But, before the prieſt he fleeces,
Tear the Bible all to pieces:
At the parſons, Tom, halloo, boy,
Worthy offspring of a ſhoe-boy,
Footman, traitor, vile ſeducer,
Perjur'd rebel, brib'd accuſer,
Lay thy paltry privilege aſide,
Sprung from papiſts, and a regicide;
Fall a-working like a mole,
Raiſe the dirt about your hole.
Come, aſſiſt me, Muſe obedient!
Let us try ſome new expedient;
Shift the ſcene for half an hour,
Time and place are in thy power.
Thither, gentle Muſe, conduct me;
I ſhall aſk, and you inſtruct me.
See, the Muſe unbars the gate!
Hark, the monkeys, how they prate!
All ye gods who rule the ſoul!
Styx, through hell whoſe waters roll!

* A privy-counſellor, mentioned in p. 85. N.

Let me be allow'd to tell
What I heard in yonder hell.
  Near the door an entrance gapes,
Crowded round with antic ſhapes,
Poverty, and Grief, and Care,
Cauſeleſs Joy, and true Deſpair;
Diſcord periwigg'd with ſnakes,
See the dreadful ſtrides ſhe takes!
  By this odious crew beſet,
I began to rage and fret,
And reſolv'd to break their pates,
Ere we enter'd at the gates;
Had not Clio in the nick
Whiſper'd me, "Lay down your ſtick."
What, ſaid I, is this the *mad-houſe?*
Theſe, ſhe anſwer'd, are but ſhadows,
Phantoms bodileſs and vain,
Empty viſions of the brain.
  In the porch Briareus ſtands,
Shows a bribe in all his hands;
Briareus the ſecretary,
But we mortals call him Carey.
When the rogues their country fleece,
They may hope for pence a-piece.
  Clio, who had been ſo wiſe
To put-on a fool's diſguiſe,
To beſpeak ſome approbation,
And be thought a near relation,
When ſhe ſaw three hundred brutes
All involv'd in wild diſputes,

Roaring

Roaring till their lungs were ſpent,
PRIVILEGE OF PARLIAMENT,
Now a new misfortune feels,
Dreading to be laid by th' heels.
Never durſt a Muſe before
Enter that infernal door;
Clio, ſtifled with the ſmell,
Into ſpleen and vapours fell,
By the Stygian ſteams that flew
From the dire infectious crew.
Not the ſtench of Lake Avernus
Could have more offended her noſe;
Had ſhe flown but o'er the top,
She had felt her pinions drop,
And by exhalations dire,
Though a goddeſs, muſt expire.
In a fright ſhe crept away;
Bravely I reſolv'd to ſtay.
When I ſaw the keeper frown,
Tipping him with half a crown,
Now, ſaid I, we are alone,
Name your heroes one by one.
Who is that hell-featur'd brawler?
Is it Satan? No, 'tis Waller.
In what figure can a bard dreſs
Jack the grandſon of Sir Hardreſs?
Honeſt keeper, drive him further,
In his looks are hell and murther;
See the ſcowling viſage drop,
Juſt as when he murder'd T—p.

Keeper, ſhow me where to fix
On the puppy pair of Dicks;
By their lantern jaws and leathern,
You might ſwear they both are brethren:
Dick Fitz-Baker, Dick the player,
Old acquaintance, are you there?
Dear companions, hug and kiſs,
Toaſt Old Glorious in your piſs:
Tie them, keeper, in a tether,
Let them ſtarve and ſtink together;
Both are apt to be unruly,
Laſh them daily, laſh them duly;
Though 'tis hopeleſs to reclaim them,
Scorpion rods perhaps may tame them.
Keeper, yon old dotard ſmoak,
Sweetly ſnoring in his cloak:
Who is he? 'Tis humdrum Wynne,
Half encompaſs'd by his kin:
There obſerve the tribe of Bingham,
For he never fails to bring 'em;
While he ſleeps the whole debate,
They ſubmiſſive round him wait;
Yet would gladly ſee the hunks
In his grave, and ſearch his trunks.
See, they gently twitch his coat,
Juſt to yawn and give his vote,
Always firm in his vocation,
For the court, againſt the nation.
Thoſe are A—s Jack and Bob,
Firſt in every wicked job,

Son

Son and brother to a queer
Brain-ſick brute, they call a peer.
We muſt give them better quarter,
For their anceſtor trod mortar,
And H—th, to boaſt his fame,
On a chimney cut his name.

There ſit Clements, D—ks, and Harriſon:
How they ſwagger from their garriſon!
Such a triplet could you tell
Where to find on this ſide hell?
Harriſon, and D—ks, and Clements,
Keeper, ſee they have their payments;
Every miſchief 's in their hearts;
If they fail, 'tis want of parts.

Bleſs us, Morgan! art thou there, man!
Bleſs mine eyes! art thou the chairman!
Chairman to your damn'd committee!
Yet I look on thee with pity.
Dreadful ſight! what! learned Morgan
Metamorphos'd to a Gorgon?
For thy horrid looks, I own,
Half convert me to a ſtone.
Haſt thou been ſo long at ſchool,
Now to turn a factious tool?
Alma Mater was thy mother,
Every young divine thy brother.
Thou, a diſobedient varlet,
Treat thy mother like a harlot!
Thou ungrateful to thy teachers,
Who are all grown reverend preachers!

Morgan, would it not ſurpriſe one!
Turn thy nouriſhment to poiſon!
When you walk among your books,
They reproach you with their looks:
Bind them faſt, or from their ſhelves
They will come and right themſelves;
Homer, Plutarch, Virgil, Flaccus,
All in arms prepare to back us:
Soon repent, or put to ſlaughter
Every Greek and Roman author.
Will you, in your faction's phraſe,
Send the clergy all to graze,
And, to make your project paſs,
Leave them not a blade of graſs?
How I want thee, humorous Hogarth!
Thou, I hear, a pleaſant rogue art.
Were but you and I acquainted,
Every monſter ſhould be painted:
You ſhould try your graving-tools
On this odious groupe of fools;
Draw the beaſts as I deſcribe them
From their features, while I gibe them;
Draw them like; for I aſſure you,
You will need no *car'catura*;
Draw them ſo, that we may trace
All the ſoul in every face.
Keeper, I muſt not retire,
You have done what I deſire:
But I feel my ſpirits ſpent
With the noiſe, the ſight, the ſcent.

" Pray

" Pray be patient; you ſhall find
" Half the beſt are ſtill behind:
" You have hardly ſeen a ſcore;
" I can ſhow two hundred more."
Keeper, I have ſeen enough.—
Taking then a pinch of ſnuff,
I concluded, looking round them,
" May their god, the devil, confound them!"

AN APOLOGY, &c.

A LADY, wife as well as fair,
Whoſe conſcience always was her care,
Thoughtful upon a point of moment,
Would have the text as well as comment:
So hearing of a grave Divine,
She ſent to bid him come and dine.
But, you muſt know, he was not quite
So grave as to be unpolite;
Thought human learning would not leſſen
The dignity of his profeſſion:
And, if you 'd heard the man diſcourſe,
Or preach, you 'd like him ſcarce the worſe.
He long had bid the court farewell,
Retreating ſilent to his cell;
Suſpected for the love he bore
To one who ſway'd ſome time before;
Which made it more ſurpriſing how
He ſhould be ſent for thither now.

The meſſage told, he gapes, and ſtares,
And ſcarce believes his eyes or ears:
Could not conceive what it ſhould mean,
And fain would hear it told again.
But then the 'ſquire ſo trim and nice,
'Twere rude to make him tell it twice:
So bow'd, was thankful for the honour;
And would not fail to wait upon her.
His beaver bruſh'd, his ſhoes, and gown,
Away he trudges into town;
Paſſes the lower caſtle-yard;
And now advancing to the guard,
He trembles at the thoughts of ſtate;
For, conſcious of his ſheepiſh gait,
His ſpirits of a ſudden fail'd him;
He ſtopt, and could not tell what ail'd him.

What was the meſſage I receiv'd?
Why certainly the Captain rav'd!
To dine with her! and come at three!
Impoſſible! it can't be me.
Or may be I miſtook the word;
My Lady—it muſt be my Lord.

My Lord 's abroad; my Lady too:
What muſt th' unhappy Doctor do?
"Is Captain Cracherode here, pray?"—"No."
"Nay, then 'tis time for mè to go."
Am I awake, or do I dream?
I 'm ſure he call'd me by my name;
Nam'd me as plain as he could ſpeak;
And yet there muſt be ſome miſtake.

Why,

Why, what a jeſt ſhould I have been,
Had now my Lady been within!
What could I 've ſaid? I 'm mighty glad
She went abroad—ſhe 'd thought me mad.
The hour of dining now is paſt:
Well then, I 'll e'en go home and faſt;
And, ſince I 'ſcap'd being made a ſcoff,
I think I 'm very fairly off.
My Lady now returning home,
Calls, " Cracherode, is the Doctor come?"
He had not heard of him—" Pray ſee,
" 'Tis now a quarter after three."
The Captain walks about, and ſearches
Through all the rooms, and courts, and arches;
Examines all the ſervants round,
In vain—no Doctor 's to be found.
My Lady could not chooſe but wonder:
" Captain, I fear you 've made ſome blunder:
" But pray, to-morrow go at ten,
" I 'll try his manners once again;
" If rudeneſs be the effect of knowledge,
" My ſon ſhall never ſee a college."
The Captain was a man of reading,
And much good ſenſe, as well as breeding,
Who, loath to blame, or to incenſe,
Said little in his own defence.
Next day another meſſage brought:
The Doctor, frighten'd at his fault,
Is dreſs'd, and ſtealing through the crowd,
Now pale as death, then bluſh'd and bow'd,

Panting

Panting—and faultering—humm'd and ha'd,
" Her Ladyſhip was gone abroad;
" The Captain too—he did not know
" Whether he ought to ſtay or go;"
Begg'd ſhe 'd forgive him. In concluſion,
My Lady, pitying his confuſion,
Call'd her good-nature to relieve him;
Told him, ſhe thought ſhe might believe him;
And would not only grant his ſuit,
But viſit him, and eat ſome fruit;
Provided, at a proper time,
He told the real truth in rhyme.
'Twas to no purpoſe to oppoſe,
She 'd hear of no excuſe in proſe.
The Doctor ſtood not to debate,
Glad to compound at any rate;
So, bowing, ſeemingly comply'd;
Though, if he durſt, he had deny'd.
But firſt, reſolv'd to ſhow his taſte,
Was too refin'd to give a feaſt:
He 'd treat with nothing that was rare,
But winding walks and purer air;
Would entertain without expence,
Or pride, or vain magnificence:
For well he knew, to ſuch a gueſt
The plaineſt meals muſt be the beſt.
To ſtomachs clogg'd with coſtly fare
Simplicity alone is rare;
Whilſt high, and nice, and curious meats,
Are really but vulgar treats.

Inſtead

Inſtead of ſpoils of Perſian looms,
The coſtly boaſts of regal rooms,
Thought it more courtly and diſcreet
To ſcatter roſes at her feet;
Roſes of richeſt dye, that ſhone
With native luſtre, like her own:
Beauty that needs no aid of art
Through every ſenſe to reach the heart.
The gracious dame, though well ſhe knew
All this was much beneath her due,
Lik'd every thing—at leaſt thought fit
To praiſe it *par maniere d'acquit.*
Yet ſhe, though ſeeming pleas'd, can't bear
The ſcorching ſun, or chilling air;
Diſturb'd alike at both extremes,
Whether he ſhows or hides the beams:
Though ſeeming pleas'd at all ſhe ſees,
Starts at the ruffling of the trees;
And ſcarce can ſpeak for want of breath,
In half a walk fatigu'd to death.
The Doctor takes his hint from hence,
T' apologize his late offence:
" Madam, the mighty power of uſe
" Now ſtrangely pleads in my excuſe:
" If you unus'd have ſcarcely ſtrength
" To gain this walk's untoward length;
" If, frighten'd at a ſcene ſo rude,
" Through long diſuſe of ſolitude;
" If, long confin'd to fires and ſcreens,
" You dread the waving of theſe greens;

" If

" If you, who long have breath'd the fumes
" Of city-fogs and crowded rooms,
" Do now ſolicitouſly ſhun
" The cooler air and dazzling ſun;
" If his majeſtic eye you flee,
" Learn hence t' excuſe and pity me.
" Conſider what it is to bear
" The powder'd courtier's witty ſneer;
" To ſee th' important man of dreſs
" Scoffing my college-awkwardneſs;
" To be the ſtrutting cornet's ſport,
" To run the gauntlet of the court,
" Winning my way by ſlow approaches,
" Through crowds of coxcombs and of coaches,
" From the firſt fierce cockaded centry,
" Quite through the tribe of waiting-gentry;
" To paſs ſo many crowded ſtages,
" And ſtand the ſtaring of your pages;
" And, after all, to crown my ſpleen,
" Be told—" You are not to be ſeen:"
" Or, if you are, be forc'd to bear
" The awe of your majeſtic air.
" And can I then be faulty found,
" In dreading this vexatious round?
" Can it be ſtrange, if I eſchew
" A ſcene ſo glorious and ſo new?
" Or is he criminal that flies
" The living luſtre of your eyes?"

THE

THE DEAN'S MANNER OF LIVING.

ON rainy days alone I dine
Upon a chick and pint of wine.
On rainy days I dine alone,
And pick my chicken to the bone:
But this my ſervants much enrages,
No ſcraps remain to ſave board-wages.
In weather fine I nothing ſpend,
But often ſpunge upon a friend:
Yet, where he 's not ſo rich as I,
I pay my club, and ſo good b' ye.

VERSES MADE FOR FRUIT-WOMEN, &c.

APPLES.

COME buy my fine wares,
Plumbs, apples, and pears,
A hundred a penny,
In conſcience too many:
Come, will you have any?
My children are ſeven,
I wiſh them in Heaven;
My huſband a ſot,
With his pipe and his pot,
Not a farthing will gain them,
And I muſt maintain them.

ASPARAGUS.

RIPE 'ſparagraſs,
Fit for lad or laſs,
To make their water paſs:
Oh, 'tis pretty picking
With a tender chicken!

ONIONS.

COME, follow me by the ſmell,
Here are delicate onions to ſell;
I promiſe to uſe you well.
They make the blood warmer;
You 'll feed like a farmer:
For this is every cook's opinion,
No ſavoury diſh without an onion;
But, leſt your kiſſing ſhould be ſpoil'd,
Your onions muſt be throughly boil'd:
Or elſe you may ſpare
Your miſtreſs a ſhare,
The ſecret will never be known;
She cannot diſcover
The breath of her lover,
But think it as ſweet as her own.

OYSTERS.

CHARMING oyſters I cry:
My maſters, come buy.
So plump and ſo freſh,
So ſweet is their fleſh,

No

No Colcheſter oyſter
Is ſweeter and moiſter:
Your ſtomach they ſettle,
And rouſe up your mettle;
They 'll make you a dad
Of a laſs or a lad;
And madam your wife
They 'll pleaſe to the life;
Be ſhe barren, be ſhe old,
Be ſhe ſlut, or be ſhe ſcold,
Eat my oyſters, and lie near her,
She 'll be fruitful, never fear her.

HERRINGS.

BE not ſparing,
Leave off ſwearing.
Buy my herring
Freſh from Malahide*,
Better never was try'd.
Come, eat them with pure freſh butter and muſtard;
Their bellies are ſoft, and as white as a cuſtard.
Come, ſix-pence a dozen to get me ſome bread,
Or, like my own herrings, I ſoon ſhall be dead.

ORANGES.

COME buy my fine oranges, ſauce for your veal,
And charming when ſqueez'd in a pot of brown ale;
Well roaſted, with ſugar and wine in a cup,
They 'll make a ſweet biſhop when gentle-folks ſup.

* Near Dublin.

ON

ON ROVER, A LADY'S SPANIEL.

INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER.*

HAPPIEST of the ſpaniel-race,
Painter, with thy colours grace:
Draw his forehead large and high,
Draw his blue and humid eye;
Draw his neck ſo ſmooth and round,
Little neck with ribbons bound;
And the *muſcly* ſwelling breaſt
Where the Loves and Graces reſt;
And the ſpreading even back,
Soft, and ſleek, and gloſſy black;
And the tail that gently twines,
Like the tendrils of the vines;
And the ſilky twiſted hair,
Shadowing thick the *velvet* ear;
Velvet ears, which, hanging low,
O'er the *veiny* temples flow.
With a proper light and ſhade,
Let the winding hoop be laid;
And within that arching bower
(Secret circle, myſtic power)
In a *downy* ſlumber place
Happieſt of the Spaniel race;
While the ſoft perſpiring Dame,
Glowing with the ſofteſt flame,

* In ridicule of Philips's poem on Miſs Carteret, and written, it has been ſaid, "to affront the lady of archbiſhop Boulter." N.

On

On the ravilh'd favourite pours
Balmy dews, ambroſial ſhowers!
With thy utmoſt ſkill expreſs
Nature in her richeſt dreſs;
Limpid *rivers* ſmoothly flowing,
Orchards by thoſe *rivers* blowing;
Curling *wood-bine*, *myrtle* ſhade,
And the gay enamel'd mead;
Where the linnets ſit and ſing,
Little ſportlings of the Spring;
Where the breathing field and grove
Sooth the heart, and kindle love:
Here for me, and for the Muſe,
Colours of reſemblance chuſe;
Make of *lineaments* divine,
Daply female *ſpaniels* ſhine,
Pretty *fondlings* of the fair,
Gentle *damſels*, gentle *care*;
But to one alone impart
All the flattery of thy art.
Crowd each feature, crowd each grace,
Which complete the deſperate face;
Let the ſpotted wanton Dame
Feel a new reſiſtleſs flame;
Let the happieſt of his *race*
Win the fair to his *embrace*.
But in ſhade the reſt conceal,
Nor to ſight their joys reveal,
Leſt the *pencil* and the Muſe
Looſe deſires and thoughts infuſe.

AY AND NO;

A TALE FROM DUBLIN. 1737.

AT Dublin's high feaſt ſate Primate and Dean,
Both dreſs'd like divines, with band and face clean.
Quoth Hugh of Armagh*, " The mob is grown bold."
" Ay, ay," quoth the Dean, " the cauſe is old gold."
" No, no," quoth the Primate, " if cauſes we ſift,
" This miſchief ariſes from witty Dean Swift."
The ſmart-one replied, " There 's no wit in the caſe;
" And nothing of that ever troubled your Grace.
" Though with your ſtate-ſieve your own notions you
" ſplit,
" A Boulter by name is no *bolter* of wit.
" It is matter of weight, and a mere money-jobb;
" But the lower the coin, the higher the mob.
" Go tell your friend Bob and the other great folk,
" That ſinking the coin is a dangerous joke.
" The Iriſh dear-joys have enough common ſenſe,
" To treat gold reduced like Wood's copper pence.
" It is pity a Prelate ſhould die without law;
" But if I ſay the word – take care of Armagh!"

Dr. SWIFT's ANSWER to a FRIEND's QUESTION.

THE furniture that beſt doth pleaſe
St. Patrick's Dean, good Sir, are theſe:
The knife and fork with which I eat;
And, next, the pot that boils the meat;

* Dr. Hugh Boulter.

The

The next to be preferr'd, I think,
Is the glaſs in which I drink;
The ſhelves on which my books I keep;
And the bed on which I ſleep;
An antique elbow-chair between,
Big enough to hold the Dean;
And the ſtore that gives delight
In the cold bleak wintery night;
To theſe we add a thing below,
More for uſe reſerv'd than ſhow:
Theſe are what the Dean do pleaſe;
All ſuperfluous are but theſe.

APOLLO'S EDICT.*

IRELAND is now our royal care,
We lately fix'd our Viceroy there;
How near was ſhe to be undone,
Till pious love inſpir'd her Son!
What cannot our Vicegerent do,
As Poet and as Patriot too?
Let his ſucceſs our ſubjects ſway,
Our inſpirations to obey,
And follow where He leads the way:
Then ſtudy to correct your taſte;
Nor *beaten* paths be longer trac'd.

* This poem was originally written in 1720; the latter part of it was re-publiſhed in 1743, on the death of the Counteſs of Donegal. N.

No ſimile ſhall be begun,
With *riſing* or with ſetting ſun;
And let the *ſecret head of Nile*
Be ever baniſh'd from your iſle.
When wretched lovers live on air,
I beg you 'll the Camelion ſpare;
And, when you 'd make a hero grander,
Forget he 's like a Salamander.
No ſon of mine ſhall dare to ſay,
Aurora uſher'd-in the Day,
Or ever name the *milky-way*.
You all agree, I make no doubt,
Elijah's *mantle* is worn out.
The *bird of Jove* ſhall toil no more
To teach the humble Wren to ſoar.
Your Tragic Heroes ſhall not rant,
Nor Shepherds uſe *poetic cant*.
Simplicity alone can grace
The manners of the rural race.
Theocritus and Philips be
Your guides to *true* ſimplicity.
When Damon's *ſoul ſhall take its flight*,
Though Poets have the ſecond-ſight,
They ſhall not ſee a *trail of light*.
Nor ſhall the *vapours upward riſe*,
Nor a *new ſtar* adorn the ſkies:
For who can hope to place one there,
As glorious as Belinda's *hair?*
Yet, if his name you 'd eternize,
And muſt exalt him to the ſkies;

Without a *ſtar*, this may be done:
So Tickell mourn'd his Addiſon.
If Anna's happy reign you praiſe,
Pray, not a word of *halcyon-days*;
Nor let my votaries ſhow their ſkill
In aping lines from Cooper's-Hill;
For know, I cannot bear to hear
The mimickry of *deep, yet clear*.
Whene'er my Viceroy is addreſs'd,
Againſt the Phœnix I proteſt.
When Poets ſoar in youthful ſtrains,
No Phaëton to hold the reins.
When you deſcribe a lovely girl,
No lips of *coral*, teeth of *pearl*.
Cupid ſhall ne'er miſtake another,
However beauteous, for his mother:
Nor ſhall his darts at random fly
From magazine in Cælia's eye.
With women-compounds I am cloy'd,
Which only pleas'd in Biddy Floyd.
For foreign aid, what need they roam,
Whom Fate has amply bleſt at home?
Unerring Heaven, with bounteous hand,
Has form'd a model for your land,
Whom Jove endow'd with every grace;
The glory of the Granard race;
Now deſtin'd by the powers divine
The bleſſing of another line.
Then, would you paint a matchleſs dame,
Whom you 'd conſign to endleſs fame?

Invoke not Cytherea's aid,
Nor borrow from the blue-ey'd maid;
Nor need you on the Graces call;—
Take qualities from Donegal.

EPIGRAM*.

BEHOLD! a proof of Iriſh ſenſe!
Here Iriſh wit is ſeen!
When nothing 's left, that 's worth defence,
We build a magazine.

EPIGRAMS,

Occaſioned by Dr. SWIFT's intended Hoſpital for IDEOTS and LUNATICKS.

I.

THE Dean muſt die—our Ideots to maintain.
Periſh, ye Ideots! and long live the Dean!

* The Dean, in his lunacy, had ſome intervals of ſenſe; at which time his guardians, or phyſicians, took him out for the air. On one of theſe days, when they came to the Park, Swift remarked a new building, which he had never ſeen, and aſked what it was deſigned for. To which Dr. Kingſbury anſwered, "That, Mr. Dean, is the magazine for arms and powder, for "the ſecurity of the city." "Oh! oh!" ſays the Dean, pulling out his pocket-book, "let me take an *item* of that. This is "worth remarking: my tablets, as Hamlet ſays, my tablets—"memory, put down that!"—Which produced the above lines, ſaid to be the laſt he ever wrote. N.

II. O GENIUS

II.

O GENIUS of Hibernia's ſtate,
Sublimely good, ſeverely great!
How doth this lateſt act excel
All you have done or wrote ſo well!
Satire may be the child of ſpite,
And Fame might bid the Drapier write:
But to relieve, and to endow,
Creatures that know not whence or how,
Argues a ſoul both good and wiſe,
Reſembling *Him* who rules the ſkies.
He to the thoughtful mind diſplays
Immortal ſkill ten thouſand ways;
And, to complete his glorious taſk,
Gives what we have not ſenſe to aſk!

III.

LO! Swift to Ideots bequeaths his ſtore:
Be wiſe, ye rich!—conſider thus the poor!

On the DEAN of ST. PATRICK's Birth-day*, Nov. 30, ST. ANDREW'S-DAY.

BETWEEN the hours of twelve and one,
When half the world to reſt were gone,
Intranc'd in ſofteſt ſleep I lay,
Forgetful of an anxious day;
From every care and labour free,
My ſoul as calm as it could be.

* See, in Parnell's Poems, an elegant compliment on the ſame occaſion. N.

The Queen of Dreams, well pleas'd to find
An undiſturb'd and vacant mind,
With magic pencil trac'd my brain,
And there ſhe drew St. Patrick's Dean.
I ſtrait beheld on either hand
Two Saints, like Guardian Angels, ſtand,
And either claim'd him for their ſon;
And thus the high diſpute begun.
St. Andrew firſt, with reaſon ſtrong,
Maintain'd to him he did belong:
" Swift is my own, by right divine,
" All born upon this day are mine."
St. Patrick ſaid, " I own this true,
" So far he does belong to you:
" But in my church he 's born again,
" My ſon adopted, and my Dean.
" When firſt the *Chriſtian-truth* I ſpread,
" The poor within this iſle I fed,
" And darkeſt errors baniſh'd hence,
" Made knowledge in their place commence;
" Nay more, at my divine command,
" All *noxious creatures* fled the land.
" I made both Peace and Plenty ſmile.
" Hibernia was my favourite iſle;
" Now *his*—for he ſucceeds to me,
" Two *angels* cannot more agree.
" His joy is, to relieve the poor;
" Behold them weekly at his door!
" His knowledge too, in brighteſt *rays*,
" He like the ſun to all conveys;

" Shows

" Shows *wiſdom* in a ſingle page,
" And in one hour inſtructs an age.
" When ruin lately ſtood around
" Th' incloſures of my *ſacred ground*,
" He glorioufly did interpoſe,
" And ſav'd it from invading foes;
" For this I claim immortal Swift,
" As my own ſon, and Heaven's beſt gift."
The Caledonian Saint, enrag'd,
Now cloſer in diſpute engag'd,
Eſſays to prove, by tranſmigration,
The Dean is of the Scottiſh nation;
And, to confirm the truth, he choſe
The loyal ſoul of great Montroſe.
" Montroſe and He are both the ſame,
" They only differ in the name;
" Both, heroes in a righteous cauſe,
" Aſſert their liberties and laws:
" He 's now the ſame, Montroſe was then,
" But that the *ſword* is turn'd a *pen*;
" A *pen* of ſo great power, each word
" Defends beyond the hero's *ſword*."
Now words grew high—we can't ſuppoſe
Immortals ever come to blows;
But, leſt unruly paſſion ſhould
Degrade them into fleſh and blood,
An *angel* quick from Heaven deſcends,
And he at once the conteſt ends:
" Ye reverend pair, from diſcord ceaſe,
" Ye both miſtake the preſent caſe;

" One

" One *kingdom* cannot have pretence
" To ſo much virtue! ſo much ſenſe:
" Search Heaven's record; and there you 'll find,
" That He was born for all mankind."

EPISTLE to ROBERT NUGENT, Esq. with a PICTURE of DEAN SWIFT.

BY DR. DUNKIN.*

TO gratify thy long deſire
(So Love and Piety require),
From Bindon's† colours you may trace
The Patriot's venerable face,
The laſt, O Nugent! which his art
Shall ever to the world impart;
For know, the prime of mortal men,
That matchleſs monarch of the pen
(Whoſe labours, like the genial ſun,
Shall through revolving ages run,
Yet never, like the ſun, decline,
But in their full meridian ſhine),
That ever-honour'd, envied Sage,
So long the wonder of his age,
Who charm'd us with his golden ſtrain,
Is not the ſhadow of the Dean:

* This elegant tribute of gratitude, as it was written at a period when all ſuſpicion of flattery muſt vaniſh, reflects the higheſt honour on the ingenious Writer, and cannot but be agreeable to the admirers of Dr. Swift. N.

† Samuel Bindon, eſq. a celebrated painter. N.

He

He only breathes Bœotian air—
" Oh! what a falling-off was there!"
Hibernia's Helicon is dry,
Invention, Wit, and Humour die;
And what remains againſt the ſtorm
Of Malice, but an empty form?
The nodding ruins of a pile,
That ſtood the bulwark of this iſle;
In which the ſiſterhood was fix'd
Of candid Honour, Truth unmix'd,
Impartial Reaſon, Thought profound,
And Charity, diffuſing round,
In cheerful rivulets, the flow
Of Fortune to the ſons of woe?
Such one, my Nugent, was thy Swift,
Endued with each exalted gift.
But, lo! the pure æthereal flame
Is darken'd by a miſty ſteam:
The balm exhauſted breathes no ſmell,
The roſe is wither'd ere it fell.
That godlike ſupplement of law,
Which held the wicked world in awe,
And could the tide of faction ſtem,
Is but a ſhell without the gem.
Ye ſons of genius, who would aim
To build an everlaſting fame,
And, in the field of letter'd arts,
Diſplay the trophies of your parts,
To yonder manſion turn aſide,
And mortify your growing pride.

Behold

Behold the brighteſt of the race,
And Nature's honour, in diſgrace:
With humble reſignation own,
That all your talents are a loan;
By Providence advanc'd for uſe,
Which you ſhould ſtudy to produce.
Reflect, the mental ſtock, alas!
However current now it paſs,
May haply be recall'd from you
Before the Grave demands his due.
Then, while your morning-ſtar proceeds,
Direct your courſe to worthy deeds,
In fuller day diſcharge your debts;
For, when your ſun of reaſon ſets,
The night ſucceeds; and all your ſchemes
Of glory vaniſh with your dreams.
Ah! where is now the ſupple train,
That danc'd attendance on the Dean?
Say, where are thoſe facetious folks,
Who ſhook with laughter at his jokes,
And with attentive rapture hung
On wiſdom dropping from his tongue;
Who look'd with high diſdainful pride
On all the buſy world beſide,
And rated his productions more
Than treaſures of Peruvian ore?
Good Chriſtians! they with bended knees
Ingulph'd the wine, but loath the lees,
Averting (ſo the text commands),
With ardent eyes and up-caſt hands,

The

The cup of ſorrow from their lips,
And fly, like rats from ſinking ſhips.
While ſome, who by his friendſhip roſe
To wealth, in concert with his foes,
Run counter to their former track,
Like old Actæon's horrid pack
Of yelling mungrels, in requitals
To riot on their maſter's vitals;
And, where they cannot blaſt his laurels,
Attempt to ſtigmatize his morals;
Through Scandal's magnifying-glaſs
His foibles view, but virtues paſs,
And on the ruins of his fame
Erect an ignominious name.
So vermin foul, of vile extraction,
The ſpawn of dirt and putrefaction,
The ſounder members traverſe o'er,
But fix and fatten on a ſore.
Hence! peace, ye wretches, who revile
His wit, his humour, and his ſtyle;
Since all the monſters which he drew
Were only meant to copy you;
And, if the colours be not fainter,
Arraign yourſelves, and not the painter.
But, oh! that He, who gave him breath,
Dread arbiter of life and death;
That He, the moving ſoul of all,
The ſleeping ſpirit would recall,
And crown him with triumphant meeds,
For all his paſt heroic deeds,

In

In manſions of unbroken reſt,
The bright republick of the bleſs'd!
Irradiate his benighted mind
With living light of light refin'd;
And theſe the blank of thought employ
With objects of immortal joy!
Yet, while he drags the ſad remains
Of life, ſlow-creeping through his veins,
Above the views of private ends,
The tributary Muſe attends,
To prop his feeble ſteps, or ſhed
The pious tear around his bed.
So Pilgrims, with devout complaints,
Frequent the graves of martyr'd Saints,
Inſcribe their worth in artleſs lines,
And, in their ſtead, embrace their ſhrines.

INSCRIPTION intended for a MONUMENT. 1765.

SAY, to the Drapier's vaſt unbounded fame,
What added honours can the Sculptor give?
None.—'Tis a ſanction from the Drapier's name
Muſt bid the Sculptor and his Marble live.

EPIGRAM occaſioned by the above INSCRIPTION.

WHICH gave the Drapier *birth* two realms contend;
And each aſſerts her Poet, Patriot, Friend:
Her mitre jealous Britain may deny;
That loſs Iernia's laurel ſhall ſupply:
Through life's low vale, ſhe, grateful, gave him bread;
Her vocal ſtones ſhall vindicate him dead.

1766. B. N.

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END OF SWIFT'S POEMS.

THE

POEMS

OF

DR. WILLIAM BROOME;

WITH

ADDITIONS and ALTERATIONS,

Made by the Author in 1743, but not copied in the Edition of 1750.

"——— Nos otia vitæ
"Solamur Cantu."

STAT.

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES, Lord Viſcount TOWNSHEND;

Late one of his Majeſty's Principal Secretaries of State, and Knight of the Moſt Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

MY LORD,

I BEG leave to publiſh the following poems under your patronage: A preſent, I confeſs, unworthy of it, and of little value, excepting what gratitude gives it: But, I fear, it may be eſteemed a boaſt rather than an acknowledgement, or at beſt, an oſtentatious kind of gratitude, to tell the world that I have received the higheſt obligations from the Lord Townſhend: It is an honour to be regarded by a perſon of ſo diſtinguiſhed a character: I am proud of it, and, not being of a nature to be content with a ſilent gratitude, am not deterred from owning it, though it be liable to be miſcalled vanity.

You have, my Lord, the happineſs to enjoy what that great ſtateſman Walſingham, who held the ſame office which you fill with ſo much honour, frequently wiſhed,

but never obtained; a retirement from buſineſs in the declenſion of life, to enjoy age in peace and tranquillity: this laſt action ſpeaks you truly great; for that perſon who, by a voluntary retreat, could induſtriouſly renounce all the grandeur of the world, muſt evidently have a ſoul above it.

Tully in his Tuſculum was never more happy, than the Lord Townſhend in his Rainham,

" ——— Where majeſtically plain
" Pure Nature reigns, where varied views from views
" Diffuſive proſpects yield*: here ſhagg'd with woods,
" Here rich with harveſt, and there white with flocks,
" And all the gay horizon ſmiles around
" Full of thy Genius! Lo! between yon groves
" The dome with eaſy grandeur, like the ſoul
" Of its great maſter, riſing overlooks
" The ſubject regions, and commands the charms
" Of many a pleaſing landſkip, to the eye
" Delightful change! here groves of loftieſt ſhade
" Wave their proud tops, and form of ſtatelieſt view
" A ſylvan theatre! while Nature's hand
" Pours forth profuſe, o'er hill, o'er vale, o'er lawn,
" Her choiceſt bleſſings: See! where yonder lake
" Spreads its wide liquid plain: now ſtands unmov'd,
" Pure as th' expanſe of heaven, and heaven reflects
" From its broad-glittering mirrour; now with waves

* See Mr. Thomſon's excellent poems.

" Curl'd

" Curl'd gently by the breeze, ſalutes the flowers
" That grace its banks! in ſtate the ſnowy ſwans
" Arch their proud necks, and fowls of various plume
" Innumerous, native or exotic, cleave
" The dancing wave! while o'er th' adjoining lawns
" Obverted to the ſouthern ſuns, the deer
" Wide-ſpreading graze, or ſtarting bound away
" In crowds, then turning, ſilent ſtand, and gaze!
" Such are thy beauties, Rainham, ſuch the haunts
" Of angels, in primæval guiltleſs days,
" When man imparadis'd convers'd with God."

This, my Lord, is but a faint picture of the place of your retirement, which no one ever enjoyed more elegantly: no part of your life lies heavy upon you; there is no uneaſy vacancy in it; it is all filled up with ſtudy, exerciſe, or polite amuſement: here you ſhine in the moſt agreeable, though not moſt ſtrong and dazzling light: In your public ſtation you commanded admiration and honour; in your private, you attract love and eſteem: The nobler parts of your life will be the ſubject of the hiſtorian; and the actions of the great ſtateſman and patriot will adorn many pages of our future annals: but the affectionate father, the indulgent maſter, the condeſcending and benevolent friend, patron, and companion, can only be deſcribed by thoſe who have the pleaſure and happineſs to ſee you act in all thoſe relations: I could with delight enlarge upon this amiable part of your character; but am ſenſible that no

portion of your time is ſo ill ſpent as in reading what I write. I will therefore only beg the honour to ſubſcribe myſelf,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt obliged,

And moſt obedient ſervant,

Fulham in Norfolk,
1739.

WILLIAM BROOME.

PREFACE.

I AM very ſenſible that many hard circumſtances attend all authors: if they write ill, they are ſure to be uſed with contempt; if well, too often with envy. Some men, even while they improve themſelves with the ſentiments of others, rail at their benefactors, and while they gather the fruit, tear the tree that bore it. I muſt confeſs, that mere idleneſs induced me to write; and the hopes of entertaining a few idle men, to publiſh. I am not ſo vain as not to think there are many faults in the enſuing poems; all human works muſt fall ſhort of perfection; and therefore to acknowledge it, is no humility: however, I am not like thoſe authors, who, out of a falſe modeſty, complain of the imperfections of their own works, yet would take it very ill if the world ſhould believe them: I will not add hypocriſy to my other faults, or act ſo abſurdly as to invite the reader to an entertainment, and then tell him that there is nothing worth his eating; I have furniſhed out the table according to my beſt abilities, if not with a ſplendid elegance, yet at leaſt with an innocent variety.

But ſince this is the laſt time that I ſhall ever, perhaps, trouble the world in this kind, I will beg leave to ſpeak ſomething not as a poet, but a critic; that if my credit ſhould fail as a poet, I may have recourſe to my

remarks

remarks upon Homer, and be pardoned for my induſtry as the annotator in part upon the Iliad, and entirely upon the Odyſſey.

I will therefore offer a few things upon criticiſm in general, a ſtudy very neceſſary, but fallen into contempt through the abuſe of it. At the reſtoration of learning, it was particularly neceſſary; authors had been long buried in obſcurity, and conſequently had contracted ſome ruſt through the ignorance and barbariſm of preceding ages: it was therefore very requiſite that they ſhould be poliſhed by a critical hand, and reſtored to their original purity: In this conſiſts the office of critics; but, inſtead of making copies agreeable to the manuſcripts, they have long inſerted their own conjectures; and from this licence ariſe moſt of the various readings, the burthens of modern editions: whereas books are like pictures, they may be new varniſhed, but not a feature is to be altered; and every ſtroke that is thus added, deſtroys in ſome degree the reſemblance; and the original is no longer an Homer or a Virgil, but a mere ideal perſon, the creature of the editor's fancy. Whoever deviates from this rule, does not correct, but corrupt his author: and therefore, ſince moſt books worth reading have now good impreſſions, it is a folly to devote too much time to this branch of criticiſm; it is ridiculous to make it the ſupreme buſineſs of life to repair the ruins of a decayed word, to trouble the world with vain niceties about a letter, or a ſyllable, or the tranſpoſition of a phraſe, when the preſent reading is ſufficiently intelligible. Theſe learned triflers are mere

weeders

weeders of an author; they collect the weeds for their own use, and permit others to gather the herbs and flowers: it would be of more advantage to mankind, when once an author is faithfully published, to turn our thoughts from the words to the sentiments, and make them more easy and intelligible. A skill in verbal criticism is in reality but a skill in guessing, and consequently he is the best critic who guesses best: a mighty attainment! And yet with what pomp is a trivial alteration ushered into the world! Such writers are like Caligula, who raised a mighty army, and alarmed the whole world, and then led it to gather cockle-shells. In short, the question is not what the author might have said, but what he has actually said; it is not whether a different word will agree with the sense, and turn of the period, but whether it was used by the author; if it was, it has a good title still to maintain its post, and the authority of the manuscript ought to be followed rather than the fancy of the editor: for can a modern be a better judge of the language of the purest of the antients, than those antients who wrote it in the greatest purity? or if he could, was ever any author so happy, as always to choose the most proper word? Experience shows the impossibility. Besides, of what use is verbal criticism when once we have a faithful edition? It embarrasses the reader instead of giving new light, and hinders his proficiency by engrossing his time, and calling off the attention from the author to the editor: it increases the expence of books, and makes us pay an high price for trifles, and often for absurdities. I will only add, with

Sir

Sir Henry Saville, that various lections are now grown so voluminous, that we begin to value the first editions of books as most correct, because least corrected.

Of partial Critics.

There are other critics who think themselves obliged to see no imperfections in their author: from the moment they undertake his cause, they look upon him as a lover upon his mistress; he has no faults, or his very faults improve into beauties: this, indeed, is a well-natured error, but still blameable, because it misguides the judgement. Such critics act no less erroneously, than a judge who should resolve to acquit a person, whether innocent or guilty, who comes before him upon his trial. It is frequent for the partial critic to praise the work as he likes the author; he admires a book as an antiquary a medal, solely from the impression of the name, and not from the intrinsic value: the copper of a favourite writer shall be more esteemed than the finest gold of a less acceptable author: for this reason many persons have chosen to publish their works without a name, and by this method, like Apelles, who stood unseen behind his own Venus, have received a praise, which perhaps might have been denied if the author had been visible.

Of envious and malicious Critics.

But there are other critics who act a contrary part, and condemn all as criminals whom they try: they dwell only on the faults of an author, and endeavour to raise a reputation by dispraising every thing that other men praise; they have an antipathy to a shining character, like some animals, that hate the sun only because of its bright-

brightneſs: it is a crime with them to excel; they are a kind of Tartars in learning, who, ſeeing a perſon of diſtinguiſhed qualifications, immediately endeavour to kill him, in hopes to attain juſt ſo much merit as they deſtroy in their adverſary. I never look into one of theſe critics but he puts me in mind of a giant in romance: the glory of the giant conſiſts in the number of the limbs of men whom he has deſtroyed; that of the critic in viewing

" ——— Disjecti membra Poetæ." HOR.

If ever he accidentally deviates into praiſe, he does it that his enſuing blame may fall with the greater weight; he adorns an author with a few flowers, as the antients thoſe victims which they were ready to ſacrifice: he ſtudies criticiſm as if it extended only to diſpraiſe; a practice, which, when moſt ſucceſsful, is leaſt deſirable. A painter might juſtly be thought to have a perverſe imagination, who ſhould delight only to draw the deformities and diſtortions of human nature, which, when executed by the moſt maſterly hand, ſtrike the beholder with moſt horror. It is uſual with envious critics to attack the writings of others, becauſe they are good; they conſtantly prey upon the faireſt fruits, and hope to ſpread their own works by uniting them to thoſe of their adverſary. But this is like Mezentius in Virgil, to join a dead carcaſs to a living body; and the only effect of it, to fill every well-natured mind with deteſtation: their malice becomes impotent, and, contrary to their deſign, they give a teſtimony of their enemy's merit,

merit, and ſhow him to be an hero by turning all their weapons againſt him: ſuch critics are like dead coals; they may blacken, but cannot burn. Theſe writers bring to my memory a paſſage in the Iliad, where all the inferior powers, the Plebs Superûm, or rabble of the ſky, are fancied to unite their endeavours to pull Jupiter down to the earth: but by the attempt they only betray their own inability; Jupiter is ſtill Jupiter, and by their unavailing efforts they manifeſt his ſuperiority.

Modeſty is eſſential to true criticiſm: no man has a title to be a dictator in knowledge, and the ſenſe of our own infirmities ought to teach us to treat others with humanity. The envious critic ought to conſider, that if the authors be dead whom he cenſures, it is inhumanity to trample upon their aſhes with inſolence; that it is cruelty to ſummon, implead, and condemn them with rigour and animoſity, when they are not in a capacity to anſwer his unjuſt allegations: If the authors be alive, the common laws of ſociety oblige us not to commit any outrage againſt another's reputation; we ought modeſtly to convince, not injuriouſly inſult; and contend for truth, not victory: and yet the envious critic is like the tyrants of old, who thought it not enough to conquer, unleſs their enemies were made a public ſpectacle, and dragged in triumph at their chariot-wheels: but what is ſuch a triumph but a barbarous inſult over the calamities of their fellow-creatures? the noiſe of a day, purchaſed with the miſery of nations? However, I would not be thought

to

to be pleading for an exemption from criticism; I would only have it circumscribed within the rules of candour and humanity: writers may be told of their errors, provided it be with the decency and tenderness of a friend, not the malice and passion of an enemy; boys may be whipped into sense, but men are to be guided with reason.

If we grant the malicious critic all that he claims, and allow him to have proved his adversary's dulness, and his own acuteness, yet, as long as there is virtue in the world, modest dulness will be preferable to learned arrogance: Dulness may be a misfortune, but arrogance is a crime; and where is the mighty advantage, if, while he discovers more learning, he is found to have less virtue than his adversary? and, though he be a better critic, yet proves himself to be a worse man? Besides, no one is to be envied the skill in finding such faults as others are so dull as to mistake for beauties. What advantage is such a quickfightedness even to the possessors of it? It makes them difficult to be pleased, and gives them pain, while others receive a pleasure: they resemble the second-sighted people in Scotland, who are fabled to see more than other persons; but all the benefit they reap from this privilege, is to discover objects of horror, ghosts and apparitions.

But it is time to end, though I have too much reason to enlarge the argument for candour in criticism, through a consciousness of my own deficiency: I have in reality been pleading my own cause, that if I appear too guilty to obtain a pardon, I may find so much

mercy

mercy from my judges, as to be condemned to ſuffer without inhumanity: But whatever be the fate of theſe works, they have proved of uſe to me, and been an agreeable amuſement in a conſtant ſolitude. Providence has been pleaſed to lead me out of the great roads of life, into a private path; where, though we have leiſure to chooſe the ſmootheſt way, yet we are all ſure to meet many obſtacles in the journey: I have found poetry an innocent companion, and ſupport from the fatigues of it; how long, or how ſhort, the future ſtages of it are to be, as it is uncertain, ſo it is a folly to be over-ſolicitous about it; he that lives the longeſt, has but the ſmall privilege of creeping more leiſurely than others to his grave; what we call living, is in reality but a longer time of dying: and if theſe verſes prove as ſhort-lived as their author, it is a loſs not worth regretting; they only die, as they were born, in obſcurity.

POEMS

POEMS

BY

DR. BROOME.

HABBAKKUK,

CHAP. III. PARAPHRASED.

An ODE, written in 1710, as an Exercise.

WHEN, in a glorious terrible array,
From Paran's towering height th' Almighty took his way;
Borne on a cherub's wings he rode,
Intolerable day proclaim'd the God;
No earthly cloud
Could his effulgent brightness shroud:
Glory, and majesty, and power,
March'd in a dreadful pomp before;
Behind, a grim and meagre train,
Pining sickness, frantic pain,
Stalk'd widely on! with all the dismal band,
Which heaven in anger sends to scourge a guilty land.

With terror cloath'd, he downward flew,
And wither'd half the nations with a view;
Through half the nations of th' astonish'd earth
He scatter'd war, and plagues, and dearth!

And when he ſpoke,
The everlaſting hills from their foundations ſhook;
The trembling mountains, by a lowly nod,
With reverence ſtruck, confeſs'd the God:
On Sion's holy hill he took his ſtand,
Graſping omnipotence in his right hand;
Then mighty earthquakes rock'd the ground,
And the ſun darken'd as he frown'd:
He dealt affliction from his van,
And wild confuſion from his rear;
They through the tents of Cuſhan ran,
The tents of Cuſhan quak'd with fear,
And Midian trembled with deſpair.
* I ſee! his ſword wave naked in the air;
It ſheds around a baleful ray,
The rains pour down, the lightnings play,
And on their wings vindictive thunders bear.

When through the mighty flood
He led the murmuring crowd,
What ail'd the rivers that they backward fled?
Why was the mighty flood afraid?
March'd he againſt the rivers? or was he,
Thou mighty flood! diſpleas'd at thee?

VARIATION.

* I ſee his ſword wave with redoubled ire.
Ah! has it ſet the very clouds on fire?
The clouds burſt down in deluges of ſhowers;
Fierce lightning flames, vindictive thunder roars.

The

The flood beheld from far
The deity in all his equipage of war;
And lo! at once it burſts! in diverſe falls
On either hand! it ſwells in cryſtal walls!
Th' eternal rocks diſcloſe! the toſſing waves
Ruſh in loud thunder from a thouſand caves!
Why tremble ye, O faithleſs! to behold
The opening deeps their gulphs unfold?
Enter the dreadful chaſms! 'tis God, who guides
Your wondrous way! the God who rules the tides!
And lo! they march amid the deafening roar
Of tumbling ſeas! they mount the adverſe ſhore!
Advance, ye choſen tribes!——Arabia's ſands
Lonely, uncomfortable lands!
Void of fountain, void of rain,
Oppoſe their burning coaſts in vain!
See! the great prophet ſtand,
Waving his wonder-working wand!
He ſtrikes the ſtubborn rock, and lo!
The ſtubborn rock feels the Almighty blow!
His ſtony entrails burſt, and ruſhing torrents flow.

*Then did the ſun his fiery courſers ſtay,
And backward held the falling day;

VARIATION.

* Ah, what new ſcenes unfold, what voice I hear!
Sun, ſtand thou ſtill; thou moon, thy courſe forbear:
Ah, ... ſun, thy wheels obedient ſtay,
Doubling the ſplendors of the wondrous day.

The nimble-footed minutes ceas'd to run,
And urge the lazy hours on.
Time hung his unexpanded wings,
And all the ſecret ſprings
That carry on the year,
Stopp'd in their full career:
Then the aſtoniſh'd moon
Forgot her going down;
And paler grew,
The diſmal ſcene to view,
How through the trembling Pagan nation,
Th' Almighty ruin dealt, and ghaſtly deſolation.

But why, ah! why, O Sion, reigns
Wide waſting havock o'er thy plains?
Ah, me! deſtruction is abroad!
Vengeance is looſe, and wrath from God!
See! hoſts of ſpoilers ſeize their prey!
See! ſlaughter marks in blood his way!

The nimble-footed minutes ceaſe to run
And urge the lazy hours on.
Time hangs his unexpanded wings,
And all the ſecret ſprings
That carry on the year
Stop in their full career;
At once th' aſtoniſh'd moon
Forgets her going down,
And paler grows,
To view th' amazing train of woes;
While through the trembling Pagan nation,
Th' Almighty ruin deals, and ghaſtly deſolation.

See!

See! how embattled Babylon
Like an unruly deluge ruſhes on!
Lo! the field with millions ſwarms!
I hear their ſhouts! their claſhing arms!
Now the conflicting hoſts engage,
With more than mortal rage!——
Oh! heaven! I faint——I die!——
The yielding powers of Iſrael fly!——
Now banner'd hoſts ſurround the walls
Of Sion! now ſhe ſinks, ſhe falls!——
Ah! Sion, how for thee I mourn!
What pangs for thee I feel!
Ah! how art thou become the Pagans' ſcorn,
Lovely, unhappy Iſrael!
A ſhivering damp invades my heart,
A trembling horror ſhoots through every part;
My nodding frame can ſcarce ſuſtain
Th' oppreſſive load I undergo:
Speechleſs I ſigh! the envious woe
Forbids the very pleaſure to complain:
Forbids my faultering tongue to tell
What pangs for thee I feel,
Lovely, unhappy Iſrael!

Yet though the fig-tree ſhould no burthen bear,
Though vines delude the promiſe of the year;
Yet though the olive ſhould not yield her oil,
Nor the parch'd glebe reward the peaſant's toil;
Though the tir'd ox beneath his labours fall,
And herds in millions periſh from the ſtall;

Yet ſhall my grateful ſtrings
For ever praiſe thy name,
For ever thee proclaim,
Thee everlaſting God, the mighty King of kings.

TO BELINDA,

ON HER SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

SURE never pain ſuch beauty wore,
Or look'd ſo amiable before!
You graces give to a diſeaſe,
Adorn the pain, and make it pleaſe:
'Thus burning incenſe ſheds perfumes,
Still fragrant as it ſtill conſumes.

Nor can even ſickneſs, which diſarms
All other nymphs, deſtroy your charms;
A thouſand beauties you can ſpare,
And ſtill be faireſt of the fair.

But ſee! the pain begins to fly;
Though Venus bled, ſhe could not die:
See! the new Phœnix point her eyes,
And lovelier from her aſhes riſe:
Thus roſes, when the ſtorm is o'er,
Draw beauties from th' inclement ſhower.

Welcome, ye hours! which thus repay
What envious ſickneſs ſtole away!
Welcome as thoſe which kindly bring,
And uſher in the joyous ſpring;

That

That to the ſmiling earth reſtore
The beauteous herb, and blooming flower,
And give her all the charms ſhe loſt
By wintery ſtorms, and hoary froſt!

And yet how well did ſhe ſuſtain,
And greatly triumph o'er her pain!
So flowers, when blaſting winds invade,
Breathe ſweet, and beautifully fade.

Now in her cheeks, and radiant eyes,
New bluſhes glow, new lightnings riſe;
Behold a thouſand charms ſucceed,
For which a thouſand hearts muſt bleed!
Brighter from her diſeaſe ſhe ſhines,
As fire the precious gold refines.

Thus when the ſilent grave becomes
Pregnant with life, as fruitful wombs;
When the wide ſeas, and ſpacious earth,
Reſign us to our ſecond birth;
Our moulder'd frame rebuilt aſſumes
New beauty, and for ever blooms;
And, crown'd with youth's immortal pride,
We angels riſe, who mortals dy'd.

TO BELINDA,

ON HER APRON EMBROIDERED WITH ARMS AND FLOWERS.

* THE listening trees Amphion drew
To dance from hills, where once they grew:
But you express a power more great;
The flowers you draw not, but create.

Behold your own creation rise,
And smile beneath your radiant eyes!
'Tis beauteous all! and yet receives
From you more graces than it gives.

But say, amid the softer charms
Of blooming flowers, what mean these arms?
So round the fragrance of the rose,
The pointed thorn, to guard it, grows.

But cruel you, who thus employ
Both arms and beauty to destroy!
So Venus marches to the fray
In armour, formidably gay.

VARIATION.

* The lovely Flora paints the earth,
And calls the morning flowers to birth:
But you display a power more great;
She calls forth flowers, but you create.

It

It is a dreadful pleasing sight!
The flowers attract, the arms affright;
The flowers with lively beauty bloom,
The arms denounce an instant doom.

Thus, when the Britons in array
Their ensigns to the sun display,
In the same flag are lilies shown,
And angry lions sternly frown;
On high the glittering standard flies,
And conquers all things—like your eyes.

Part of the XXXVIIIth and XXXIXth Chapters of JOB.

A PARAPHRASE.

NOW from the splendors of his bright abode
On wings of all the winds th' Almighty rode,
And the loud voice of thunder spoke the God.
Cherubs, and seraphs from cœlestial bowers,
Ten thousand thousand! bright, ethereal powers!
Ministrant round, their radiant files unfold,
Arm'd in eternal adamant, and gold!
Whirlwinds and thundrous storms his chariot drew
'Tween worlds and worlds, triumphant as it flew:
He stretch'd his dark pavilion o'er the floods,
Bade hills subside, and rein'd th' obedient clouds;
Then from his awful gloom the godhead spoke,
And at his voice affrighted nature shook.

Vain

Vain man! who boldly with dim reaſon's ray
Vies with his God, and rivals his full day!
* But tell me now, ſay how this beauteous frame
Of all things, from the womb of nothing came;
When nature's Lord with one Almighty call
From no-where rais'd the world's capacious ball?
Say if thy hand directs the various rounds
Of the vaſt earth, and circumſcribes the bounds?
How orbs oppos'd to orbs amid the ſky,
In concert move, and dance in harmony?
What wondrous pillars their foundations bear
When hung ſelf-balanc'd in the fluid air?
Why the vaſt tides ſometimes with wanton play
In ſhining mazes gently glide away;
Anon, why ſwelling with impetuous ſtores
Tumultuous tumbling, thunder to the ſhores?
By thy command does fair Aurora riſe,
And gild with purple beams the bluſhing ſkies;
The warbling lark ſalutes her chearful ray,
And welcomes with his ſong the riſing day;
The riſing day ambroſial dew diſtils,
Th' ambroſial dew with balmy odour fills
The flowers, the flowers rejoice, and nature ſmiles.

VARIATION.

* But tell me, mortal, when th' Almighty ſaid,
Be made, ye worlds! how worlds at once were made;
When hoſts of angels wrapt in wonder ſung
His praiſe as order from diſorder ſprung?

Why

Why night, in ſable rob'd, as day-light fades,
O'er half the nations draws her awful ſhades?
Now peaceful nature lies diffus'd in eaſe;
A ſolemn ſtillneſs reigns o'er land and ſeas.
* Sleep ſheds o'er all his balm! to ſleep reſign'd,
Birds, beaſts lie huſh'd, and buſy human-kind.
No air of breath diſturbs the drowzy woods,
No whiſpers murmur from the ſilent floods!
The moon ſheds down a ſilver-ſtreaming light,
And glads the melancholic face of night:
Now clouds ſwift-ſkimming veil her ſullied ray,
† Now bright ſhe blazes with a fuller day:
The ſtars in order twinkle in the ſkies,
And fall in ſilence, and in ſilence riſe:
Till, as a giant ſtrong, a bridegroom gay,
The ſun ſprings dancing through the gates of day:
He ſhakes his dewy locks, and hurls his beams
O'er the proud hills, and down the glowing ſtreams:
His fiery courſers bound above the main,
And whirl the car along th' ethereal plain:

VARIATIONS.

* No more the monſters of the deſert roar,
Doubling the terrors of the midnight hour.
The fowl, the fiſhes, to repoſe reſign'd,
All, all lie huſh'd, and buſy human-kind.
The fainting murmur dies upon the floods,
And ſighing breezes lull the drowzy woods.

† Now bright ſhe blazes, and ſupplies the day.

The

The fiery courſers and the car diſplay
A ſtream of glory, and a flood of day.
Did e'er thy eye deſcend into the deep,
Or haſt thou ſeen where infant tempeſts ſleep?
Was e'er the grave, or regions of the night,
Yet trod by thee, or open'd to thy ſight?
Has death diſclos'd to thee her gloomy ſtate,
The ghaſtly forms, the various woes that wait
In terrible array before her awful gate?
Know'ſt thou where darkneſs bears eternal ſway,
Or where the ſource of everlaſting day?
Say, why the thriving hail with ruſhing ſound
Pours from on high, and rattles on the ground?
Why hover ſnows, down-wavering by degrees,
Shine from the hills, or glitter from the trees?
Say, why, in lucid drops, the balmy rain
With ſparkling gems impearls the ſpangled plain?
Or, gathering in the vale, a current flows,
And on each flower a ſudden ſpring beſtows?
Say, why with gentle ſighs the evening breeze
Salutes the flowers, or murmurs through the trees?
Or why loud winds in ſtorms of vengeance fly,
Howl o'er the main, and thunder in the ſky?
Say, to what wondrous magazines repair
The viewleſs beings, when ſerene the air?
Till, from their dungeons loos'd, they roar aloud,
Upturn whole oceans, and toſs cloud on cloud,
While waves encountering waves, in mountains driven,
Swell to the ſtarry vault, and daſh the heaven.

Know'ſt

Know'ſt thou, why comets threaten in the air,
Heralds of woe, deſtruction, and deſpair,
The plague, the ſword, and all the forms of war?
On ruddy wings why forky lightning flies,
And rolling thunder grumbles in the ſkies?
Say, can thy voice, when ſultry Sirius reigns,
And ſuns intenſely glowing cleave the plains,
Th' exhauſted urns of thirſty ſprings ſupply,
And mitigate the fever of the ſky?
Or, when the heavens are charg'd with gloomy clouds,
And half the ſkies precipitate in floods,
Chace the dark horror of the ſtorm away,
Reſtrain the deluge, and reſtore the day?
By thee does ſummer deck herſelf with charms,
Or hoary winter lock his frozen arms?
Say, if thy hand inſtruct the roſe to glow,
Or to the lily give unſullied ſnow?
Teach fruits to knit from bloſſoms by degrees,
Swell into orbs, and load the bending trees,
Whoſe various kinds a various hue unfold,
With crimſon bluſh, or burniſh into gold?
Say, why the ſun arrays with ſhining dyes
The gaudy bow that gilds the gloomy ſkies?
He from his urn pours forth his golden ſtreams,
And humid clouds imbibe the glittering beams;
Sweetly the varying colours fade or riſe,
And the vaſt arch embraces half the ſkies.
Say, didſt thou give the mighty ſeas their bars,
Fill air with fowl, or light up heaven with ſtars,

Whoſe

Whoſe thouſand times ten thouſand lamps diſplay
A friendly radiance, mingling ray with ray?
Say, canſt thou rule the courſers of the ſun,
Or laſh the lazy ſign, Boötes, on?
Doſt thou inſtruct the eagle how to fly,
To mount the viewleſs winds, and tower the ſky?
On ſounding pinions borne, he ſoars, and ſhrouds
His proud aſpiring head among the clouds;
Strong-pounc'd, and fierce, he darts upon his prey,
He ſails in triumph through th' ethereal way,
Bears on the ſun, and baſks in open day.
Does the dread King, and terror of the wood,
The lion, from thy hand expect his food?
Stung with keen hunger from his den he comes,
Ranges the plains, and o'er the foreſt roams:
* He ſnuffs the track of beaſts, he fiercely roars,
Doubling the horrors of the midnight hours:
With ſullen majeſty he ſtalks away,
And the rocks tremble while he ſeeks his prey:
Dreadful he grins, he rends the ſavage brood
With unſheath'd paws, and churns the ſpouting blood.
Doſt thou with thunder arm the generous horſe,
Add nervous limbs, or ſwiftneſs for the courſe?
Fleet as the wind, he ſhoots along the plain,
And knows no check, nor hears the curbing rein;

VARIATION.

* He mocks the beating ſtorms and wintery ſhowers,
Making night hideous, as he ſternly roars.

His

His fiery eye-balls, formidably bright,
Dart a fierce glory, and a dreadful light:
Pleas'd with the clank of arms, and trumpets' ſound,
He bounds, and prancing paws the trembling ground;
He ſnuffs the promis'd battle from afar,
Neighs at the captains, ſhouts, and thunder of the war:
Rouz'd with the noble din and martial fight,
He pants with tumults of ſevere delight:
His ſprightly blood an even courſe diſdains,
Pours from his heart, and charges in his veins;
He braves the ſpear, and mocks the twanging bow,
Demands the fight, and ruſhes on the foe.

MELANCHOLY:
AN ODE.

Occaſioned by the Death of a beloved Daughter. 1723.

ADIEU vain mirth, and noiſy joys!
Ye gay deſires, deluding toys!
Thou, thoughtful Melancholy, deign
To hide me in thy penſive train!

If by the fall of murmuring floods,
Where awful ſhades embrown the woods,
Or if, where winds in caverns groan,
Thou wandereſt ſilent and alone;

Come, bliſsful mourner, wiſely ſad,
In ſorrow's garb, in ſable clad,
Henceforth, thou Care, my hours employ!
Sorrow, be thou henceforth my joy!

By

By tombs where ſullen ſpirits ſtalk,
Familiar with the dead I walk;
While to my ſighs and groans by turns,
From graves the midnight echo mourns.

Open thy marble jaws, O tomb,
Though earth conceal me in thy womb!
And you, ye worms, this frame confound,
Ye brother reptiles of the ground!

O life, frail offſpring of a day!
'Tis puff'd with one ſhort gaſp away!
Swift as the ſhort-liv'd flower it flies,
It ſprings, it blooms, it fades, it dies.

With cries we uſher in our birth,
With groans reſign our tranſient breath:
While round, ſtern miniſters of fate,
Pain, and diſeaſe, and ſorrow wait.

While childhood reigns, the ſportive boy
Learns only prettily to toy;
And, while he roves from play to play,
The wanton trifles life away.

When to the noon of life we riſe,
The man grows elegant in vice;
To glorious guilt in courts he climbs,
Vilely judicious in his crimes.

When youth and ſtrength in age are loſt,
Man ſeems already half a ghoſt;
Wither'd, and wan, to earth he bows,
A walking hoſpital of woes.

Oh!

Oh! happineſs, thou empty name!
Say, art thou bought by gold or fame?
What art thou, gold, but ſhining earth?
Thou, common fame, but common breath?

If virtue contradict the voice
Of public fame, applauſe is noiſe;
Ev'n victors are by conqueſt curſt,
The braveſt warrior is the worſt.

Look round on all that man below
Idly calls great, and all is ſhow!
All, to the coffin from our birth,
In this vaſt toy-ſhop of the earth.

Come then, O friend of virtuous woe,
With ſolemn pace, demure, and ſlow:
Lo! ſad and ſerious, I purſue
Thy ſteps—adieu, vain world, adieu!

DAPHNIS AND LYCIDAS:

A PASTORAL.

They ſing the different Succeſs and Abſence of their Loves.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Viſcount TOWNSHEND, of Rainham in Norfolk.

——"Sylvæ ſunt Conſule dignæ." VIRG.

DAPHNIS.

HOW calm the evening! ſee the falling day
Gilds every mountain with a ruddy ray!
In gentle ſighs the ſoftly whiſpering breeze
Salutes the flowers, and waves the trembling trees;
Hark! the night-warbler, from yon vocal boughs,
Glads every valley with melodious woes!
Swift through the air her rounds the ſwallow takes,
Or ſportive ſkims the level of the lakes.
The timorous deer, ſwift-ſtarting as they graze,
Bound off in crowds, then turn again, and gaze.
See! how yon ſwans, with ſnowy pride elate,
Arch their high necks, and ſail along in ſtate!
Thy friſking flocks ſafe-wandering crop the plain,
And the glad ſeaſon claims a gladſome ſtrain.
Begin——Ye echoes liſten to the ſong,
And, with its ſweetneſs pleas'd, each note prolong!

LYCIDAS.

LYCIDAS.

Sing, Muſe—and oh! may Townſhend deign to view
What the Muſe ſings, to Townſhend this is due!
Who, carrying with him all the world admires,
From all the world illuſtriouſly retires;
And, calmly wandering in his Rainham, roves
By lake, or ſpring, by thicket, lawn, or groves;
Where verdant hills, or vales, where fountains ſtray,
Charm every thought of idle pomp away;
Unenvy'd views the ſplendid toils of ſtate,
In private happy, as in public great.

Thus godlike Scipio, on whoſe cares reclin'd
The burthen and repoſe of half mankind,
Left to the vain their pomp, and calmly ſtray'd,
The world forgot, beneath the laurel ſhade;
Nor longer would be great, but, void of ſtrife,
Clos'd in ſoft peace his eve of glorious life.

Feed round, my goats; ye ſheep, in ſafety graze;
Ye winds, breathe gently while I tune my lays.

The joyous ſpring draws nigh! ambroſial ſhowers
Unbind the earth, the earth unbinds the flowers,
The flowers blow ſweet, the daffodils unfold
The ſpreading glories of their blooming gold.

DAPHNIS.

As the gay hours advance, the bloſſoms ſhoot,
The knitting bloſſoms harden into fruit;
And as the autumn by degrees enſues,
The mellowing fruits diſplay their ſtreaky hues.

LYCIDAS.

When the winds whiſtle, and the tempeſt roars,
When foaming billows laſh the ſounding ſhores,
The bloomy beauties of the paſtures die,
And in gay heaps of fragrant ruin lie.

DAPHNIS.

Severe the ſtorms! when ſhuddering winter binds
The earth! but winter yields to vernal winds.
Oh! Love, thy rigour my whole life deforms,
More cold than winter, more ſevere than ſtorms!

LYCIDAS.

Sweet is the ſpring, and gay the ſummer hours,
When balmy odours breathe from painted flowers;
Bur neither ſweet the ſpring, nor ſummer gay,
When ſhe I love, my charmer, is away.

DAPHNIS.

To ſavage rocks, through bleak inclement ſkies,
Deaf as thoſe rocks, from me my fair-one flies:
Oh! virgin, ceaſe to fly! th' inclement air
May hurt thy charms!—but thou haſt charms to ſpare!

LYCIDAS.

I love, and ever ſhall my love remain,
The faireſt, kindeſt virgin of the plain;
With equal paſſion her ſoft boſom glows,
Feels the ſweet pains, and ſhares the heavenly woes.

DAPHNIS.

DAPHNIS.

With a feign'd paſſion, ſhe I love, beguiles,
And gayly falſe the dear diſſembler ſmiles;
But let her ſtill thoſe bleſt deceits employ,
Still may ſhe feign, and cheat me into joy!

LYCIDAS.

On yonder bank the yielding nymph reclin'd,
Gods! how tranſported I, and ſhe how kind!
There riſe, ye flowers, and there your pride diſplay,
There ſhed your odours where the fair-one lay!

DAPHNIS.

Once, as my fair-one in the roſy bower
In gentle ſlumbers paſs'd the noon-tide hour,
Soft I approach'd, and raptur'd with the bliſs
At leiſure gaz'd, then ſtole a ſilent kiſs:
She wak'd; when conſcious ſmiles, but ill repreſt,
Spoke no diſdain!—Was ever ſwain ſo bleſt?

LYCIDAS.

With fragrant apples from the bending bough
In ſport my charmer gave her ſwain a blow:
The fair offender, of my wrath afraid,
Fled, till I ſeiz'd and kiſs'd the blooming maid:
She ſmil'd, and vow'd if thus her crimes I pay,
She would offend a thouſand times a day!

DAPHNIS.

O'er the ſteep mountain, and the pathleſs mead,
From my embrace the lovely ſcorner fled;

But ſtumbling in the flight, by chance ſhe fell:
I ſaw—but what—her lover will not tell!

LYCIDAS.

From me my fair-one fled, diſſembling play,
And in the dark conceal'd the wanton lay;
But laugh'd, and ſhow'd by the directing ſound
She only hid, in ſecret to be found.

DAPHNIS.

Far hence to happier climes Belinda ſtrays,
But in my breaſt her lovely image ſtays;
Oh! to theſe plains again, bright nymph, repair,
Or from my breaſt far hence thy image bear!

LYCIDAS.

Come, Delia, come! till Delia bleſs theſe ſeats,
Hide me, ye groves, within your dark retreats!
In hollow groans, ye winds, around me blow!
Ye bubbling fountains, murmur to my woe!

DAPHNIS.

Where'er Belinda roves, ye Zephyrs, play!
Where'er ſhe treads, ye flowers, adorn the way!
From ſultry ſuns, ye groves, my charmer keep!
Ye bubbling fountains, murmur to her ſleep!

LYCIDAS.

If ſtreams ſmooth-wandering, Delia, yield delight;
If the gay roſe, or lily, pleaſe thy ſight;

Smooth

Smooth ſtreams here wander, here the roſes glow,
Here the proud lilies riſe to ſhade thy brow!

DAPHNIS.

Aid me, ye Muſes, while I loud proclaim
What love inſpires, and ſing Belinda's name:
Waft it, ye breezes, to the hills around;
And ſport, ye echoes, with the favourite ſound.

LYCIDAS.

Thy name, my Delia, ſhall improve my ſong,
The pleaſing labour of my raviſh'd tongue:
Her name to heaven propitious Zephyrs bear,
And breathe it to her kindred angels there!

DAPHNIS.

But ſee! the night diſplays her ſtarry train,
Soft ſilver dews impearl the glittering plain;
An awful horror fills the gloomy woods,
And bluiſh miſts riſe from the ſmoaking floods:
* Haſte, Daphnis, haſte to fold thy woolly care,
The deepening ſhades imbrown th' unwholeſome air.

VARIATION.

* Haſte, Lycidas, to fold, &c.

THE FIRST ODE OF HORACE, TRANSLATED.

MÆCENAS, whose high lineage springs
From a long race of ancient kings,
Patron and friend! thy honour'd name
At once is my defence and fame.

There are, who with fond transport praise
The chariot thundering in the race;
Where conquest won, and palms bestow'd,
Lift the proud mortal to a God.

The man who courts the people's voice,
And doats on offices and noise;
Or they who till the peaceful fields,
And reap what bounteous nature yields,
Unmov'd, the merchant's wealth behold,
Nor hazard happiness for gold;
Untempted by whole worlds of gain
To stem the billows of the main.

The merchant, when the storm invades,
Envies the quiet of the shades;
But soon relaunches from the shore,
Dreading the crime of being poor!

Some careless waste the mirthful day
With generous wines, and wanton play,
Indulgent of the genial hour,
By spring, or rill, or shade, or bower.

Some

Some hear with joy the clanging jar
Of trumpets, that alarm to war;
While matrons tremble at the breath
That calls their ſons to arms and death.

The ſportſman, train'd in ſtorms, defies
The chilling blaſt, and freezing ſkies:
Unmindful of his bride, in vain
Soft beauty pleads! along the plain
The ſtag he chaces, or beguiles
The furious boar into his toils.

For* you the blooming ivy grows,
Proud to adorn your learned brows;
Patron of letters you ariſe,
Grow to a God, and mount the ſkies.

Humbly in breezy ſhades I ſtray
Where Sylvans dance, and Satyrs play;
Contented to advance my claim,
Only o'er men without a name;
Tranſcribing what the Muſes ſing
Harmonious to the pipe or ſtring.

But if indulgently you deign
To rank me with the Lyric train,
Aloft the towering Muſe ſhall riſe
On bolder wings, and gain the ſkies.

* Te Doctarum Hederæ, &c.

AN EPISTLE

To my Friend Mr. ELIJAH FENTON, Author of Mariamne, a Tragedy. 1726.

WHY art thou ſlow to ſtrike th' harmonious ſhell,
Averſe to ſing, who know'ſt to ſing ſo well?
If thy proud Muſe the tragic buſkin wears,
Great Sophocles revives and re-appears;
While, regularly bold, ſhe nobly ſings
Strains worthy to detain the ears of kings:
If by thy hand th' *Homeric lyre be ſtrung,
The lyre returns ſuch ſounds as Homer ſung.
The kind compulſion of a friend obey,
And, though reluctant, ſwell the lofty lay;
Then liſtening groves once more ſhall catch the ſound,
While Grecian Muſes ſing on Britiſh ground.

Thus calm and ſilent thy own †Proteus roves
Through pearly mazes, and through coral groves;
But when, emerging from the azure main,
Coercive bands th' unwilling God conſtrain,
Then heaves his boſom with prophetic fires,
And his tongue ſpeaks ſublime, what heaven inſpires.

Envy, 'tis true, with barbarous rage invades
What ev'n fierce lightning ſpares, the laurel ſhades;

* Mr. Fenton tranſlated four books of the Odyſſey.

† See the ſtory of Proteus, Odyſſey, lib. 4. tranſlated by Mr. Fenton.

And

And critics, biaſs'd by miſtaken rules,
Like Turkiſh zealots, reverence none but fools.
But praiſe from ſuch injurious tongues is ſhame;
They rail the happy author into fame:
Thus Phœbus through the zodiac takes his way,
And riſes amid monſters into day.
Oh vileneſs of mankind! when writing well
Becomes a crime, and danger to excel!
While noble ſcorn, my friend, ſuch inſult ſees,
And flies from towns to wilds, from men to trees.

Free from the luſt of wealth, and glittering ſnares,
That make th' unhappy Great in love with cares,
Me humble joys in calm retirement pleaſe,
A ſilent happineſs, and learned eaſe.
Deny me grandeur, heaven, but goodneſs grant!
A king is leſs illuſtrious than a ſaint:
Hail, holy virtue! come, thou heavenly gueſt,
Come, fix thy pleaſing empire in my breaſt!
* Thou know'ſt her influence, friend! thy chearful mien
Proclaims the innocence and peace within;
Such joys as none but ſons of virtue know,
Shine in thy face, and in thy boſom glow.

So when the holy mount the prophet trod,
And talk'd familiar as a Friend with God,

VARIATION.

* Thou feel'ſt her power, my friend, &c.

Celeſtial

Celeſtial radiance every feature ſhed,
And ambient glories dawn'd around his head.

Sure what th' unthinking Great miſtaken call
Their happineſs, is folly, folly all!
Like lofty mountains in the clouds they hide
Their haughty heads, but ſwell with barren pride;
And while low vales in uſeful beauty lie,
Heave their proud naked ſummits to the ſky.
In honour, as in place, ye great, tranſcend!
An angel fall'n, degenerates to a fiend:
Th' all-chearing ſun is honour'd with his ſhrines;
Not that he moves aloft, but that he ſhines.
Why flames the ſtar on Walpole's generous breaſt?
Not that he 's higheſt, but becauſe he 's beſt;
Fond to oblige; in bleſſing others, bleſt.

How wondrous few, by avarice uncontrol'd,
Have virtue to ſubdue the thirſt of gold!
The ſhining dirt the ſordid wretch enſnares
To buy, with mighty treaſures, mighty cares;
Blindly he courts, miſguided by the will,
A ſpecious good, and meets a real ill:
So when Ulyſſes plough'd the ſurgy main;
When now in view appear'd his native reign,
His wayward mates th' Æolian bag unbind,
Expecting treaſures, but out ruſh'd a wind;
The ſudden hurricane in thunder roars,
Buffets the bark, and whirls it from the ſhores.

O heaven! by what vain paſſions man is ſway'd,
Proud of his reaſon, by his will betray'd!

Blindly

Blindly he wanders in purſuit of vice,
And hates confinement, though in paradiſe;
Doom'd, when enlarg'd, inſtead of Eden's bowers,
To rove in wilds, and gather thorns for flowers;
Between th' extremes, direct he ſees the way,
Yet wilful ſwerves, perverſely fond to ſtray!

Whilſt niggard ſouls indulge their craving thirſt,
Rich without bounty, with abundance curſt;
The Prodigal purſues expenſive vice,
And buys diſhonour at a mighty price;
On beds of ſtate the ſplendid glutton ſleeps,
While ſtarving Merit unregarded weeps:
His ill-plac'd bounty, while ſcorn'd Virtue grieves,
A dog, a fawning ſycophant, receives;
And cringing knaves, or haughty ſtrumpets, ſhare
What would make Sorrow ſmile, and chear Deſpair.

Then would'ſt thou ſteer where fortune ſpreads the ſails?
Go, flatter vice! for ſeldom flattery fails:
Soft through the ear the pleaſing bane diſtills:
Delicious poiſon! in perfumes it kills!
Be all but virtuous: Oh! unwiſe to live
Unfaſhionably good, and hope to thrive!
Trees that aloft with proudeſt honours riſe,
Root hell-ward, and thence flouriſh to the ſkies.

O happier thou, my friend, with eaſe content,
Bleſt with the conſcience of a life well-ſpent!

Nor

Nor would'ſt be great; but guide thy gather'd ſails,
Safe by the ſhore, nor tempt the rougher gales;
For ſure, of all that feel the wound of fate,
None are completely wretched but the great:
Superior woes, ſuperior ſtations bring;
A peaſant ſleeps, while cares awake a king:
Who reigns, muſt ſuffer! crowns with gems inlaid
At once adorn and load the royal head:
Change but the ſcene, and kings in duſt decay,
Swept from the earth the pageants of a day;
There no diſtinctions on the dead await,
But pompous graves, and rottenneſs in ſtate.
Such now are all that ſhone on earth before;
Cæſar and mighty Marlborough are no more!
Unhallow'd feet o'er awful Tully tread,
And Hyde and Plato join the vulgar dead;
And all the glorious aims that can employ
The ſoul of mortals, muſt with Hanmer die:
O Compton, when this breath we once reſign,
My duſt ſhall be as eloquent as thine!

Till that laſt hour which calls me hence away
To pay that great arrear which all muſt pay;
Oh! may I tread the paths which ſaints have trod,
Who knew they walk'd before th' all-ſeeing God!
Studious from ways of wicked men to keep,
Who mock at vice, while grieving angels weep.
Come, taſte, my friend! the joys retirement brings,
Look down on royal ſlaves, and pity kings.

More happy! laid where trees with trees entwin'd
In bowery arches tremble to the wind,
With innocence and ſhade like Adam bleſt,
While a new Eden opens in the breaſt!
Such were the ſcenes deſcending angels trod
In guiltleſs days, when man convers'd with God.
Then ſhall my lyre to loftier ſounds be ſtrung,
Inſpir'd by *Homer, or what thou haſt ſung:
My Muſe from thine ſhall catch a warmer ray;
As clouds are brighten'd by the God of day.

So trees unapt to bear, by art refin'd,
With ſhoots ennobled of a generous kind,
High o'er the ground with fruits adopted riſe,
And lift their ſpreading honours to the ſkies.

A DIALOGUE

Between a LADY and her LOOKING-GLASS, while ſhe had the Green-Sickneſs.

THE gay Ophelia view'd her face
In the clear cryſtal of her glaſs;
The lightning from her eye was fled,
Her cheek was pale, the roſes dead.

Then thus Ophelia, with a frown:—
Art thou, falſe thing, perfidious grown!
I never could have thought, I ſwear,
To find ſo great a ſlanderer there!

* Dr. Broome tranſlated eight books of the Odyſſey.

Falſe

Falſe thing! thy malice I defy!
Beaux vow I 'm fair—who never lye.
More brittle far than brittle thou,
Would every grace of woman grow,
If charms ſo great ſo ſoon decay,
The bright poſſeſſion of a day!
But this I know, and this declare,
That thou art falſe, and I am fair.

The glaſs was vex'd to be bely'd,
And thus with angry tone reply'd:

No more to me of falſehood talk,
But leave your oatmeal and your chalk!
'Tis true, you 're meagre, pale, and wan;
The reaſon is, you 're ſick for man.—

While yet it ſpoke, Ophelia frown'd,
And daſh'd th' offender to the ground;
With fury from her arm it fled,
And round a glittering ruin ſpread;
When lo! the parts pale looks diſcloſe,
Pale looks in every fragment roſe;
Around the room inſtead of one,
An hundred pale Ophelias ſhone;
Away the frighted virgin flew,
And humbled, from herſelf withdrew.

THE MORAL.

Ye beaux, who tempt the fair and young,
With ſnuff, and nonſenſe, dance, and ſong;

Ye

Ye men of compliment and lace!
Behold this image in the glaſs:
The wondrous force of flattery prove,
To cheat fond virgins into love:
Though pale the cheek, yet ſwear it glows
With the vermilion of the roſe:
Praiſe them—for praiſe is always true,
Though with both eyes the cheat they view.
From hateful truths the virgin flies;
But the falſe ſex is caught with lyes.

A POEM
ON THE SEAT OF WAR IN FLANDERS,

Chiefly with relation to the Sieges:

With the Praiſe of PEACE and RETIREMENT.

Written in 1710.

"Seceſſus mei non deſiciæ nomen, ſed tranquillitatis accipiant."
PLIN.

HAPPY, thou Flandria, on whoſe fertile plains,
In wanton pride luxurious plenty reigns;
Happy! had heaven beſtow'd one bleſſing more,
And plac'd thee diſtant from the Gallic power!
But now in vain thy lawns attract the view,
They but invite the victor to ſubdue:
War, horrid war, the ſylvan ſcene invades,
And angry trumpets pierce the woodland ſhades;
Here ſhatter'd towers, proud works of many an age,
Lie dreadful monuments of human rage;

There palaces and hallow'd domes diſplay
Majeſtic ruins, awful in decay!
Thy very duſt, though undiſtinguiſh'd trod,
Compos'd, perhaps, ſome hero, great and good,
Who nobly for his country loſt his blood!
Ev'n with the grave, the haughty ſpoilers war,
And death's dark manſions wide diſcloſe to air:
O'er kings and ſaints inſulting ſtalk, nor dread
To ſpurn the aſhes of the glorious dead.

See! the Britannic lions wave in air!
See! mighty Marlborough breathing death and war!
From Albion's ſhores, at Anna's high commands,
The dauntleſs hero pours his martial bands.
As when in wrath ſtern Mars the thunderer ſends
To ſcourge his foes; in pomp the God deſcends;
He mounts his iron car; with fury burns;
The car fierce-rattling thunders as it turns;
Gloomy he graſps his adamantine ſhield,
And ſcatters armies o'er th' enſanguin'd field:
With delegated wrath thus Marlborough glows,
In vengeance ruſhing on his country's foes.
See! round the hoſtile towers embattled ſtands
His banner'd hoſt, embodied bands by bands!
Hark! the ſhrill trumpet ſends a mortal ſound,
And prancing horſes ſhake the ſolid ground;
The ſurly drums beat terrible afar,
With all the dreadful muſic of the war;
From the drawn ſwords effulgent flames ariſe,
Flaſh o'er the plains, and lighten to the ſkies;

The

The heavens above, the fields and floods beneath,
Glare formidably bright, and ſhine with death;
In fiery ſtorms deſcends a murderous ſhower,
Thick flaſh the lightnings, fierce the thunders roar.
As when in wrathful mood Almighty Jove
Aims his dire bolts red-hiſſing from above;
Through the ſing'd air, with unreſiſted ſway,
The forky vengeance rends its flaming way,
And, while the firmament with thunder roars,
From their foundations hurls imperial towers;
So ruſh the globes with many a fiery round,
Tear up the rock, or rend the ſtedfaſt mound.
Death ſhakes aloft her dart, and o'er her prey
Stalks with dire joy, and marks in blood her way;
Mountains of heroes ſlain deform the ground,
The ſhape of man half bury'd in the wound:
And lo! while in the ſhock of war they cloſe,
While ſwords meet ſwords, and foes encounter foes,
The treacherous earth beneath their footſteps cleaves,
Her entrails tremble, and her boſom heaves;
Sudden in burſts of fire eruptions riſe,
And whirl the torn battalions to the ſkies.

Thus earthquakes, rumbling with a thundering ſound,
Shake the firm world, and rend the cleaving ground;
Rocks, hills, and groves, are toſt into the ſky,
And in one mighty ruin nations die.

See! through th' encumber'd air the ponderous bomb
Bears magazines of death within its womb;

The glowing orb displays a blazing train,
And darts bright horror through th' ethereal plain;
* It mounts tempestuous, and with hideous sound
Wheels down the heavens, and thunders o'er the ground:
Th' imprison'd deaths rush dreadful in a blaze,
And mow a thousand lives, a thousand ways;
† Earth floats with blood, while spreading flames arise
From palaces, and domes, and kindle half the skies.

Thus terribly in air the comets roll,
And shoot malignant gleams from pole to pole;
'Tween worlds and worlds they move, and from their hair
Shake the blue plague, the pestilence, and war.

But who is he, who stern bestrides the plain,
Who drives triumphant o'er huge hills of slain;
Serene, while engines from the hostile tower
Rain from their brazen mouths an iron shower;
While turbid fiery smoke obscures the day,
Hews through the deathful breach his desperate way?
Sure Jove descending joins the martial toil;
Or is it Marlborough, or the great Argyle?

VARIATIONS.

* Ev'n the stern souls of heroes feel dismay;
Proud temples nod, aspiring towers give way.
Dreadful it mounts, tempestuous in its flight,
It sinks, it falls, earth groans beneath its weight.
Th' imprison'd deaths rush out in smoke and fire,
The mighty bleed, heaps crush'd on heaps expire.

† The barriers burst, wide-spreading flames arise.

Thus

Thus, when the Grecians, furious to deſtroy,
Level'd the ſtructures of imperial Troy;
Here angry Neptune hurl'd his vengeful mace,
There Jove o'erturn'd it from its inmoſt baſe:
Though brave, yet vanquiſh'd, ſhe confeſs'd the ōdds;
Her ſons were heroes, but they fought with Gods.

Ah! what new horrors riſe? In deep array
The ſquadrons form! aloft the ſtandards play!
The captains draw the ſword! on every brow
Determin'd valour lowers! the trumpets blow!
See! the brave Briton delves the cavern'd ground
Through the hard entrails of the ſtubborn mound!
And, undiſmay'd by death, the foe invades
Through dreadful horrors of infernal ſhades!
In vain the wall's broad baſe deep-rooted lies,
In vain an hundred turrets threat the ſkies!
Lo! while at eaſe the bands immur'd repoſe,
Nor careleſs dream of ſubterranean foes,
Like the Cadmæan hoſt, embattled ſwarms
Start from the earth, and claſh their ſounding arms,
And, pouring war and ſlaughter from beneath,
Wrap towers, walls, men, in fire, in blood, in death.

So ſome fam'd torrent dives within the caves
Of opening earth, ingulph'd with all his waves;
High o'er the latent ſtream the ſhepherd feeds
His wandering flock, and tunes the ſprightly reed:
Till from ſome rifted chaſm the billows riſe,
And foaming burſt tumultuous to the ſkies;

Then roaring dreadful o'er the delug'd plain,
Sweep herds and hinds in thunder to the main.

Bear me, ye friendly powers, to gentler ſcenes,
To ſhady bowers, and never-fading greens!
Where the ſhrill trumpet never ſounds alarms,
Nor martial din is heard, nor claſh of arms;
Hail, ye ſoft ſeats! ye limpid ſprings and floods!
Ye flowery meads, ye vales, and woods!
Ye limpid floods, that ever murmuring flow!
Ye verdant meads, where flowers eternal blow!
Ye ſhady vales, where zephyrs ever play!
Ye woods, where little warblers tune their lay!

Here grant me, heaven, to end my peaceful days,
And ſteal myſelf from life by ſlow decays;
Draw health from food the temperate garden yields,
From fruit, or herb, the bounty of the fields;
Nor let the loaded table groan beneath
Slain animals, the horrid feaſt of death:
With age unknown to pain or ſorrow bleſt,
To the dark grave retiring as to reſt;
While gently with one ſigh this mortal frame
Diſſolving turns to aſhes, whence it came;
While my freed ſoul departs without a groan,
And, joyful, wings her flight to worlds unknown.

Ye gloomy grots! ye awful ſolemn cells,
Where holy thoughtful Contemplation dwells,
Guard me from ſplendid cares and tireſome ſtate,
That pompous miſery of being great!
Happy! if by the wiſe and learn'd belov'd;
But happieſt above all, if ſelf-approv'd!

Content

Content with eaſe; ambitious to deſpiſe
Illuſtrious vanity, and glorious vice!
Come, thou chaſte maid, here ever let me ſtray,
While the calm hours ſteal unperceiv'd away;
Here court the Muſes, while the ſun on high
Flames in the vault of heaven, and fires the ſky:
Or while the night's dark wings this globe ſurround,
And the pale moon begins her ſolemn round,
Bid my free ſoul to ſtarry orbs repair,
Thoſe radiant worlds that float in ambient air,
And with a regular confuſion ſtray
Oblique, direct, along th' aërial way:
Or when Aurora, from her golden bowers,
Exhales the fragrance of the balmy flowers,
Reclin'd in ſilence on a moſſy bed,
Conſult the learned volumes of the dead;
Fall'n realms and empires in deſcription view,
Live o'er paſt times, and build whole worlds anew;
Or from the burſting tombs in fancy raiſe
The ſons of fame, who liv'd in ancient days:
And lo! with haughty ſtalk the warrior treads!
Stern legiſlators frowning lift their heads!
I ſee proud victors in triumphal cars,
Chiefs, kings, and heroes, ſeam'd with glorious ſcars!
Or liſten till the raptur'd ſoul takes wings,
While Plato reaſons, or while Homer ſings.

Charm me, ye ſacred leaves,* with loftier themes,
With opening heavens, and angels rob'd in flames:

* The Holy Scriptures.

Ye reſtleſs paſſions, while I read, be aw'd:
Hail, ye myſterious oracles of God!
Here I behold how infant time began,
How the duſt mov'd and quicken'd into man;
Here through the flowery walks of Eden rove,
Court the ſoft breeze, or range the ſpicy grove;
There tread on hallow'd ground where angels trod,
And reverend patriarchs talk'd as friends with God;
Or hear the voice to ſlumbering prophets given,
Or gaze on viſions from the throne of heaven.

But nobler yet, far nobler ſcenes advance!
Why leap the mountains? why the foreſts dance?
Why flaſhes glory from the golden ſpheres?
Rejoice, O earth, a God, a God appears!
A God, a God, deſcending angels ſing,
And mighty Seraphs ſhout, Behold your King!
Hail, virgin-born! Lift, lift, ye blind, your eyes!
Sing, oh! ye dumb! and oh! ye dead, ariſe!
Tremble, ye gates of hell! In nobleſt ſtrains
Tell it aloud, ye heavens! the Saviour reigns!

Thus lonely, thoughtful, may I run the race
Of tranſient life, in no unuſeful eaſe!
Enjoy each hour, nor, as it fleets away,
Think life too ſhort, and yet too long the day;
Of right obſervant, while the ſoul attends
Each duty, and makes heaven and angels friends.
And thou, fair Peace, from the wild floods of war
Come dove-like, and thy blooming olive bear;

Tell

Tell me, ye victors, what ſtrange charms ye find
In conqueſt, that deſtruction of mankind!
Unenvy'd may your laurels ever grow,
That never flouriſh but in human woe,
If never earth the wreath triumphal bears,
Till drench'd in heroes' blood, or orphans' tears.

Let Ganges from afar to ſlaughter train
His ſable warriors on th' embattled plain;
Let Volga's ſons in iron ſquadrons riſe,
And pour in millions from her frozen ſkies:
Thou, gentle Thames, flow thou in peaceful ſtreams,
Bid thy bold ſons reſtrain their martial flames.
In thy own laurel's ſhade, great Marlborough, ſtay,
There charm the thoughts of conquer'd worlds away:
Guardian of England! born to ſcourge her foes,
Speak, and thy word gives half the world repoſe;
Sink down, ye hills; eternal rocks, ſubſide;
Vaniſh, ye forts; thou, ocean, drain thy tide:
We ſafety boaſt, defended by thy fame,
And armies—in the terror of thy name!
Now fix o'er Anna's throne thy victor blade.
War, be thou chain'd! ye ſtreams of blood, be ſtay'd!
Though wild Ambition her juſt vengeance feels,
She wars to ſave, and where ſhe ſtrikes, ſhe heals.

So Pallas with her javelin ſmote the the ground,
And peaceful olives flouriſh'd from the wound.

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES LORD CORNWALLIS,

Baron of Eyre, Warden, Chief Juſtice, and Juſtice in Eyre of all His Majeſty's Foreſts, Chaſes, Parks, and Warrens, on the South Side of Trent.

——————δῶρόν τοι τῆτο δίδωμι
Μνῆμα —————— Odyſſey, Lib. 15.

O THOU whoſe virtues ſanctify thy ſtate!
O great, without the vices of the great!
Form'd by a dignity of mind to pleaſe,
To think, to act with elegance and eaſe!*
Say, wilt thou liſten while I tune the ſtring,
And ſing to thee, who gav'ſt me eaſe to ſing?
Unſkill'd in verſe, I haunt the ſilent grove;
Yet lowly ſhepherds ſing to mighty Jove;
And mighty Jove attends the ſhepherds' vows,
And gracious what his ſuppliants aſk beſtows:
So by thy favour may the Muſe be crown'd,
And plant her laurels in more fruitful ground;
The grateful Muſe ſhall in return beſtow
Her ſpreading laurels to adorn thy brow.

ADDITION.

* Firm to thy king, and to thy country brave;
Loyal, yet free; a ſubject, not a ſlave;
Say, &c.

Thus

Thus, guarded by the tree of Jove, a flower
Shoots from the earth, nor fears th' inclement ſhower;
And, when the fury of the ſtorm is laid,
Repays with ſweets the hoſpitable ſhade.

Severe their lot, who, when they long endure
The wounds of fortune, late receive a cure!
Like ſhips in ſtorms o'er liquid mountains toſt,
Ere they are ſav'd muſt almoſt firſt be loſt;
But you with ſpeed forbid diſtreſs to grieve:
He gives by halves,* who heſitates to give.

Thus, when an angel views mankind diſtreſt,
He feels compaſſion pleading in his breaſt;
Inſtant the heavenly guardian cleaves the ſkies,
And, pleas'd to ſave, on wings of lightning flies.†

ADDITION.

† Few know to aſk, or decently receive;
And fewer ſtill with dignity to give:
If earn'd by flattery, gifts of higheſt price
Are not a bounty, but the pay of vice.
Some wildly laviſh, yet no friend obtain;
Nor are they generous, but abſurd and vain.
Some give with ſurly pride and boiſterous hands,
As Jove pours rain in thunder o'er the lands.
When merit pleads, you meet it and embrace,
And give the favour luſtre by the grace;
So Phœbus to his warmth a glory joins,
Bleſſing the world, and while he bleſſes ſhines.

* The Lord Cornwallis, in a moſt obliging manner, recommended the author to the rectory of Pulham.

Some

Some the vain promiſes of courts betray;
And gayly ſtraying, they are pleas'd to ſtray;
The flattering nothing ſtill deludes their eyes,
Seems ever near, yet ever diſtant flies:
As perſpectives preſent the object nigh,
Though far remov'd from the miſtaking eye;
Againſt our reaſon fondly we believe,
Aſſiſt the fraud, and teach it to deceive:
As the faint traveller, when night invades,
Sees a falſe light relieve the ambient ſhades,
Pleas'd he beholds the bright deluſion play,
But the falſe guide ſhines only to betray:
Swift he purſues, yet ſtill the path miſtakes,
O'er dangerous marſhes, or through thorny brakes;
Yet obſtinate in wrong he toils to ſtray,
With many a weary ſtride, o'er many a painful way.
So man purſues the phantom of his brain,
And buys his diſappointment with his pain:
At length when years invidiouſly deſtroy
The power to taſte the long-expected joy,
Then fortune envious ſheds her golden ſhowers,
Malignly ſmiles, and curſes him with ſtores.

Thus o'er the urns of friends departed weep
The mournful kindred, and fond vigils keep;
Ambroſial ointments o'er their aſhes ſhed,
And ſcatter uſeleſs roſes on the dead;
And when no more avail the world's delights,
The ſpicy odours, and the ſolemn rites,

With

With fruitleſs pomp they deck the ſenſeleſs tombs,
And waſte profuſely floods of vain perfumes.

THE ROSE-BUD.

To the Right Honourable the Lady JANE WHARTON.

QUEEN of fragrance, lovely Roſe,
The beauties of thy leaves diſcloſe!
The winter 's paſt, the tempeſts fly,
Soft gales breathe gently through the ſky;
The lark ſweet warbling on the wing
Salutes the gay return of ſpring:
The ſilver dews, the vernal ſhowers,
Call forth a bloomy waſte of flowers;
The joyous fields, the ſhady woods,
Are cloath'd with green, or ſwell with buds:
Then haſte thy beauties to diſcloſe,
Queen of fragrance, lovely Roſe!

Thou, beauteous flower, a welcome gueſt,
Shalt flouriſh on the fair-one's breaſt,
Shalt grace her hand, or deck her hair,
The flower moſt ſweet, the nymph moſt fair.
Breathe ſoft, ye winds! be calm, ye ſkies!
Ariſe, ye flowery race, ariſe!

And

And haſte thy beauties to diſcloſe,
Queen of fragrance, lovely Roſe!

But thou, fair nymph, thyſelf ſurvey
In this ſweet offspring of a day:
That miracle of face muſt fail;
Thy charms are ſweet, but charms are frail:
Swift as the ſhort-liv'd flower they fly,
At morn they bloom, at evening die:
Though ſickneſs yet a while forbears,
Yet time deſtroys what ſickneſs ſpares.
Now Helen lives alone in fame,
And Cleopatra 's but a name.
Time muſt indent that heavenly brow,
And thou muſt be, what they are now.

This moral to the fair diſcloſe,
Queen of fragrance, lovely Roſe.

BELINDA AT THE BATH.

WHILE in theſe fountains bright Belinda laves,
She adds new virtues to the healing waves:
Thus in Bethesda's pool an angel ſtood,
Bad the ſoft waters heal, and bleſt the flood;
But from her eye ſuch bright deſtruction flies,
In vain they flow! for her, the lover dies.

No more let Tagus boaſt, whoſe beds unfold
A ſhining treaſure of all-conquering gold!

No

No more the * Po! whose wandering waters stray,
In mazy errors, through the starry way:
Henceforth these springs superior honours share;
There Venus laves, but my Belinda here.

THE COY:
AN ODE.

LOVE is a noble rich repast,
But seldom should the lover taste;
When the kind fair no more restrains,
The glutton surfeits, and disdains.

To move the nymph, he tears bestows,
He vainly sighs, he falsely vows:
The tears deceive, the vows betray;
He conquers, and contemns the prey.

Thus Ammon's son with fierce delight
Smil'd at the terrors of the fight;
The thoughts of conquest charm'd his eyes,
He conquer'd, and he wept the prize.

Love, like a prospect, with delight
Sweetly deceives the distant sight,
Where the tir'd travellers survey,
O'er hanging rocks, a dangerous way.

* "——Eridanum cernes in parte locatum cœli."
Tull. in Arateis.
"Gurgite fidereo subterluit Oriona." Claud.

Ye

Ye fair that would victorious prove,
Seem but half kind, when moſt you love:
Damon purſues, if Cælia flies;
But when her love is born, his dies.

Had Danaë the young, the fair,
Been free and unconfin'd as air,
Free from the guards and brazen tower,
She 'd ne'er been worth a golden ſhower.

To the Honourable
MRS. ELIZABETH TOWNSHEND,
Afterwards Lady CORNWALLIS,
ON HER PICTURE, AT RAINHAM.

——————περιέσσι γυναικῶν
Εἶδός τ' ἰδὲ φρένας. Odyſſey, Lib. 18.

AH! cruel hand, that could ſuch power employ
To teach the pictur'd beauty to deſtroy!
Singly ſhe charm'd before; but by his ſkill
The living beauty and her likeneſs kill!
Thus when in parts the broken mirrours fall,
A face in all is ſeen, and charms in all!

Think then, O faireſt of the fairer race,
What fatal beauties arm thy heavenly face,
Whoſe very ſhadow can ſuch flames inſpire;
We ſee 'tis paint, and yet we feel 'tis fire.

See!

See! with falſe life the lovely image glows,
And every wondrous grace tranſplanted ſhows;
Fatally fair the new creation reigns,
Charms in her ſhape, and multiplies our pains:
Hence the fond youth, that eaſe by abſence found,
Views the dear form, and bleeds at every wound;
Thus the bright Venus, though to heaven ſhe ſoar'd,
Reign'd in her image, by the world ador'd.

Oh! wondrous power of mingled light and ſhades!
Where beauty with dumb eloquence perſuades,
Where paſſions are beheld in picture wrought,
And animated colours look a thought:
Rare art! on whoſe command all nature waits!
It copies all Omnipotence creates:
Here crown'd with mountains earth expanded lies,
There the proud ſeas with all their billows riſe:
If life be drawn, reſponſive to the thought
The breathing figures live throughout the draught;
The mimic bird in ſkies fictitious moves,
Or fancy'd beaſts in imitated groves:
Ev'n heaven it climbs; and from the forming hands
An angel here, and there a *Townſhend ſtands.

Yet, painter, yet, though art with nature ſtrive,
Though ev'n the lovely phantom ſeem alive,
Submit thy vanquiſh'd art! and own the draught,
Though fair, defective, and a beauteous fault:

* Now Lady Cornwallis.

Charms, ſuch as hers, inimitably great,
He only can expreſs, that can create.
Couldſt thou extract the whiteneſs of the ſnow,
Or of its colours rob the heavenly bow,
Yet would her beauty triumph o'er thy ſkill,
Lovely in thee, herſelf more lovely ſtill!

Thus in the limpid fountain we deſcry
The faint reſemblance of the glittering ſky;
Another ſun diſplays his leſſen'd beams,
Another heaven adorns th' enlighten'd ſtreams:
But though the ſcene be fair, yet high above
Th' exalted ſkies in nobler beauties move;
There the true heaven's eternal lamps diſplay
A deluge of inimitable day.

TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS WORKS. 1726.

LET vulgar ſouls triumphal arches raiſe,
And ſpeaking marble, to record their praiſe;
Or carve with fruitleſs toil, to fame unknown,
The mimic feature on the breathing ſtone;
Mere mortals, ſubject to death's total ſway,
Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day!
'Tis thine, on every heart to grave thy praiſe,
A monument which worth alone can raiſe;
Sure to ſurvive, when time ſhall whelm in duſt
The arch, the marble, and the mimic buſt;
Nor till the volumes of th' expanded ſky
Blaze in one flame, ſhalt Thou and Homer die;

When

When ſink together in the world's laſt fires
What heaven created, and what heaven inſpires.

If aught on earth, when once this breath is fled,
With human tranſport touch the mighty dead;
Shakeſpeare, rejoice! his hand thy page refines,
Now every ſcene with native brightneſs ſhines;
Juſt to thy fame, he gives thy genuine thought,
So Tully publiſh'd what Lucretius wrote;
Prun'd by his care, thy laurels loftier grow,
And bloom afreſh on thy immortal brow.

Thus when thy draughts, O Raphael, time invades,
And the bold figure from the canvaſs fades;
A rival hand recalls from every part
Some latent grace, and equals art with art;
Tranſported we ſurvey the dubious ſtrife,
While the fair image ſtarts again to life.

How long untun'd had Homer's ſacred lyre
Jarr'd grating diſcord, all extinct his fire!
This you beheld; and, taught by heaven to ſing,
Call'd the loud muſic from the ſounding ſtring.
Now wak'd from ſlumbers of three thouſand years,
Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears,
Towers o'er the field of death; as fierce he turns,
Keen flaſh his arms, and all the hero burns;
His plume nods horrible, his helm on high
With cheeks of iron glares againſt the ſky;
With martial ſtalk, and more than mortal might,
He ſtrides along, he meets the God in fight:

Then the pale Titans, chain'd on burning flores,
Start at the din that rends th' infernal ſhores;
Tremble the towers of heaven; earth rocks her coaſts;
And gloomy Pluto ſhakes with all his ghoſts.
To every theme reſponds thy various lay;
Here pours a torrent, there meanders play:
Sonorous as the ſtorm thy numbers riſe,
Toſs the wild waves, and thunder in the ſkies;
Or ſofter than a yielding virgin's ſigh,
The gentle breezes breathe away, and die.
How twangs the bow, when with a jarring ſpring
The whizzing arrows vaniſh from the ſtring!
When giants ſtrain, ſome rock's vaſt weight to ſhove,
The ſlow verſe heaves, and the clogg'd words ſcarce move;
But when from high it rolls, with many a bound,
Jumping it thundering whirls, and ruſhes to the ground:
Swift flows the verſe, when winged lightnings fly,
Dart from the dazzled view, and flaſh along the ſky:
Thus, like the radiant God who ſheds the day,
The vale you paint, or gild the azure way;
And, while with every theme the verſe complies,
Sink without groveling; without raſhneſs, riſe.

Proceed, great bard, awake th' harmonious ſtring,
Be ours all Homer, ſtill Ulyſſes ſing!
Ev'n I, the meaneſt of the Muſes' train,
Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler ſtrain;
Adventrous waken the * Mæonian lyre,
Tun'd by your hand, and ſing as you inſpire:

* The author tranſlated eight books of the Odyſſey.

Se

So, arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,
Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' might.
Like theirs our friendſhip! and I boaſt my name
To thine united, for thy friendſhip's fame.

How long Ulyſſes, by unſkilful hands
Stript of his robes, a beggar trod our lands,
Such as he wander'd o'er his native coaſt,
Shrunk by the *wand, and all the hero loſt;
O'er his ſmooth ſkin a bark of wrinkles ſpread,
Old-age diſgrac'd the honours of his head;
Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball ſhin'd
The glance divine forth-beaming from the mind:
But you, like Pallas, every limb infold
With royal robes, and bid him ſhine in gold;
Touch'd by your hand, his manly frame improves
With air divine, and like a God he moves.

This labour paſt, of heavenly ſubjects ſing,
While hovering angels liſten on the wing;
To hear from earth ſuch heart-felt raptures riſe,
As, when they ſing, ſuſpended hold the ſkies:
Or, nobly riſing in fair virtue's cauſe,
From thy own life tranſcribe th' unerring laws;
Teach a bad world beneath her ſway to bend,
To verſe like thine fierce ſavages attend,
And men more fierce! When Orpheus tunes the lay,
Ev'n fiends relenting hear their rage away.

* See the 16th Odyſſey, ver. 186, and 476.

Part of the TENTH BOOK of the ILIADS of HOMER.

In the Style of MILTON.

NOW high advanc'd the night, o'er all the hoſt
Sleep ſhed his ſofteſt balm; reſtleſs alone
Atrides lay, and cares revolv'd on cares.

As when with riſing vengeance gloomy Jove
Pours down a watery deluge, or in ſtorms
Of hail or ſnow commands the goary jaws
Of war to roar; through all the kindling ſkies,
With flaming wings on lightnings lightnings play:
So while Atrides meditates the war,
Sighs after ſighs burſt from his manly breaſt,
And ſhake his inmoſt ſoul: round o'er the fields
To Troy he turns his eyes, and round beholds
A thouſand fires blaze dreadful; through his ears
Paſſes the direful ſymphony of war,
Of fife, or pipe, and the loud hum of hoſts
Strikes him diſmay'd: Now o'er the Grecian tents
His eyes he rolls; now from his royal head
Rends the fair curl in ſacrifice to Jove,
And his brave heart heaves with imperial woes.

Thus groans the thoughtful king; at length reſolves
To ſeek the Pylian ſage, in wiſe debate
To ripen high deſigns, and from the ſword
Preſerve his banded legions. Pale and ſad
Uproſe the monarch: inſtant o'er his breaſt
A robe he threw, and on his royal feet

Glitter'd

Glitter'd th' embroider'd ſandals: o'er his back
A dreadful ornament, a lion's ſpoils,
With hideous grace down to his ankles hung;
Fierce in his hand he graſp'd a glittering ſpear.

With equal care was Menelaus toſs'd:
Sleep from his temples fled, his generous heart
Felt all his people's woes, who in his cauſe
Stem'd the proud main, and nobly ſtood in arms
Confronting death: A leopard's ſpotted ſpoils
Terrific clad his limbs, a brazen helm
Beam'd on his head, and in his hand a ſpear.
Forth from his tent the royal Spartan ſtrode
To wake the king of men; him wak'd he found
Claſping his poliſh'd arms; with riſing joy
The heroes meet, the Spartan thus begun:

Why thus in arms, my prince? Send'ſt thou ſome ſpy
To view the Trojan hoſt? Alas! I fear
Leſt the moſt dauntleſs ſons of glorious war
Shrink at the bold deſign! This taſk demands
A ſoul reſolv'd, to paſs the gloom of night,
And 'midſt her legions ſearch the powers of Troy.
O prince, he cries, in this diſaſtrous hour
Greece all our counſel claims, now, now demands
Our deepeſt cares! the power omnipotent
Frowns on our arms, but ſmiles with aſpect mild
On Hector's incenſe: Heavens! what ſon of fame,
Renown'd in ſtory, e'er ſuch deeds atchiev'd
In a whole life, as in one glorious day
This favourite of the ſkies? and yet a man!

A mortal! born to die! but ſuch his deeds
As future Grecians ſhall repeat with tears
To children yet unborn.—But haſte, repair
To Ajax and Idomeneus: we wake
Ourſelf the Pylian ſage; to keep the guards
On duty, be his care; for o'er the guards
His ſon preſides nocturnal, and in arms
His great compeer, Meriones the bold.

But ſay, rejoins the prince, theſe orders borne,
There ſhall I ſtay, or, meaſuring back the ſhores,
To thee return?——No more return, replies
The king of hoſts, left treading different ways
We meet no more; for through the camp the ways
Lie intricate and various: but aloud
Wake every Greek to martial fame and arms;
Teach them to emulate their godlike ſires;
And thou awhile forget thy royal birth,
And ſhare a ſoldier's cares: the proudeſt king
Is but exalted duſt; and when great Jove
Call'd us to life, and gave us royal power,
He gave a ſad preheminence of woes.

He ſpoke, and to the tent of Neſtor turns
His ſtep majeſtic: on his couch he found
The hoary warrior; all around him lay
His arms, the ſhield, the ſpears, the radiant helm,
And ſcarf of various dye: with theſe array'd,
The reverend father to the field of fame
Led his bold files; for, with a brave diſdain,
Old as he was, he ſcorn'd the eaſe of age.

Sudden

Sudden the monarch ſtarts, and half uprais'd,
Thus to the king aloud; What art thou, ſay?
Why in the camp alone? while others ſleep,
Why wandereſt thou obſcure the midnight hours?
Seek'ſt thou ſome centinel, or abſent friend?
Speak inſtant!—Silent to advance, is death!

O pride of Greece, the plaintive king returns,
Here in thy tent thou Agamemnon view'ſt,
A prince, the moſt unhappy of mankind;
Woes I endure, which none but kings can feel,
Which ne'er will ceaſe until forgot in death:
Penſive I wander through the damp of night,
Through the cold damp of night; diſtreſs'd! alone!
And ſleep is grown a ſtranger to my eyes:
The weight of all the war, the load of woes
That preſſes every Greek, united falls
On me——the cares of all the hoſt are mine!
Grief diſcompoſes, and diſtracts my thoughts;
My reſtleſs panting heart, as if it ſtrove
To force its priſon, beats againſt my ſides!
My ſtrength is fail'd, and even my feet refuſe
To bear ſo great a load of wretchedneſs!

But if thy wakeful cares (for o'er thy head
Wakeful the hours glide on) have aught matur'd
Uſeful, the thought unfold: but riſe, my friend,
Viſit with me the watches of the night;
Leſt tir'd they ſleep, while Troy with all her war
Hangs o'er our tents, and now, perhaps ev'n now
Arms her proud bands. Ariſe, my friend, ariſe!

To

To whom the Pylian: Think not, mighty king,
Jove ratifies vain Hector's haughty views;
A ſudden, ſad reverſe of mighty woes
Waits that audacious victor, when in arms
Dreadful Achilles ſhines. But now thy ſteps
Neſtor attends: Be it our care to wake
Sage Ithacus, and Diomed the brave,
Meges the bold, and in the race renown'd
Oïlean Ajax: To the ſhips that guard
Outmoſt the camp, ſome other ſpeed his way
To raiſe ſtern Ajax and the Cretan king.
But love, nor reverence to the mighty name
Of Menelaus, nor thy wrath, O king,
Shall ſtop my free rebuke: Sleep is a crime
When Agamemnon wakes; on him it lies
To ſhare thy martial toils, to court the peers
To act the men: this hour claims all our cares.

Reſerve, rejoins the king, for future hours
Thy generous anger: Seems the royal youth
Remiſs? 'tis not through indolence of ſoul,
But deference to our power; for our commands
He waits, and follows when we lead the way.
This night diſdaining reſt, his ſteps he bent
To our pavilion: now th' illuſtrious peers,
Rais'd at his call, a choſen ſynod ſtand
Before the gates: haſte, Neſtor, haſte away.

To whom the ſage well pleas'd: In ſuch brave hands
No Greek will envy power: with loyal joy
Subjects obey, when men of worth command.

He

He added not, but o'er his manly breaſt
Flung a rich robe: beneath his royal feet
The glittering ſandals ſhone: a ſoft, large veſt,
Florid with purple wool, his aged limbs
Graceful adorn'd: tipt with a ſtar of braſs
A ponderous lance he graſp'd, and ſtrode away
To wake ſage Ithacus. Aloud his voice
He rais'd: his voice was heard, and from his tent
Inſtant Ulyſſes ſprung; and why, he cry'd,
Why thus abroad in the chill hours of night?
What new diſtreſs invades?——Forgive my cares,
Reply'd the hoary ſage; for Greece I wake,
Greece and her dangers bring me to thy tent:
But haſte, our wakeful peers in council meet;
This, this one night determines flight or war.

Swift at the word he ſeiz'd his ample ſhield,
And ſtrode along; and now they bend their way
To wake the brave Tydides: him they found
Stretch'd on the earth, array'd in ſhining arms,
And round, his brave companions of the war:
Their ſhields ſuſtain'd their heads; erect their ſpears
Shot through th' illumin'd air a ſtreaming ray,
Keen as Jove's lightning wing'd athwart the ſkies.
Thus ſlept the chief: beneath him on the ground
A ſavage bull's black hide was roll'd; his head
A ſplendid carpet bore. The ſlumbering king
The Pylian gently with theſe words awakes:

Riſe, ſon of Tydeus! ill, a whole night's reſt
Suits with the brave! and ſleep'ſt thou, while proud Troy
Hangs

Hangs o'er our tents, and from yon joining hill
Prepares her war? Awake, my friend, awake!

Sudden the chief awoke, and mildly gave
This ſoft reply: Oh! cruel to thy age,
Thou good old man! ne'er wilt thou, wilt thou ceaſe
To burthen age with cares? Has Greece no youths
To wake the peers? unweary'd man, to bear
At once the double load of toils, and years!

'Tis true, he cry'd, my ſubjects and my ſons
Might eaſe a ſire, and King: but reſt 's a crime
When on the edge of fate our country ſtands:
Ere yet a few hours more have run their courſe,
Important ſpace! Greece triumphs, or Greece falls!
But, ſince an old man's care thy pity moves,
Haſte, generous youth, with ſpeed to council call
Meges the brave, and in the race renown'd
Oïlean Ajax.—Strait the chief obey'd,
Strait o'er his ſhoulders flung the ſhaggy ſpoils
Of a huge tawny lion; with dire grace
Down to his feet they hung: fierce in his hand
He graſp'd a glittering ſpear, and join'd the guards.
Wakeful in arms they ſate, a faithful band,
As watchful dogs protect the fleecy train,
When the ſtern lion, furious for his prey,
Ruſhes through craſhing woods, and on the fold
Springs from ſome mountain's brow, while mingled cries
Of men and hounds alarm; to every ſound
Faithful they turn: ſo through the gloom of night
They caſt their view, and caught each noiſe of Troy.

Now

Now met th' illuſtrious ſynod; down they ſate,
Down on a ſpot of ground unſtain'd with blood
Where vengeful Hector from the ſlaughter ſtay'd
His murderous arm, when the dark veil of night
Sabled the pole: To whom thus Neſtor ſpoke:

Lives there a ſon of fame ſo nobly brave,
That Troy-ward dares to trace the dangerous way,
To ſeize ſome ſtraggling foe? or learn what Troy
Now meditates? to pour the flood of war
Fierce on our fleet, or back within her walls
Lead her proud legions? Oh! what fame would crown
The hero thus triumphant, prais'd o'er earth
Above the ſons of men! And what rewards
Should he receive! From every grateful peer
A ſable ewe, and lamb, of higheſt worth
Memorial; to a brave, heroic heart
The nobleſt prize! and at the ſocial feaſt
Amongſt the great, be his the ſeat of fame.

Abaſh'd they ſate, and ev'n the brave knew fear.
Not ſo Tydides: unappall'd he roſe,
And nobly ſpoke! My ſoul! Oh! reverend ſage,
Fires at the bold deſign; through yon black hoſt
Venturous I bend my way; but, if his aid
Some warrior lend, my courage might ariſe
To nobler heights: the wiſe by mutual aid
Inſtruct the wiſe, and brave men fire the brave.

Fierce at the word upſtarted frum the ground
The ſtern Ajaces, fierce bold Merion roſe,
And Thraſymedes, ſons of war: nor ſate

The

The royal Spartan, nor great Neſtor's heir,
Nor greater Ithacus; his manly heart
Swell'd at the view of fame.——Elate with joy
Atrides ſaw; and oh! thou beſt of friends,
Brave Diomed, he cries, of all the peers
Chuſe thou the valianteſt: when merit pleads,
Titles no deference claim; high birth and ſtate
To valour yield, and worth is more than power.

Thus, fearing for his brother, ſpoke the king,
Not long! for Diomed diſpels his fears.

Since free my choice, can I forget a friend,
The man, for wiſdom's various arts renown'd;
The man, whoſe dauntleſs ſoul no toils diſmay,
Ulyſſes, lov'd by Pallas? through his aid,
Though thouſand fires oppoſe, a thouſand fires
Oppoſe in vain; his wiſdom points the way.

Nor praiſe, nor blame, the hero ſtrait replies;
You ſpeak to Greeks, and they Ulyſſes know:
But haſte; ſwift roll the hours of night, the morn
Already haſtens to diſplay her beams,
And in the vault of heaven the ſtars decay.

Swift at the word they ſheathe their manly limbs
Horrid in arms: a two-edg'd ſword and ſhield
Neſtor's bold ſon to ſtern Tydides gave;
A tough bull's hide his ample helmet form'd,
No cone adorn'd it, and no plumy creſt
Wav'd in the air: a quiver and a bow,
And a huge faulchion, great Ulyſſes bears,

The

The gift of Merion: on his head an helm
Of leather nodded, firm within, and bound
With many a thong; without, in dreadful rows
The snowy tusks of a huge savage boar
Grinn'd horrible. Thus arm'd, away they stalk
Undaunted: o'er their heads the martial maid
Sends on the right an her'n; the ambient gloom
Conceals him from the view, but loud in air
They hear the clangor of his sounding wings.
Joyful the prosperous sign Ulysses hail'd,
And thus to Pallas: Offspring of dread Jove,
Who hurls the burning bolts! O guardian power,
Present in all my toils, who view'st my way
Where'er I move, now thy cœlestial aid,
Now, goddess, lend! may deeds this night adorn,
Deeds that all Troy may weep; may we return
In safety by thy guidance, heavenly maid!

Tydides caught the word; and oh! he cries,
Virgin armipotent, now grant thy aid,
As to my sire! He by the gulphy flood
Of deep Æsopus left th' embattled bands
Of Greece in arms, and to imperial Thebes
Bore terms of peace; but as from haughty Thebes
Alone he journey'd, deeds, heroic deeds,
His arm atchiev'd, for Tydeus was thy care:
Thus guard his offspring, Oh! stern queen of arms;
So shall an heifer on thy altars bleed,
Young and untam'd; to thee her blood I pour,
And point her lunar horns with burnish'd gold.

Thus

Thus pray the chiefs, and Pallas hears their prayer;
Then, like two lions through the ſhades of night,
Dauntleſs they ſtride along; and hold their way
Through blood, and mangled limbs, o'er arms and death.
* Nor paſs they far, e'er the ſagacious eye
Of Ithacus diſcerns a diſtant foe
Coaſting from Troy, and thus to Diomed:

See! o'er the plain ſome Trojan bends this way,
Perhaps to ſpoil the ſlain! or to our hoſt
Comes he a ſpy? Beyond us o'er the field
'Tis beſt he paſs, then ſudden from behind
Ruſh we precipitant: but if in flight
His active feet prevail, thy ſpear employ
To force him on our lines, leſt hid in ſhades,
Through the duſk air he re-eſcape to Troy.

Then couching to the ground, ambuſh'd they lay
Behind a hill of ſlain: onward the ſpy
Inceſſant mov'd: he paſs'd, and now aroſe
The fierce purſuers. Dolon heard the ſound
Of trampling feet, and panting, liſtening ſtood;
Now reach'd the chiefs within a javelin's throw,
Stern foes of Dolon! ſwift along the ſhores
He wing'd his flight, and ſwift along the ſhores
They ſtill purſued: as when two ſkilful hounds
Chace o'er the lawn the hare or bounding roe,
Still from the ſheltering brake the game they turn,
Stretch every nerve, and bear upon the prey!

* V. 339.

So

So ran the chiefs, and from the hoft of Troy
Turn'd the fwift foe: now nigh the fleet they flew,
Now almoft mingled with the guards; when lo!
The martial goddefs breath'd heroic flames
Fierce on Tydides' foul: the hero fear'd
Left fome bold Greek fhould interpofe a wound,
And raviſh half the glories of the night.
Furious he fhook his lance, and, Stand, he cry'd,
Stand, or thou dy'ft: then fternly from his arm
Launch'd the wild fpear; wilful the javelin err'd,
But, whizzing o'er his fhoulder, deep in earth
Stood quivering; and he quaking ftopp'd aghaft;
His teeth all chatter'd, and his flack knees knock'd;
He feem'd the bloodlefs image of pale fear.
Panting the fpy they feize; who thus with tears
Abject intreats: Spare me, oh! fpare, he cries;
My hoary fire your mercy fhall repay,
Soon as he hears I draw the vital air,
With ample wealth, with fteel, with brafs, with gold.

To whom Ulyffes artfully: Be bold:
Far hence the thought of death! but inftant fay
Why thus alone in the ftill hours of night
While every eye is clos'd? to fpoil the flain
Com'ft thou rapacious? or fome nightly fpy
By Hector fent? or has thy venturous mind
Impell'd thee to explore our martial bands?

By Hector fent, and by rewards undone,
Returns the fpy, (ftill as he fpoke he fhook)

I come unwilling: the refulgent car
He promis'd, and immortal ſteeds that bear
To fight, the great Achilles: thus betray'd,
Through the dun ſhades of night I bend my way
Unproſperous, to explore the tented hoſt
Of adverſe Greece, and learn if now they ſtand
Wakeful on guard, or vanquiſh'd by our arms
Precipitant deſert the ſhores of Troy.

To whom with ſmiles of ſcorn the ſage returns:
Bold were thy aims, O youth! But thoſe proud ſteeds,
Reſtive, diſdain the uſe of vulgar hands;
Scarce ev'n the goddeſs-born, when the loud din
Of battle roars, ſubdues them to the rein
Reluctant: But this night where Hector ſleeps
Faithful diſcloſe: Where ſtand the warrior's ſteeds?
Where lie his arms and implements of war?
What guards are kept nocturnal? Say, what Troy
Now meditates? to pour the tide of fight
Fierce on our fleet, or back within her walls
Transfer the war?——To theſe demands, he cries,
Faithful my tongue ſhall ſpeak: The peers of Troy
Hector in council meets: round Ilus' tomb
Apart from noiſe they ſtand: no guards ſurround
The ſpacious hoſt: where through the gloom yon fires
Blaze frequent, Trojans wake to guard their Troy;
Secure th' auxiliars ſleep, no tender cares
Of wife or ſon diſturb their calm repoſe,
Safe ſleep their wives and ſons on foreign ſhores.

But

But ſay, apart encamp th' auxiliar bands,
Replies the ſage, or join the powers of Troy?

Along the ſea-beat ſhores, returns the ſpy,
The Leleges and Carians ſtretch their files;
Near theſe the Caucons, and Pelaſgian train,
And Pœons, dreadful with the battle-bow,
Extended lie; on the Thymbrœan plain
The Lycians and the Myſians in array
Spread their deep ranks: There the Mæonian bands,
And Phrygians, range the fiery ſteeds of war.
But why this nice enquiry? If your way
Venturous you bend to ſearch the hoſt of Troy,
There in yon outmoſt lines, a recent aid,
The Thracians lie, by Rheſus led, whoſe ſteeds
Outſhine the ſnow, outfly the winged winds.
With glittering ſilver plates, and radiant gold
His chariot flames; gold forms his dazzling arms,
Arms that may grace a God!—But to your tents
Unhappy me convey; or bound with chains,
Faſt bound with cruel chains, ſad on the ſhores
Here leave me captive, till you ſafe return,
And witneſs to the truth my tongue unfolds.

To whom ſtern-frowning Diomed replies:
Though every ſyllable be ſtamp'd with truth,
Dolon, thou dy'ſt: would'ſt thou once more return
Darkling a ſpy, or wage, a nobler foe,
New war on Greece? Traytor, thou dy'ſt; nor more
New war thou wageſt, nor return'ſt a ſpy.

He ſpoke terrific: and as Dolon rais'd
Suppliant his humble hands, the trenchant blade
Sheer through his neck deſcends; the furious blow
Cleaves the tough nerves in twain; down drops the head,
And mutters unintelligible ſounds.
Strait they deſpoil the dead: the wolf's grey hide
They ſeize, the helm, the ſpear, and battle-bow:
Theſe, as they dropp'd with gore, on high in air
Ulyſſes rais'd, and to the Martial Maid
Thus lowly conſecrates: Stern power of war,
Virgin armipotent, receive theſe arms,
Propitious to my vows, thee, goddeſs, thee
Chiefly I call: Direct our proſperous way
To pierce the Thracian tents, to ſeize the ſteeds
Of Rheſus, and the car that flames with gold.

Then fierce o'er broken arms, through ſtreams of blood
They move along: now reach the Thracian bands
All huſh'd in ſleep profound; their ſhining arms
Rang'd in three ranks along the plain, around
Illumin'd the dun air: Chariot and horſe
By every Thracian ſtood: Rheſus their king
Slept in the center of the circling bands,
And his proud ſteeds were rein'd behind his car.
With joy Ulyſſes through the gloom deſcry'd
The ſleeping king; and lo! he cries, the ſteeds,
Lo! Diomed, the chief of Thrace, this night
Deſcrib'd by Dolon: Now, oh! now, thy ſtrength

Dauntleſs

Dauntleſs exert! looſe thou the furious ſteeds;
Or while the ſteeds I looſe, with ſlaughtering hands
Invade the ſoldiery: He ſpoke, and now
The Queen of Arms inflam'd Tydides' ſoul
With all her martial fires: his reeking blade
On every ſide dealt fate; low, hollow groans
Murmur'd around, blood o'er the crimſon field
Well'd from the ſlain: As in his nightly haunts
The ſurly lion ruſhes on the fold
Of ſheep, or goat, and rends th' unguarded prey;
So he the Thracian bands: Twelve by his ſword
Lay breathleſs on the ground: behind him ſtood
Sage Ithacus, and, as the warrior ſlew,
Swift he remov'd the ſlain, leſt the fierce ſteeds,
Not yet inur'd to blood, ſhould trembling ſtart,
Impatient of the dead: Now o'er the king
He whirls his wrathful blade, now furious gores
His heaving cheſt: he wak'd not; but a dream
By Pallas ſent, roſe in his anxious thoughts;
A viſionary warrior frowning ſtood
Faſt by his head, and his aërial ſword
Plung'd through his labouring breaſt: Mean while the ſteeds
The ſage unbinds, and inſtant with his bow
Drives through the ſleeping ranks: Then to his friend
Gave ſignals of retreat; but nobler deeds
He meditates, to drag the radiant car,
Or lift it through the threefold ranks, up-born
High on his ſhoulders, or with ſlaughter ſtain
Th' enſanguin'd field; when, lo! the Martial Maid

Down ruſhes from the battlements of heaven,
And ſudden cries, Return, brave chief, return,
Leſt from the ſkies ſome guardian power of Troy
Wrathful deſcend, and rouze the hoſtile bands.

Thus ſpeaks the Warrior Queen: the heavenly voice
Tydides owns, and mounts the fiery ſteeds,
Obſervant of the high command; the bow
Sage Ithacus apply'd, and tow'rd the tents
Scourg'd the proud ſteeds, the ſteeds flew o'er the plain.

A PASTORAL,

To a Young LADY, upon her leaving, and return to, the Country.

DAMON.

SAY, while each ſcene ſo beautiful appears,
Why heaves thy boſom, and why flow thy tears?
See! from the clouds the ſpring deſcends in ſhowers,
The painted vallies laugh with riſing flowers:
Smooth flow the floods, ſoft breathe the vernal airs;
The ſpring, flowers, floods, conſpire to charm our cares.

FLORUS.

But vain the pleaſure which the ſeaſon yields,
The laughing vallies, or the painted fields.
No more, ye floods, in ſilver mazes flow;
Smile not, ye flowers; no more, ſoft breezes, blow:
Far, Damon, far from theſe unhappy groves,
The cruel, lovely Roſalinda roves.

DAMON.

DAMON.

Ah! now I know why late the opening buds
Clos'd up their gems, and ſicken'd in the woods;
Why droop'd the lily in her ſnowy pride;
And why the roſe withdrew her ſweets, and dy'd:
For thee, fair Roſalind, the opening buds
Clos'd up their gems, and ſicken'd in the woods;
For thee the lily ſhed her ſnowy pride;
For thee the roſe withdrew her ſweets, and dy'd.

FLORUS.

See! where yon vine in ſoft embraces weaves
Her wanton ringlets with the myrtle's leaves;
There tun'd ſweet Philomel her ſprightly lay,
Both to the riſing and the falling day:
But ſince fair Roſalind forſook the plains,
Sweet Philomel no more renews her ſtrains;
With ſorrow dumb, ſhe diſregards her lay,
Nor greets the riſing nor the falling day.

DAMON.

Say, O ye winds, that range the diſtant ſkies,
Now ſwell'd to tempeſts by my riſing ſighs;
Say, while my Roſalind deſerts theſe ſhores,
How Damon dies for whom his ſoul adores.

FLORUS.

Ye murmuring fountains, and ye wandering floods,
That viſit various lands through various roads;

Say, when ye find where Rosalind resides,
Say, how my tears increase your swelling tides.

DAMON.

Tell me, I charge you, O ye sylvan swains!
Who range the mazy grove, or flowery plains,
Beside what fountain, in what breezy bower,
Reclines my charmer in the noon-tide hour!

FLORUS.

Soft, I adjure you, by the skipping fawns,
By the fleet roes, that bound along the lawns;
Soft tread, ye virgin daughters of the grove,
Nor with your dances wake my sleeping love!

DAMON.

Return, O virgin! and if proud disdain
Arm thy fierce soul, return, enjoy my pain;
If pleas'd thou view'st a faithful lover's cares,
Thick rise, ye sighs; in floods descend, ye tears!

FLORUS.

Return, O virgin! while in verdant meads
By springs we sport, or dream on flowery beds;
She weary wanders through the desert way,
The food of wolves, or hungry lions' prey.

DAMON.

Ah! shield her, heaven! your rage, ye beasts, forbear!
Those are not limbs for savages to tear!

Adieu,

Adieu, ye meads! with her through wilds I go
O'er burning ſands, or everlaſting ſnow;
With her I wander through the deſert way,
The food of wolves, or hungry lions' prey.

FLORUS.

Come, Roſalind, before the wintery clouds
Frown o'er th' aërial vault, and ruſh in floods;
Ere raging ſtorms howl o'er the frozen plains;
Thy charms may ſuffer by the ſtorms or rains.

DAMON.

Come, Roſalind, O come; then infant flowers
Shall bloom and ſmile, and form their charms by yours:
By you, the lily ſhall her white compoſe;
Your bluſh ſhall add new bluſhes to the roſe;
Each flowery mead, and every tree ſhall bud,
And fuller honours cloath the youthful wood.

FLORUS.

Yet, ah! forbear to urge thy homeward way,
While ſultry ſuns infeſt the glowing day:
The ſultry ſuns thy beauties may impair!—
Yet haſte away! for thou art now too fair.

DAMON.

Hark! from yon bower what airs ſoft-warbled play!
My ſoul takes wing to meet th' enchanting lay:
Silence, ye nightingales! attend the voice!
While thus it warbles, all your ſongs are noiſe.

FLORUS.

FLORUS.

See! from the bower a form majeſtic moves,
And ſmoothly gliding ſhines along the groves;
Say, comes a goddeſs from the golden ſpheres?
A goddeſs comes, or Roſalind appears!

DAMON.

Shine forth, thou ſun, bright ruler of the day;
And where ſhe treads, ye flowers, adorn the way!
Rejoice, ye groves; my heart, diſmiſs thy cares!
My Goddeſs comes, my Roſalind appears!

POVERTY AND POETRY.

'TWAS ſung of old how one Amphion
Could by his verſes tame a lion,
And, by his ſtrange enchanting tunes,
Make bears or wolves dance rigadoons:
His ſongs could call the timber down,
And form it into houſe or town;
But it is plain that in theſe times
No houſe is rais'd by poets' rhymes;
They for themſelves can only rear
A few wild caſtles in the air;
Poor are the brethren of the bays,
Down from high ſtrains, to ekes and ayes.
The Muſes too are virgins yet,
And may be—till they portions get.

Yet

Yet ſtill the doating rhymer dreams,
And ſings of Helicon's bright ſtreams;
But Helicon, for all his clatter,
Yields only uninſpiring water;
Yet ev'n athirſt he ſweetly ſings
Of Nectar, and Elyſian ſprings.

What dire malignant planet ſheds,
Ye bards, his influence on your heads?
Lawyers, by endleſs controverſies,
Conſume unthinking clients' purſes,
As Pharoah's kine, which ſtrange and odd is,
Devour'd the plump and well-fed bodies.

The grave phyſician, who by phyſic,
Like death, diſpatches him that is ſick,
Purſues a ſure and thriving trade;
Though patient's die, the doctor 's paid:
Licens'd to kill, he gains a palace,
For what another mounts the gallows.

In ſhady groves the Muſes ſtray,
And love in flowery meads to play;
An idle crew! whoſe only trade is
To ſhine in trifles, like our ladies;
In dreſſing, dancing, toying, ſinging,
While wiſer Pallas thrives by ſpinning:
Thus they gain nothing to bequeath
Their votaries, but a laurel wreath.

But love rewards the bard! the fair
Attend his ſong, and eaſe his care:

Alas!

Alas! fond youth, your plea you urge ill
Without a jointure, though a Virgil:
Could you like Phœbus ſing, in vain
You nobly ſwell the lofty ſtrain;
Coy Daphne flies, and you will find as
Hard hearts as hers in your Belindas.

But then ſome ſay you purchaſe fame,
And gain that envy'd prize, a name;
Great recompence! like his who ſells
A diamond, for beads and bells.
Will fame be thought ſufficient bail
To keep the poet from the jail?

Thus the brave ſoldier, in the wars,
Gets empty praiſe, and aking ſcars;
Is paid with fame and wooden legs;
And ſtarv'd, the glorious vagrant begs.

TO A LADY
PLAYING WITH A SNAKE.

IT is a pleaſing, direful ſight!
At once you charm us, and affright!
So heaven deſtroying angels arms
With terror, dreadful in their charms!

Such, ſuch was Cleopatra's air,
Lovely, but formidably fair,
When the griev'd world impoveriſh'd loſt,
By the dire aſp, its nobleſt boaſt.

Aw'd

Aw'd by your guardian's dangerous power,
At diſtance trembling we adore;
At diſtance, once again behold
A ſerpent guard the blooming gold.

Well pleas'd, and harmleſs, lo! he lies,
Baſks in the ſunſhine of your eyes;
Now twiſts his ſpires, and now unfurls
The gay confuſion of his curls.

Oh! happy on your breaſt to lie,
As that bright *ſtar that gilds the ſky,
Who ceaſing in the ſpheres to ſhine,
Would, for your breaſt, his heaven reſign

Yet, oh! fair virgin, caution take,
Leſt ſome bold cheat aſſume the ſnake.
When Jove compreſt the †Grecian dame,
Aloof he threw the lightning's flame;
On radiant ſpires the lover rode,
And in the ſnake conceal'd the God.

TO A LADY OF THIRTY.

NO more let youth its beauty boaſt,
S———n at Thirty reigns a toaſt,
And, like the ſun as he declines,
More mildly, but more ſweetly ſhines.

* The Scorpion.

† Olympias, mother of Alexander the Great.

The

The hand of Time alone disarms
Her face of its superfluous charms;
But adds, for every grace resign'd,
A thousand to adorn her mind.

Youth was her too inflaming time;
This, her more habitable clime:
How must she then each heart engage,
Who blooms like youth, is wise like age!

Thus the rich orange-trees produce
At once both ornament, and use:
Here opening blossoms we behold,
There fragrant orbs of ripen'd gold.

ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF MR. ROBERT TREFUSIS,

BEING THREE YEARS OLD, MARCH 22, 1710-11.

AWAKE, sweet babe! the sun's emerging ray,
That gave you birth, renews the happy day!
Calmly serene, and glorious to the view,
He marches forth, and strives to look like you.

VARIATIONS.

WHY, lovely babe, does slumber seal your eyes?
See, fair Aurora blushes in the skies!
The sun, which gave you birth, in bright array
Begins his course, and ushers in the day.
Calmly serene, and glorious to the view,
He marches forth, and strives to look like you.

Fair

Fair beauty's bud! when time ſhall ſtretch thy ſpan,
Confirm thy charms, and ripen thee to man,
What plenteous fruits thy bloſſoms ſhall produce,
And yield not barren ornament, but uſe!
Ev'n now thy ſpring a rich increaſe prepares
To crown thy riper growth, and manly years.

Thus in the kernel's intricate diſguiſe,
In miniature a little orchard lies;
The fibrous labyrinths by juſt degrees
Stretch their ſwoln cells, replete with future trees;

Fair beauty's bud! when time ſhall ſtretch thy ſpan,
Confirm thy charms, and ripen thee to man,
How ſhall each ſwain, each beauteous nymph complain,
For love each nymph, for envy every ſwain!
What matchleſs charms ſhall thy full noon adorn,
When ſo admir'd, ſo glorious, is thy morn!
So glorious is thy morn of life begun,
That all to thee with admiration run,
Turn Perſians, and adore the riſing Sun.
So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be
A child, as poets ſay; ſure thou art he.
Fair Venus would miſtake thee for her own,
Did not thy eyes proclaim thee not her ſon.
There all the lightnings of thy mother's ſhine,
Their radiant glory and their ſweetneſs join,
To ſhew their fatal power, and all their charms, in thine.
If fond Narciſſus in the cryſtal ſtood,
A form like thine, O lovely infant, view'd,
Well might the flame the pining youth deſtroy;
Exceſs of beauty juſtified the boy.

By

By time evolv'd, the ſpreading branches riſe,
Yield their rich fruits, and ſhoot into the ſkies.

O lovely babe, what luſtre ſhall adorn
Thy noon of beauty, when ſo bright thy morn!
Shine forth advancing with a brighter ray,
And may no vice o'ercloud thy future day!
With nobler aims inſtruct thy ſoul to glow,
Than thoſe gay trifles, titles, wealth, and ſhow:
May valour, wiſdom, learning, crown thy days!
Thoſe fools admire—theſe heaven and angels praiſe!*

With riches bleſt, to heaven thoſe riches lend,
The poor man's guardian, and the good man's friend:
Bid virtuous ſorrow ſmile, ſcorn'd merit chear,
And o'er affliction pour the generous tear.

ADDITION.

* To brace the mind to dignity of thought,
To emulate what godlike Tully wrote,
Be this thy early wiſh! The garden breeds,
If unimprov'd, at leaſt but gaudy weeds:
And ſtubborn youth, by culture unſubdued,
Lies wildly barren, or but gayly rude.
Yet, as ſome Phidias gives the marble life,
While Art with Nature holds a dubious ſtrife,
Adorns a rock with graces not its own,
And calls a Venus from the rugged ſtone;
So culture aids the human ſoul to riſe,
To ſcorn the ſordid earth, and mount the ſkies,
Till by degrees the noble gueſt refines,
Claims her high birthright, and divinely ſhines.

Some,

Some, wildly liberal, ſquander, not beſtow,
And give unprais'd, becauſe they give for ſhow:
To ſanctify thy wealth, on worth employ
Thy gold, and to a bleſſing turn the toy:
Thus offerings from th' unjuſt pollute the ſkies,
The good, turn ſmoke into a ſacrifice.

As when an artiſt plans a favourite draught,
The ſtructures riſe reſponſive to the thought;
A palace grows beneath his forming hands,
Or worthy of a God a temple ſtands:
Such is thy riſing frame! by heaven deſign'd
A temple, worthy of a godlike mind;
Nobly adorn'd, and finiſh'd to diſplay
A fuller beam of heaven's ethereal ray.

May all thy charms increaſe, O lovely boy!
Spare them, ye pains, and age alone deſtroy!
So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be
A child, the God might boaſt to look like thee!
When young Iülus' form he deign'd to wear,
Such were his ſmiles, and ſuch his winning air:
Ev'n Venus might miſtake thee for her own,
Did not thy eyes proclaim thee not her ſon;
Thence all the lightning of thy mother's flies,
A Cupid, grac'd with Cytheræa's eyes!

Yet ah! how ſhort a date the powers decree
To that bright frame of beauties, and to thee!
Paſs a few days, and all thoſe beauties fly!
Paſs a few years, and thou, alas! ſhalt die!
Then all thy kindred, all thy friends ſhall ſee
With tears, what now thou art, and they muſt be;

A pale, cold, lifeleſs lump of earth deplore!
Such ſhalt thou be, and kings ſhall be no more!

But oh! when, ripe for death, fate calls thee hence,
Sure lot of every mortal excellence!
When, pregnant as the womb, the teeming earth
Reſigns thee quicken'd to thy ſecond birth,
Riſe, cloath'd with beauties that ſhall never die!
A ſaint on earth! an angel in the ſky!

TO A GENTLEMAN OF SEVENTY, WHO MARRIED A LADY OF SIXTEEN.

WHAT woes muſt ſuch unequal union bring,
When hoary Winter weds the youthful Spring!
You, like Mezentius,* in the nuptial bed,
Once more unite the living to the dead.

THE FORTY-THIRD CHAPTER OF ECCLESIASTICUS.

A PARAPHRASE.

THE ſun, that rolls his beamy orb on high,
Pride of the world, and glory of the ſky,
Illuſtrious in his courſe, in bright array
Marches along the heavens, and ſcatters day
O'er earth, and o'er the main, and through th' ethereal way.

* "The living and the dead, at his command,
"Were coupled face to face, and hand to hand."
DRYDEN's Virgil, Æn. viii.

He

He in the morn renews his radiant round,
And warms the fragrant boſom of the ground;
But ere the noon of day, in fiery gleams
He darts the glory of his blazing beams;
Beneath the burnings of his ſultry ray,
Earth to her centre pierc'd admits the day;
Huge vales expand, where rivers roll'd before,
And leſſen'd ſeas contract within their ſhore.

O! Power ſupreme! O! high above all height!
Thou gav'ſt the ſun to ſhine, and thou art light:
Whether he falls or riſes in the ſkies,
He by thy voice is taught to fall or riſe;
Swiftly he moves, refulgent in his ſphere,
And meaſures out the day, the month, and year;
He drives the hours along with ſlower pace,
The minutes ruſh away impetuous in their race:
He wakes the flowers that ſleep within the earth,
And calls the fragrant infants out to birth;
The fragrant infants paint th' enamel'd vales,
And native incenſe loads the balmy gales;
The balmy gales the fragrancy convey
To heaven, and to their God an offering pay.

By thy command the moon, as day-light fades,
Lifts her broad circle in the deepening ſhades;
Array'd in glory, and enthron'd in light,
She breaks the ſolemn terrors of the night;
Sweetly inconſtant in her varying flame,
She changes ſtill, another, yet the ſame!

Now in decreaſe by ſlow degrees ſhe ſhrouds
Her fading luſtre in a veil of clouds;
Now at increaſe, her gathering beams diſplay
A blaze of light, and give a paler day;
Ten thouſand ſtars adorn her glittering train,
Fall when ſhe falls, and riſe with her again;
And o'er the deſerts of the ſky unfold
Their burning ſpangles of ſidereal gold:
Through the wide heavens ſhe moves ſerenely bright,
Queen of the gay attendants of the night;
Orb above orb in ſweet confuſion lies,
And with a bright diſorder paints the ſkies.

The Lord of Nature fram'd the ſhowery bow,
Turn'd its gay arch, and bade its colours glow:
Its radiant circle compaſſes the ſkies,
And ſweetly the rich tinctures faint, and riſe;
It bids the horrors of the ſtorm to ceaſe,
Adorns the clouds, and makes the tempeſt pleaſe.

He, when deep-rolling clouds blot out the day,
And thunderous ſtorms a ſolemn gloom diſplay,
Pours down a watery deluge from on high,
And opens all the ſluices of the ſky:
High o'er the ſhores the ruſhing ſurge prevails,
Burſts o'er the plain, and roars along the vales;
Daſhing abruptly, dreadful down it comes,
Tumbling through rocks, and toſſes, whirls and foams:
Mean time, from every region of the ſky,
Red burning bolts in forky vengeance fly;

Dreadfully

Dreadfully bright o'er ſeas and earth they glare,
And burſts of thunder rend th' encumber'd air;
At once the thunders of th' Almighty ſound,
Heaven lours, deſcend the floods, and rocks the ground.

He gives the furious whirlwind wings to fly,
To rend the earth, and wheel along the ſky;
In circling eddies whirl'd, it roars aloud,
Drives wave on wave, and daſhes cloud on cloud;
Where'er it moves, it lays whole foreſts low;
And at the blaſt, eternal mountains bow;
While, tearing up the ſands, in drifts they riſe,
And half the deſerts mount the burthen'd ſkies.

He from aërial treaſures downward pours
Sheets of unſully'd ſnow in lucid ſhowers;
Flake after flake, through air thick-wavering flies,
Till one vaſt ſhining waſte all nature lies:
Then the proud hills a virgin whiteneſs ſhed,
A dazzling brightneſs glitters from the mead;
The hoary trees reflect a ſilver ſhow,
And groves beneath the lovely burden bow.

He from looſe vapours with an icy chain
Binds the round hail, and moulds the harden'd rain:
The ſtony tempeſt, with a ruſhing ſound,
Beats the firm glebe, reſulting from the ground;
Swiftly it falls, and as it falls invades
The riſing herb, or breaks the ſpreading blades:
While infant flowers that rais'd their bloomy heads,
Cruſh'd by its fury, ſink into their beds.

When ſtormy Winter from the frozen North
Borne on his icy chariot iſſues forth,
The blaſted groves their verdant pride reſign,
And billows harden'd into cryſtal ſhine:
Sharp blows the rigour of the piercing winds,
And the proud floods as with a breaſt-plate binds:
Ev'n the proud ſeas forget in tides to roll
Beneath the freezings of the Northern pole;
There waves on waves in ſolid mountains riſe,
And Alps of ice invade the wondering ſkies;
While gulphs below, and ſlippery vallies lie,
And with a dreadful brightneſs pain the eye:
But if warm winds a warmer air reſtore,
And ſofter breezes bring a genial ſhower,
The genial ſhower revives the cheerful plain,
And the huge hills flow down into the main.

When the ſeas rage, and loud the ocean roars,
When foaming billows laſh the ſounding ſhores;
If he in thunder bid the waves ſubſide,
The waves obedient ſink upon the tide,
A ſudden peace controls the limpid deep,
And the ſtill waters in ſoft ſilence ſleep.
Then heaven lets down a golden-ſtreaming ray,
And all the broad expanſion flames with day:
In the clear glaſs the mariners deſcry
A ſun inverted, and a downward ſky.

They who adventurous plough the watery way,
The dreadful wonders of the deep ſurvey;

Familiar

Familiar with the ſtorms, their ſails unbind,
Tempt the rough blaſt, and bound before the wind:
Now high they mount, now ſhoot into a vale,
Now ſmooth their courſe, and ſcud before the gale;
There rolling monſters, arm'd in ſcaly pride,
Flounce in the billows, and daſh round the tide;
There huge Leviathan unwieldy moves,
And through the waves, a living iſland, roves;
In dreadful paſtime terribly he ſports,
And the vaſt ocean ſcarce his weight ſupports;
Where'er he turns, the hoary deeps divide;
He breathes a tempeſt, and he ſpouts a tide.

Thus, Lord, the wonders of earth, ſea, and air,
Thy boundleſs wiſdom and thy power declare;
Thou high in glory, and in might ſerene,
See'ſt and mov'ſt all, thyſelf unmov'd, unſeen:
Should men and angels join in ſongs to raiſe
A grateful tribute equal to thy praiſe,
Yet far thy glory would their praiſe outſhine,
Though men and angels in the ſong ſhould join;
For though this earth with ſkill divine is wrought,
Above the gueſs of man, or angel's thought;
Yet in the ſpacious regions of the ſkies
New ſcenes unfold, and worlds on worlds ariſe;
There other orbs, round other ſuns advance,
Float on the air, and run their myſtic dance;
And yet the power of thy Almighty hand
Can build another world from every ſand:
And though vain man arraign thy high decree,
Still this is juſt! what is, that ought to be.

THE CONCLUSION OF AN EPILOGUE

To Mr. SOUTHERN's laſt Play, called MONEY THE MISTRESS.

THERE was a time, when in his younger years,
Our author's ſcenes commanded ſmiles or tears;
And though beneath the weight of days he bends,
Yet, like the ſun, he ſhines as he deſcends:
Then with applauſe, in honour to his age,
Diſmiſs your veteran ſoldier *off the ſtage;
Crown his laſt exit with diſtinguiſh'd praiſe,
And kindly hide his †baldneſs with the bays.

THE PARTING,

A SONG,

Set by Dr. TUDWAY, Profeſſor of Muſic in Cambridge.

WHEN from the plains Belinda fled,
The ſad Amintor ſigh'd;
And thus, while ſtreams of tears he ſhed,
The mournful ſhepherd cry'd:

" Move ſlow, ye hours! thou, time, delay!
" Prolong the bright Belinda's ſtay:
" But you, like her, my prayer deny,
" And cruelly away ye fly.

* From the ſtage.

† Alluding to a vote of the Roman ſenate, by which they decreed Cæſar a crown of laurel to cover his baldneſs.

" Yet

" Yet though ſhe flies, ſhe leaves behind
" Her lovely image in my mind.
" O! fair Belinda, with me ſtay,
" Or take thy image too away!

" See! how the fields are gay around,
" How painted flowers adorn the ground!
" As if the fields, as well as I,
" Were proud to pleaſe my fair-one's eye.

" But now, ye fields, no more be gay;
" No more, ye flowers, your charms diſplay!
" 'Tis deſert all, now you are fled,
" And paradiſe is where you tread."

Unmov'd the virgin flies his cares,
To ſhine at court and play:
To lonely ſhades the youth repairs,
To weep his life away.

ON A FLOWER

WHICH BELINDA GAVE ME FROM HER BOSOM.

O! lovely offspring of the May,
Whence flow thy balmy odours, ſay!
Such odours—not the orient boaſts!
Though Paradiſe adorn'd the coaſts!
O! ſweeter than each flower that blooms,
This fragrance from thy boſom comes!
Thence, thence ſuch ſweets are ſpread abroad,
As might be incenſe for a God!

When

When Venus ſtood conceal'd from view,
Her ſon, the latent *Goddeſs knew,
Such ſweets breath'd round! and thus we know
Our other Venus here below.

But ſee! my faireſt, ſee this flower,
This ſhort-liv'd beauty of an hour!—
Such are thy charms!—yet Zephyrs bring
The flower to bloom again in ſpring:
But beauty, when it once declines,
No more to warm the lover ſhines:
Alas! inceſſant ſpeeds the day,
When thou ſhalt be but common clay!
When I, who now adore, may ſee,
And ev'n with horror ſtart from Thee!

But ere, ſweet gift, thy grace conſumes,
Show thou my fair-one how ſhe blooms!
Put forth thy charms:—and then declare
Thyſelf leſs ſweet, thyſelf leſs fair!
Then ſudden, by a ſwift decay,
Let all thy beauties fade away;
And let her in thy glaſs deſcry,
How youth, and how frail beauty die.

Ah! turn, my charmer, turn thy eyes!
See! how at once it fades, it dies!

* Ambroſiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem
Spiravêre, VIRG.

While

While thine—it gaily pleas'd the view,
Unfaded, as before it grew!
Now, from thy boſom doom'd to ſtray,
'Tis only beauteous in decay:
So the ſweet-ſmelling Indian flowers,
Griev'd when they leave thoſe happier ſhores,
Sicken, and die away in ours.
So flowers, in Eden fond to blow,
In Paradiſe would only grow.

Nor wonder, faireſt, to ſurvey
The flower ſo ſuddenly decay!
Too cold thy breaſt! *nor can it grow
Between ſuch little hills of ſnow.

I now, vain infidel, no more
Deride th' Ægyptians, who adore
The riſing herb, and blooming flower;
Now, now their convert I will be,
O lovely flower! to worſhip thee.

But if thou 'rt one of their ſad train
Who dy'd for love, and cold diſdain,
Who, chang'd by ſome kind pitying power,
A †lover once, art now a flower;
O pity me, O weep my care,
A thouſand, thouſand pains I bear,
I love, I die through deep deſpair!

VARIATION.

* —— how could it grow.

† See Ovid's Metamorph.

The

THE STORY OF TALUS,

From the Fourth Book of Apollonius Rhodius. V. 1629.

Ἦμος δ' ἠέλιος μενέδυ, ἀνὰ δ' ἤλυθεν ἀστὴρ
Αὔλιος, &c.

THE evening-ſtar now lifts, as day-light fades,
His golden circlet in the deepening ſhades;
Stretch'd at his eaſe, the weary labourer ſhares
A ſweet forgetfulneſs of human cares;
At once in ſilence ſink the ſleeping gales;
The maſt *they drop, and furl the flagging ſails;
All night, all day, they ply the bending oars
Tow'rd Carpathus, and reach the rocky ſhores:
Thence Crete they view, emerging from the main,
The queen of iſles; but Crete they view in vain;
There Talus, whirling with reſiſtleſs ſway
Rocks ſheer uprent, repels them from the bay:
A giant, ſprung from giant-race, who took
Their births from entrails of the ſtubborn oak;
Fierce guard of Crete! by Jove aſſiſtant given
To †legiſlators, ſtyl'd the ſons of heaven:
To mercy deaf, he thrice each year explores
The trembling iſle, and ſtrides from ſhores to ſhores:
A form of living braſs! one part beneath
Alone he bears, a path to let in death,
Where o'er the ankle ſwells the turgid vein,
Soft to the ſtroke, and ſenſible of pain.

* Argonauts.

† Minos and Rhadamanthus.

And

And now her magic ſpells * Medea tries,
Bids the red fiends, the dogs of Orcus riſe,
That, ſtarting dreadful from th' infernal ſhade,
Ride heaven in ſtorms, and all that breathes, invade;
Thrice ſhe applies the power of magic prayer,
Thrice, hellward bending, mutters charms in air;
Then, turning tow'rd the foe, bids miſchief fly,
And looks deſtruction as ſhe points her eye:
Then ſpectres, riſing from Tartarean bowers,
Howl round in air, or grin along the ſhores;
While, †tearing up whole hills, the giant throws,
Outrageous, rocks on rocks, to cruſh the foes:
But, frantic as he ſtrides, a ſudden wound
Burſts the life-vein, and blood o'erſpreads the ground:
As from the furnace, in a burning flood,
Pours molten lead, ſo pours in ſtreams his blood;
And now he ſtaggers, as the ſpirit flies,
He faints, he ſinks, he tumbles, and he dies.
As ſome huge cedar on a mountain's brow,
Pierc'd by the ſteel, expects the final blow,
A while it totters with alternate ſway,
Till freſhening breezes through the branches play;
Then, tumbling downward with a thundering ſound,
Falls headlong, and o'erſpreads a breadth of ground:
So, as the giant falls, the ocean roars;
Out-ſtretch'd he lies, and covers half the ſhores.

* V. 1665. † V. 1679.

From

From the ELEVENTH BOOK of the ILIADS of HOMER.

In the Style of MILTON.

NOW gay Aurora from Tithonus' bed
Roſe in the orient, to proclaim the day
To Gods and men: down to the Grecian tents
Saturnian Jove ſends Diſcord, red with blood;
War in her hand ſhe graſps, enſigns of war;
On brave Ulyſſes' ſhip ſhe took her ſtand,
The centre of the hoſt, that all might hear
Her dreadful voice: her dreadful voice ſhe rais'd;
Jarring along the rattling ſhores it ran
To the fleet's wide extremes. Achilles heard,
And Ajax heard the ſound: with martial fires
Now every boſom burns; arms, glorious arms,
Fierce they demand; the noble Orthian ſong
Swells every heart; no coward thoughts of flight
Riſe in their ſouls, but blood they breathe and war.
Now by the * trench profound, the charioteers
Range their proud ſteeds; now car by car diſplays
A direful front; now o'er the trembling field
Ruſhes th' embattled foot; noiſe rends the ſkies,
Noiſe unextinguiſh'd: ere the beamy day
Flam'd in th' aërial vault, ſtretch'd in the van
Stood the bold infantry: the ruſhing cars
Form'd the deep rear in battailous array.

* V. 48.

Now

Now from his heavens Jove hurls his burning bolts;
Hoarſe muttering thunders grumble in the ſky;
While from the clouds, inſtead of morning-dews,
Huge drops of blood diſtain the crimſon ground;
Fatal preſage! that in that dreadful day
The great ſhould bleed, imperial heads lie low!
Mean time the bands of Troy in proud array
Stand to their arms, and from a riſing ground
Breathe furious war: Here gathering hoſts attend
The towering Hector: there refulgent bands
Surround Polydamas, Æneas there
Marſhals his dauntleſs files; nor unemploy'd
Stand Polybus, Agenor great in arms,
And Acamas, whoſe frame the Gods endow'd
With more than mortal charms: fierce in the van
Stern Hector ſhines, and ſhakes his blazing ſhield.
As the fierce dog-ſtar with malignant fires
Flames in the front of heaven, then, loſt in clouds,
Veils his pernicious beams; from rank to rank
So Hector ſtrode; now dreadful in the van
Advanc'd his ſun-broad ſhield, now to the rear
Swift ruſhing diſappear'd: His radiant arms
Blaz'd on his limbs, and bright as Jove's dire bolt
Flaſh'd o'er the field, and lighten'd to the ſkies.
As toiling reapers in ſome ſpacious field,
Rang'd in two bands, move adverſe, rank on rank
Where o'er the tilth the grain in ears of gold
Waves nodding to the breeze; at once they bend,
At once the copious harveſt ſwells the ground:
So ruſh to battle o'er the dreadful field

Hoſt

Hoſt againſt hoſt; they meet, they cloſe, and ranks
Tumble on ranks; no thoughts appear of flight,
None of diſmay: dubious in even ſcales
The battle hangs; not fiercer, ravenous wolves
Diſpute the prey; the deathful ſcene with joy
Diſcord, dire parent of tremendous woes,
Surveys exultant: of th' immortal train
Diſcord alone deſcends, aſſiſts alone
The horrors of the field; in peace the Gods
High in Olympian bowers on radiant thrones
Lament the works of man; but loud complaints
From every God aroſe; Jove favour'd Troy,
At partial Jove they murmur'd: he unmov'd
All heaven in murmurs heard, apart he ſate
Enthron'd in glory: down to earth he turn'd
His ſtedfaſt eye, and from his throne ſurvey'd
The riſing towers of Troy, the tented ſhores,
The blaze of arms, the ſlayer and the ſlain.
While, with his morning wheels, the God of day
Climb'd up the ſteep of heaven, with equal rage
In murderous ſtorms the ſhafts from hoſt to hoſt
Flew adverſe, and in equal numbers fell
Promiſcuous Greek and Trojan, till the hour
When the tir'd woodman in the ſhady vale
Spreads his penurious meal, when high the ſun
Flames in the zenith, and his ſinewy arms
Scarce wield the ponderous ax, while hunger keen
Admoniſhes, and nature ſpent with toil
Craves due repaſt—Then Greece the ranks of Troy
With horrid inroad goar'd: fierce from the van

Sprung

Sprung the ſtern * king of men; and breathing death
Where, in firm battle, Trojans band by band
Embody'd ſtood, purſued his dreadful way:
His hoſt his ſtep attends: now glows the war;
Horſe treads on horſe; and man, encountering man,
Swells the dire field with death: the plunging ſteeds
Beat the firm glebes; thick duſt in riſing clouds
Darkens the ſky. Indignant o'er the plain
Atrides ſtalks; death every ſtep attends.
As when, in ſome huge foreſt, ſudden flames
Rage dreadful, when rough winds aſſiſt the blaze,
From tree to tree the fiery torrent rolls,
And the vaſt foreſt ſinks with all its groves
Beneath the burning deluge; ſo whole hoſts
Yield to Atrides' arm: car againſt car
Ruſh'd rattling o'er the field, and through the ranks
Unguided broke; while breathleſs on the ground
Lay the pale charioteers, in death deform'd;
To their chaſte brides ſad ſpectacles of woe,
Now only grateful to the fowls of air.
Mean time, the care of Jove, great Hector ſtood
Secure in ſcenes of death, in ſtorms of darts,
In ſlaughter and alarms, in duſt and blood.
Still Agamemnon ruſhing o'er the field
Leads his bold bands: whole hoſts before him fly;
Now Ilus' tomb they paſs, now urge their way
Cloſe by the fig-tree ſhade: with ſhouts the king

* Agamemnon, v. 148.

Purſues the foe inceſſant: duſt and blood,
Blood mix'd with duſt, diſtains his murderous hands.
As when a lion in the gloom of night
Invades an herd of beeves, o'er all the plains
Trembling they ſcatter; furious on the prey
The generous ſavage flies, and with fierce joy
Seizes the laſt; his hungry foaming jaws
Churn the black blood, and rend the panting prey:
Thus fled the foe; Atrides thus purſued,
And ſtill the hindmoſt ſlew: they from their cars
Fell headlong; for his javelin, wild for blood,
Rag'd terribly: and now proud Troy had fall'n,
But the dread Sire of men and Gods deſcends
Terrific from his heavens, his vengeful hand
Ten thouſand thunders graſps: on Ida's heights
He takes his ſtand; it ſhakes with all its groves
Beneath the God; the God ſuſpends the war.

TO MRS. ELIZ. M——T,

ON HER PICTURE. 1716.

O! Wondrous art, that grace to ſhadows gives!
By whoſe command the lovely phantom lives!
Smiles with her ſmiles! the mimic eye inſtills
A real frame! the fancy'd lightning kills!
Thus mirrors catch the love-inſpiring face,
And the new charmer grace returns for grace.

Hence

Hence shall thy beauties, when no more appears
Their fair possessor, shine a thousand years;
By age uninjur'd, future times adorn,
And warm the hearts of millions yet unborn,
Who, gazing on the portrait with a sigh,
Shall grieve such perfect charms could ever die:
How would they grieve, if to such beauties join'd
The paint could show the wonders of thy mind!
O virgin! born th' admiring world to grace!
Transmit thy excellence to latest days;
Yield to thy lover's vows! and then shall rise
A race of beauties conquering with thine eyes;
Who, reigning in thy charms, from death shall save
That lovely form, and triumph o'er the grave.
Thus, when through age the rose-tree's charms decay,
When all her fading beauties die away;
A blooming offspring fills the parent's place
With equal fragrance, and with equal grace.
But ah! how short a date on earth is given
To the most lovely workmanship of heaven!
Too soon that cheek must every charm resign,
And those love-darting eyes forget to shine!
While thousands weeping round, with sighs survey
What once was you——now only beauteous clay!
Ev'n from the canvass shall thy image fade,
And thou re-perish in thy perish'd shade:
Then may this verse to future ages show
One perfect beauty——such as thou art now!
May it the graces of thy soul display,
Till this world sinks, and suns themselves decay;

When with immortal beauty thou ſhalt riſe,
To ſhine the lovelieſt angel in the ſkies.

PROLOGUE

To Mr. FENTON's excellent Tragedy, MARIAMNE.

WHEN breathing ſtatues mouldering waſte away,
And tombs, unfaithful to their truſt, decay;
The Muſe rewards the ſuffering good with fame,
Or wakes the proſperous villain into ſhame;
To the ſtern tyrant gives fictitious power
To reign the reſtleſs monarch of an hour.
Obedient to her call, this night appears
Great Herod riſing from a length of years;
A name! enlarg'd with titles not his own,
Servile to mount, and ſavage on a throne:
Yet oft a throne is dire misfortune's ſeat,
A pompous wretchedneſs, and woe in ſtate!
But ſuch the curſe that from ambition ſprings,
For this he ſlaughter'd half a race of kings:
But now, reviving in the Britiſh ſcene,
He looks majeſtic with a milder mien,
His features ſoften'd with the deep diſtreſs
Of love, made greatly wretched by exceſs:
From luſt of power to jealous fury toſt,
We ſee the tyrant in the lover loſt.
O! Love, thou ſource of mighty joy or woe!
Thou ſofteſt friend, or man's moſt dangerous foe!

Fantaſtic

Fantaſtic power! * what rage thy darts inſpire,
When too much beauty kindles too much fire!
Thoſe darts, to jealous rage ſtern Herod drove;
It was a crime, but crime of too much love!
Yet if condemn'd he falls—with pitying eyes
Behold his injur'd Mariamne riſe!
No fancy'd tale! our opening ſcenes diſcloſe
Hiſtoric truth, and ſwell with real woes.
Awful in virtuous grief the queen appears,
And ſtrong the eloquence of royal tears;
By woes ennobled, with majeſtic pace,
She meets misfortune, glorious in diſgrace!
Small is the praiſe of beauty, when it flies
Fair honour's laws, at beſt but lovely vice.
Charms it like Venus with celeſtial air?
Ev'n Venus is but ſcandalouſly fair;
But when ſtrict honour with fair features joins,
Like heat and light, at once it warms and ſhines.
† Then let her fate your kind attention raiſe,
Whoſe perfect charms were but her ſecond praiſe:
Beauty and virtue your protection claim;
Give tears to beauty, give to virtue fame.

VARIATIONS.

* What pangs, &c.

† Then let her fate your juſt attention raiſe,
Whoſe perfect graces were but ſecond praiſe.

TO MR. A. POPE,

WHO CORRECTED MY VERSES.

IF e'er my humble Muſe melodious ſings,
'Tis when you animate and tune her ſtrings;
If e'er ſhe mounts, 'tis when you prune her wings.
You, like the ſun, your glorious beams diſplay,
Deal to the darkeſt orb a friendly ray,
And cloath it with the luſtre of the day.

Mean was the piece, unelegantly wrought,
The colours faint, irregular the draught;
But your commanding touch, your nicer art,
Rais'd every ſtroke, and brighten'd every part.
So, when Luke drew the rudiments of man,
An angel finiſh'd what the ſaint began;
His wondrous pencil, dipt in heavenly dyes,
Gave beauty to the face, and lightning to the eyes.

Confus'd it lay, a rough unpoliſh'd maſs;
You gave the royal ſtamp, and made it paſs:
Hence ev'n deformity a beauty grew;
She pleas'd, ſhe charm'd, but pleas'd and charm'd by you;
Though like Prometheus I the image frame,
You give the life, and bring the heavenly flame.

Thus when the Nile diffus'd his watery train
In ſtreams of plenty o'er the fruitful plain;
Unſhapen forms, the refuſe of the flood,
Iſſued imperfect from the teeming mud;

But

But the great ſource and parent of the day
Faſhion'd the creature, and inform'd the clay.*
Weak of herſelf, my Muſe forbears her flight,
Views her own lowneſs, and Parnaſſus' height;
But when you aid her ſong, and deign to nod,
She ſpreads a bolder wing, and feels the preſent God.
So the Cumæan propheteſs was dumb,
Blind to the knowledge of events to come;

ADDITION.

* To nobler themes thy Muſe triumphant ſoars,
Mounts through the tracts of air, and heaven explores.
Say, has ſome ſeraph tun'd thy ſacred lyre,
Or deign'd to touch thy hallow'd lips with fire?
For ſure ſuch ſounds exalt th' immortal ſtring,
As heaven approves, and raptur'd angels ſing.
Ah! how I liſten, while the mortal lay
Lifts me from earth above the ſolar way!
Ah! how I look with ſcorn on pompous crowns,
And pity monarchs on their ſplendid thrones,
While, thou my guide, I trace all nature's laws,
By juſt gradations, to the ſovereign cauſe!
Pleas'd I ſurvey how varying ſchemes unite,
Worlds with the atoms, angels with the mite,
And end in God, high thron'd above all height,
Who ſees, as Lord of all, with equal eye,
Now a proud tyrant periſh, then a fly.
Methinks I view the patriarch's ladder riſe,
Its baſe on earth, its ſummit in the ſkies:
Each wondrous ſtep by glorious angels trod,
And heaven unfolding to the throne of God,
Be this thy praiſe! I haunt the lovely bower,
Sport by the ſpring, or paint the blooming flower.
Nor dares the Muſe attempt an arduous height, &c.

But when Apollo in her breaſt abode,
She heav'd, ſhe ſwell'd, ſhe felt the ruſhing God:
Then accents more than mortal from her broke;
And what the God inſpir'd, the prieſteſs ſpoke.

MONSIEUR MAYNARD IMITATED.

To the Right Honourable the Lord CORNWALLIS.

WHILE paſt its noon the lamp of life declines,
And age my vital flame invades;
Faint, and more faint, as it deſcends, it ſhines,
And haſtes, alas! to ſet in ſhades.

Then ſome kind power ſhall guide my ghoſt to glades,
Where, ſeated by Elyſian ſprings,
Fam'd Addiſon attunes to patriot ſhades
His lyre, and Albion's glory ſings.

There round, majeſtic ſhades, and heroes' forms,
Will throng, to learn what pilot guides,
Watchful, Britannia's helm through factious ſtorms,
And curbs the murmuring rebel tides.

I tell how Townſhend treads the glorious path
That leads the great to deathleſs fame,
And dwell at large on ſpotleſs Engliſh faith,
While Walpole is the favourite theme.

How, nobly riſing in their country's cauſe,
The ſtedfaſt arbiters of right
Exalt the juſt and good, to guard her laws,
And call forth merit into light.

A loud

A loud applauſe around the echoing coaſt
  Of all the pleas'd Elyſium flies.—
But, friend, what place had you, replies ſome ghoſt,
  When merit was the way to riſe?

What deanery, or prebend, thine, declare?
  Good heavens! unable to reply,
How like a ſtupid ideot I ſhould ſtare!
  An anſwer, good my lord, ſupply.

ON A MISCHIEVOUS WOMAN.

FROM peace, and ſocial joy, Meduſa flies,
  And loves to hear the ſtorm of anger riſe;
Thus hags and witches hate the ſmiles of day,
Sport in loud thunder, and in tempeſts play.

THE COQUETTE.

SILLIA, with unconteſted ſway,
  Like Rome's fam'd tyrant reigns;
Beholds adoring crowds obey,
  And heroes proud to wear her chains:
Yet ſtoops, like him, to every prize,
Buſy to murder beaux and flies.

She aims at every trifling heart,
  Attends each flatterer's vows;
And, like a picture drawn with art,
  A look on all that gaze beſtows.

O! may

O! may the power who lovers rules,
Grant rather ſcorn, than hope with fools!

Miſtaken nymph! the crowds that gaze
Adore thee into ſhame;
Unguarded beauty is diſgrace,
And coxcombs, when they praiſe, defame.
O! fly ſuch brutes in human ſhapes,
Nor, like th' Ægyptians, worſhip apes.

THE WIDOW AND VIRGIN SISTERS,

Being a Letter to the WIDOW in LONDON.

WHILE Delia ſhines at Hurlothrumbo,
And darts her ſprightly eye at ſome beau;
Then, cloſe behind her fan retiring,
Sees through the ſticks whole crowds admiring:
You ſip your melancholy co-ffy
And at the name of man, cry, O phy!
Or, when the noiſy rapper thunders,
Say coldly—Sure the fellow blunders!
Unſeen! though peer on peer approaches:
James, I'm abroad!—but learn the coaches.
As ſome young pleader, when his purſe is
Unfill'd, through want of controverſies,
Attends, untill the chinks are fill'd all,
Th' aſſizes, Weſtminſter, and Guildhall;
While graver lawyers keep their houſe, and
Collect the guineas by the thouſand:

Or

Or as ſome tradeſmen, through ſhow-glaſſes,
Expoſe their wares to each that paſſes;
Toys of no uſe! high-priz'd commodities
Bought to no end! eſtates in oddities!
Others, with like advantage, drive at
Their gain, from ſtore-houſes in private:
Thus Delia ſhines in places general,
Is never miſſing where the men are all;
Goes ev'n to church with godly airs,
To meet good company at prayers;
Where ſhe devoutly plays her fan,
Looks up to heaven, but thinks on man.
You ſit at home; enjoy your *couſin,
While hearts are offer'd by the dozen:
Oh! born above your ſex to riſe,
With youth, wealth, beauty, titles—wiſe!
O! Lady bright, did ne'er you mark yet,
In country fair, or country market,
A beau, whoſe eloquence might charm ye,
Enliſting ſoldiers for the army?
He flatters every well-built youth,
And tells him every thing but—truth.
He cries, Good friend, I'm glad I hap'd in
Your company, you 'll make a captain!
He liſts—but finds theſe gaudy ſhows
Soon chang'd to ſurly looks, and blows:
'Tis now, March, raſcal! what, d' ye grumble?
Thwack goes the cane! I 'll make you humble.

* Mrs. S———th.

Such

Such weddings are: and I reſemble 'em,
Almoſt in all points to this emblem.
While courtſhip laſts, 'tis, Dear! 'tis, Madam!
The ſweeteſt creature ſure ſince Adam!
Had I the years of a Methuſalem,
How in my charmer's praiſe I 'd uſe all 'em!
Oh! take me to thy arms, my beauty!
I doat, adore the very ſhoe-tye!
They wed—but, fancy grown leſs warming,
Next morn, he thinks the bride leſs charming:
He ſays, nay ſwears, My wife grows old in
One ſingle month; then falls to ſcolding,
What, madam, gadding every day!
Up to your room! there ſtitch, or pray!
Such proves the marriage-ſtate! but for all
Theſe truths, you 'll wed, and ſcorn the moral.

ON THE DEATH OF MY DEAR FRIEND, MR. ELIJAH FENTON, 1730.

" Calentem
" Debitâ ſparges lacrymâ favillam
" Vatis amici." HOR.

AS when the King of Peace, and Lord of Love,
Sends down ſome brighter angel from above,
Pleas'd with the beauties of the heavenly Gueſt,
Awhile we view him in full glory dreſt;
But he, impatient from his heaven to ſtay,
Soon diſappears, and wings his airy way;

So

So did'ſt thou vaniſh, eager to appear,
And ſhine triumphant in thy native ſphere.
Yet had'ſt thou all that virtue can beſtow,
All, the good practiſe, and the learned know;
Such holy rapture, as not warms, but fires,
While the ſoul ſeems retiring, or retires;
Such tranſports as thoſe ſaints in viſion ſhare,
Who know not whether they are rapt through air,
Or bring down heaven to meet them in a prayer.
Oh! early loſt! yet ſtedfaſt to ſurvey
Envy, diſeaſe, and death, without diſmay;
Serene, the ſting of * pain thy thoughts beguile,
And make afflictions, objects of a ſmile.
So the fam'd Patriarch, on his couch of ſtone,
Enjoy'd bright viſions from th' eternal throne.
Thus wean'd from earth, where pleaſure ſcarce can pleaſe,
Thy woes but haſten'd thee to heaven and peace:
As angry winds, when loud the tempeſt roars,
More ſwiftly ſpeed the veſſel to the ſhores.
Oh! may theſe lays a laſting luſtre ſhed
O'er thy dark urn, like lamps that grace the dead!
Strong were thy thoughts, yet reaſon bore the ſway;
Humble, yet learn'd; though innocent, yet gay:
So pure of heart, that thou might'ſt ſafely ſhow
Thy inmoſt boſom to thy baſeſt foe:
Careleſs of wealth, thy bliſs a calm retreat,
Far from the inſults of the ſcornful great;

* The gout.

Thence

Thence looking with disdain on proudest things,
Thou deemed'st mean the pageantry of kings;
Who build their pride on trappings of a throne,
A painted ribband, or a glittering stone,
Useless bright! 'Twas thine the soul to raise
To nobler objects, such as angels praise!
To live, to mortals' empty fame, a foe;
And pity human joy, and human woe!
To view ev'n splendid vice with generous hate;
In life unblemish'd, and in death sedate!
Then conscience, shining with a lenient ray,
Dawn'd o'er thy soul, and promis'd endless day.
So from the setting orb of Phœbus fly
Beams of calm light, and glitter to the sky.

Where now, oh! where shall I true friendship find
Among the treacherous race of base mankind?
Whom, whom consult in all th' uncertain ways
Of various life, sincere to blame, or praise!
O! friend! O! falling in thy strength of years,
Warm from the melting soul receive these tears!
O! woods! O! wilds! O! every bowery shade!
So often vocal by his music made,
Now other sounds—far other sounds return,
And o'er his hearse with all your echoes mourn!—
Yet dare we grieve that soon the paths he trod
To heaven, and left vain man for Saints and God?

Thus in the theatre the scenes unfold
A thousand wonders glorious to behold;
And here, or there, as the machine extends,
A hero rises, or a God descends:

But

But ſoon the momentary pleaſure flies,
Swift vaniſhes the God, or hero dies.
Where were ye, Muſes, by what fountain ſide,
What river ſporting, when your favourite dy'd?
He knew by verſe to chain the headlong floods,
Silence loud winds, or charm attentive woods;
Nor deign'd but to high * themes to tune the ſtring,
To ſuch as heaven might hear, and angels ſing;
Unlike thoſe bards, who, uninform'd to play,
Grate on their jarring pipes a flaſhy lay:
Each line diſplay'd united ſtrength and eaſe,
Form'd like his manners to inſtruct and pleaſe.
So herbs of balmy excellence produce
A blooming flower and ſalutary juice:
And while each plant a ſmiling grace reveals,
Uſefully gay! at once it charms, and heals.
Tranſcend ev'n after death, ye great, in ſhow;
Lend pomp to aſhes, and be vain in woe;
Hire ſubſtitutes to mourn with formal cries,
And bribe unwilling drops from venal eyes;
While here ſincerity of grief appears,
Silence that ſpeaks, and eloquence in tears!
While, tir'd of life, we but conſent to live
To ſhow the world how really we grieve!
As ſome fond ſire, whoſe only ſon lies dead,
All loſt to comfort makes the duſt his bed,
Hangs o'er his urn, with frantic grief deplores,
And bathes his clay-cold cheek with copious ſhowers;

* Mr. Fenton intended to write upon moral ſubjects.

Such

Such heart-felt pangs on thy ſad bier attend;
Companion! brother! all in one—my friend!
Unleſs the ſoul a wound eternal bears,
Sighs are but air; but common water, tears:
The proud, relentleſs, weep in ſtate, and ſhow
Not ſorrow, but magnificence of woe.

Thus in the fountain, from the ſculptor's hands,
With imitated life, an image ſtands;
From rocky entrails, through his ſtony eyes,
The mimic tears in ſtreams inceſſant riſe:
Unconſcious! while aloft the waters flow,
The gazers' wonder, and a public ſhow.

Ye hallow'd domes, his frequent viſits tell;
Thou court, where God himſelf delights to dwell;
Thou myſtic table, and thou holy feaſt,
How often have ye ſeen the ſacred gueſt!
How oft his ſoul with heavenly manna fed!
His faith enliven'd, while his ſin lay dead!
While liſtening angels heard ſuch raptures riſe,
As, when they hymn th' Almighty, charm the ſkies!
But where, now where, without the body's aid,
New to the heavens, ſubſiſts thy gentle ſhade?
Glides it beyond our groſs imperfect ſky,
Pleas'd high o'er ſtars, from world to world, to fly!
And fearleſs marks the comet's dreadful blaze,
While monarchs quake, and trembling nations gaze?
Or holds deep converſe with the mighty dead,
Champions of virtue, who for virtue bled?
Or joins in concert with angelic choirs,
Where hymning ſeraphs ſound their golden lyres,

Where

Where raptur'd saints unfading crowns inwreath,
Triumphant o'er the world, o'er sin, and death?
O! may the thought his friend's devotion raise!
O! may he imitate, as well as praise!
Awake, my heavy soul! and upward fly,
Speak to the saint, and meet him in the sky,
And ask the certain way to rise as high.

TO THOMAS MARRIOT, ESQ.

I Prefix your name to the following poem, as a monument of the long and sincere friendship I have borne you: I am sensible you are too good a judge of poetry to approve it; however, it will be a testimony of my respect: You conferred obligations upon me very early in life, almost as soon as I was capable of receiving them: May these verses on Death long survive my own! and remain a memorial of our friendship, and my gratitude, when I am no more.

WILLIAM BROOME.

A POEM ON DEATH.

Τὶς οἶδεν εἰ τὸ ζῆν μέν ἐστι κατθανεῖν,
Τὸ κατθανεῖν δὲ ζῆν; EURIP.

OH! for Elijah's car, to wing my way
O'er the dark gulph of death to endless day!
A thousand ways, alas! frail mortals lead
To her dire den, and dreadful all to tread!

See! in the horrors of yon houſe of woes,
Troops of all maladies the fiend encloſe!
High on a trophy rais'd of human bones,
Swords, ſpears, and arrows, and ſepulchral ſtones,
In horrid ſtate ſhe reigns! attendant ills
Beſiege her throne, and when ſhe frowns, ſhe kills:
Through the thick gloom the torch red-gleaming burns
O'er ſhrouds, and ſable palls, and mouldering urns;
While flowing ſtoles, black plumes, and ſcutcheons ſpread
An idle pomp around the ſilent dead:
Unaw'd by power, in common heap ſhe flings
The ſcrips of beggars, and the crowns of kings:
Here gales of ſighs, inſtead of breezes, blow,
And ſtreams of tears for ever murmuring flow:
The mournful yew with ſolemn horror waves
His baleful branches, ſaddening even the graves:
Around all birds obſcene loud-ſcreaming fly,
Clang their black wings, and ſhriek along the ſky:
The ground perverſe, though bare and barren, breeds
All poiſons, foes to life, and noxious weeds;
But, blaſted frequent by th' unwholeſome ſky,
Dead fall the birds, the very poiſons die.

Full in the entrance of the dreadful doors,
Old-age, half vaniſh'd to a ghoſt, deplores:
Propp'd on his crutch, he drags with many a groan
The load of life, yet dreads to lay it down.

There, downward driving an unnumber'd band,
Intemperance and Diſeaſe walk hand in hand:
Theſe, Torment, whirling with remorſeleſs ſway
A ſcourge of iron, laſhes on the way.

There frantic Anger, prone to wild extremes,
Graſps an enſanguin'd ſword, and heaven blaſphemes.
There heart-ſick Agony diſtorted ſtands,
Writhes his convulſive limbs, and wrings his hands.
There Sorrow droops his ever-penſive head,
And Care ſtill toſſes on his iron bed:
Or, muſing, faſtens on the ground his eye,
With folded arms; with every breath, a ſigh.
Hydrops unwieldy wallows in a flood;
And Murther rages, red with human blood,
With Fever, Famine, and afflictive Pain,
Plague, Peſtilence, and War, a diſmal train!
Theſe, and a thouſand more, the fiend ſurround,
Shrieks pierce the air, and groans to groans reſound.
O! heavens! is this the paſſage to the ſkies
That man muſt tread, when man your favourite dies?
Oh! for Elijah's car to wing my way
O'er the dark gulph of death to endleſs day!
Confounded at the ſight, my ſpirits fled,
My eyes rain'd tears, my very heart was dead!
I wail'd the lot of man, that all would ſhun,
And all muſt bear that breathe beneath the ſun.
When, lo! an heavenly form, divinely fair,
Shoots from the ſtarry vault through fields of air;
And, ſwifter than on wings of lightning driven,
At once ſeems here and there, in earth and heaven!
A dazzling brightneſs in refulgent ſtreams
Flows from his locks inwreath'd with ſunny beams:
His roſeate cheeks the bloom of heaven diſplay,
And from his eyes dart glories, more than day:

A robe, of light condens'd, around him ſhone,
And his loins glitter'd with a ſtarry zone:
And while the liſtening winds lay huſh'd to hear,
Thus ſpoke the viſion, amiably ſevere!
Vain man! wouldſt thou eſcape the common lot,
To live, to ſuffer, die, and be forgot?
Look back on ancient times, primæval years,
All, all are paſt! a mighty void appears!
Heroes, and kings, thoſe gods of earth, whoſe fame
Aw'd half the nations, now are but a name!
The great in arts or arms, the wiſe, the juſt,
Mix with the meaneſt in congenial duſt!
Ev'n Saints and Prophets the ſame paths have trod,
Ambaſſadors of heaven, and friends of God!
And thou, wouldſt thou the general ſentence fly?
Moſes is dead! thy Saviour deign'd to die!
Mortal, in all thy acts regard thy end;
Live well, the time thou liv'ſt, and death 's thy friend:
Then curb each rebel thought againſt the ſky,
And die reſign'd, O! Man ordain'd to die!
He added not, but ſpread his wings in flight,
And vaniſh'd inſtant in a blaze of light.
Abaſh'd, aſham'd, I cry, Eternal Power,
I yield! I wait reſign'd th' appointed hour!
Man, fooliſh man, no more thy ſoul deceive!
To die, is but the ſureſt way to live:
When age we aſk, we aſk it in our wrong,
And pray our time of ſuffering may be long;
The nauſeous draught, and dregs of life to drain,
And feel infirmity, and length of pain!

What

What art thou, life, that we ſhould court thy ſtay?
A breath, one ſingle gaſp muſt puff away!
A ſhort-liv'd flower, that with the day muſt fade!
A fleeting vapour, and an empty ſhade!
A ſtream, that ſilently but ſwiftly glides
To meet eternity's immeaſur'd tides!
A being, loſt alike by pain or joy!
A fly can kill it, or a worm deſtroy!
Impair'd by labour, and by eaſe undone,
Commenc'd in tears, and ended in a groan!
Ev'n while I write, the tranſient NOW is paſt,
And death more near, this ſentence than the laſt!
As ſome weak iſthmus ſeas from ſeas divides,
Beat by rude waves, and ſapp'd by ruſhing tides,
Torn from its baſe, no more their fury bears,
At once they cloſe, at once it diſappears:
Such, ſuch is life! the mark of miſery plac'd
Between two worlds, the future and the paſt;
To time, to ſickneſs, and to death, a prey,
It ſinks, the frail poſſeſſion of a day!

As ſome fond boy, in ſport, along the ſhore
Builds from the ſands a fabric of an hour;
Proud of his ſpacious walls, and ſtately rooms,
He ſtyles the mimic cells imperial domes;
The little monarch ſwells with fancy'd ſway,
Till ſome wind riſing puffs the dome away:
So the poor reptile, man! an heir of woe,
The lord of earth and ocean, ſwells in ſhow;
He plants, he builds, aloft the walls ariſe!
The noble plan he finiſhes, and——dies.

Swept from the earth, he ſhares the common fate;
His ſole diſtinction now, to rot in ſtate!
Thus buſy to no end till out of breath,
Tir'd we lie down, and cloſe up all in death.
Then bleſt the man whom gracious heaven has led
Through life's blind mazes to th' immortal dead!
Who, ſafely landed on the bliſsful ſhore,
Nor human folly feels nor frailty more!
O! Death, thou cure of all our idle ſtrife!
End of the gay, or ſerious farce of life!
Wiſh of the juſt, and refuge of th' oppreſt!
Where poverty, and where ev'n kings find reſt!
Safe from the frowns of power! calm, thoughtful hate!
And the rude inſults of the ſcornful great!
The grave is ſacred! wrath and malice dread
To violate its peace, and wrong the dead:
But, life, thy name is woe! to death we fly
To grow immortal!——into life we die!
Then wiſely heaven in ſilence has confin'd
The happier dead, leſt none ſhould ſtay behind.
What though the path be dark that muſt be trod,
Though man be blotted from the works of God,
Though the four winds his ſcatter'd atoms bear
To earth's extremes through all th' expanſe of air;
Yet, burſting glorious from the ſilent clay,
He mounts triumphant to eternal day.
So, when the ſun rolls down th' ethereal plain,
Extinct his ſplendors in the whelming main,
A tranſient

A tranſient night earth, air, and heaven invades,
Eclips'd in horrors of ſurrounding ſhades;
But ſoon, emerging with a freſher ray,
He ſtarts exultant, and renews the day.

COURAGE IN LOVE.

MY eyes with floods of tears o'erflow,
My boſom heaves with conſtant woe;
Thoſe eyes, which thy unkindneſs ſwells;
That boſom, where thy image dwells!
How could I hope ſo weak a flame
Could ever warm that matchleſs dame,
When none Elyſium muſt behold,
Without a radiant bough of gold?
'Tis hers, in ſpheres to ſhine;
At diſtance to admire, is mine:
Doom'd, like th' enamour'd * youth, to groan
For a new goddeſs form'd of ſtone.
While thus I ſpoke, Love's gentle power
Deſcended from th' ethereal bower;
A quiver at his ſhoulder hung,
A ſhaft he graſp'd, and bow unſtrung.
All nature own'd the genial God,
And the ſpring flouriſh'd where he trod:
My heart, no ſtranger to the gueſt,
Flutter'd, and labour'd in my breaſt;

* Polydorus, who pined to death for the love of a beautiful ſtatue.

When, with a ſmile that kindles joy
Ev'n in the Gods, began the boy:
How vain theſe tears! is man decreed,
By being abject, to ſucceed?
Hop'ſt thou by meagre looks to move?
Are women frighten'd into love?
He moſt prevails, who nobly dares;
In love an hero, as in wars:
Ev'n Venus may be known to yield,
But 'tis when Mars diſputes the field:
Sent from a daring hand my dart
Strikes deep into the fair-one's heart:
To winds and waves thy cares bequeath,
A ſigh is but a waſte of breath.
What though gay youth, and every grace
That beauty boaſts, adorn her face;
Yet Goddeſſes have deign'd to wed,
And take a mortal to their bed:
And heaven, when gifts of incenſe riſe,
Accepts it, though it cloud their ſkies.
Mark! how this marygold conceals
Her beauty, and her boſom veils;
How from the dull embrace ſhe flies
Of Phœbus, when his beams ariſe:
But when his glory he diſplays,
And darts around his fiercer rays,
Her charms ſhe opens, and receives
The vigorous God into her leaves.

THE

THE COMPLAINT,

CÆLIA TO DAMON.

I WHO was once the glory of the plain,
The faireſt virgin of the virgin train,
Am now (by thee, O! faithleſs man, betray'd!)
A fail'n, a loſt, a miſerable maid.
Ye winds, that witneſs to my deep deſpair,
Receive my ſighs, and waft them through the air,
And gently breathe them to my Damon's ear!
Curſt, ever curſt be that unlucky day,
When trembling, ſighing, at my feet he lay,
I trembled, ſigh'd, and look'd my heart away!
Why was he form'd, ye powers, his ſex's pride,
Too falſe to love, too fair to be deny'd?
Ye heedleſs virgins, gaze not on his eyes;
Lovely they are, but ſhe that gazes dies!
Oh! fly his voice, be deaf to all he ſays;
Charms has his voice, but charming it betrays!
At every word, each motion of his eye,
A thouſand loves are born, a thouſand lovers die.
Say, gentle youths, ye bleſt Arcadian ſwains,
Inhabitants of theſe delightful plains,
Say, by what fountain, in what roſy bower,
Reclines my charmer in the noon-tide hour!
To you, dear fugitive, where'er you ſtray,
Wild with deſpair, impatient of delay,

Swift

Swift on the wings of eager love I fly,
Or ſend my ſoul ſtill ſwifter in a ſigh!
I 'd then inform you of your Cælia's cares,
And try the eloquence of female tears;
Fearleſs I 'd paſs where deſolation reigns,
Tread the wild waſte, or burning Libyan plains:
Or where the North his furious pinions tries,
And howling hurricanes embroil the ſkies!
Should all the monſters in Getulia bred
Oppoſe the paſſage of a tender maid;
Dauntleſs, if Damon calls, his Cælia ſpeeds
Through all the monſters that Getulia breeds!
Bold was Bonduca, and her arrows flew
Swift and unerring from the twanging yew:
By love inſpir'd, I 'll teach the ſhaft to fly;
For thee I 'd conquer, or at leaſt would die!
If o'er the dreary Caucaſus you go,
Or mountains crown'd with everlaſting ſnow,
Where through the freezing ſkies in ſtorms it pours,
And brightens the dull air with ſhining ſhowers,
Ev'n there with you I could ſecurely reſt,
And dare all cold, but in my Damon's breaſt;
Or ſhould you dwell beneath the ſultry ray,
Where riſing Phœbus uſhers-in the day,
There, there I dwell! Thou ſun, exert thy fires;
Love, mighty love, a fiercer flame inſpires:
Or if, a pilgrim, you would pay your vows
Where Jordan's ſtreams in ſoft mæanders flows;
I 'll be a pilgrim, and my vows I 'll pay
Where Jordan's ſtreams in ſoft mæanders play.

Joy

Joy of my ſoul! my every wiſh in one!
Why muſt I love, when loving I 'm undone?
Sweet are the whiſpers of the waving trees,
And murmuring waters, curling to the breeze;
Sweet are ſoft ſlumbers in the ſhady bowers
When glowing ſuns infeſt the ſultry hours:
But not the whiſpers of the waving trees,
Nor murmuring waters, curling to the breeze;
Not ſweet ſoft ſlumbers in the ſhady bowers,
When thou art abſent whom my ſoul adores!
Come, let us ſeek ſome flowery, fragrant bed!
Come, on thy boſom reſt my love-ſick head!
Come, drive thy flocks beneath the ſhady hills,
Or ſoftly ſlumber by the murmuring rills!
Ah no! he flies! that dear enchanting he!
Whoſe beauty ſteals my very ſelf from me!

Yet wert thou wont the garland to prepare,
To crown with fragrant wreaths thy Cælia's hair:
When to the lyre ſhe tun'd the vocal lays,
Thy tongue would flatter, and thine eyes ſpeak praiſe:
And when ſmooth-gliding in the dance ſhe mov'd,
Aſk thy falſe boſom if it never lov'd?
And ſtill her eye ſome little luſtre bears,
If ſwains ſpeak truth!—though dim'd for thee with tears!
But fade each grace! ſince he no longer ſees
Thoſe charms, for whom alone I wiſh to pleaſe!

But whence theſe ſudden, ſad preſaging fears,
Theſe riſing ſighs, and whence theſe flowing tears?
Ah! leſt the trumpet's terrible alarms
Have drawn the lover from his Cælia's charms,
To try the doubtful field, and ſhine in azure arms!

Ah!

Ah! canſt thou bear the labours of the war,
Bend the tough bow, or dart the pointed ſpear?
Deſiſt, fond youth! let others glory gain,
Seek empty honour o'er the ſurgy main,
Or ſheath'd in horrid arms ruſh dreadful to the plain!
Thee, ſhepherd, thee the pleaſurable woods,
The painted meadows, and the cryſtal floods,
Claim and invite to bleſs their ſweet abodes.
There ſhady bowers and ſylvan ſcenes ariſe,
There fountains murmur, and the ſpring ſupplies
Flowers to delight the ſmell, or charm the eyes:
But mourn, ye ſylvan ſcenes and ſhady bowers;
Weep, all ye fountains; languiſh, all ye flowers!
If in a deſert Damon but appear,
To Cælia's eyes a deſert is more fair
Than all your charms, when Damon is not there!
Gods! what ſoft words, what ſweet deluſive wiles
He boaſts! and, oh! thoſe dear undoing ſmiles!
Pleas'd with our ruin, to his arms we run:
To be undone by him, who would not be undone?
Alas! I rave! ye ſwelling torrents, roll
Your watery tribute o'er my love-ſick ſoul!
To cool my heart, your waves, ye oceans, bear!
Oh! vain are all your waves, for Love is there!
But ah! what ſudden thought to frenzy moves
My tortur'd ſoul?—perhaps, my Damon loves!
Some fatal beauty, yielding all her charms,
Detains the lovely traitor from my arms!
Blaſt her, ye ſkies! let inſtant vengeance ſeize
Thoſe guilty charms, whoſe crime it is to pleaſe!

Damon

Damon is mine!—fond maid, thy fears ſubdue!
Am I not jealous? and my charmer true?
O! heaven! from jealouſy my boſom ſave!
Cruel as death, inſatiate as the grave!
Ye powers! of all the ills that ever curſt
Our ſex, ſure man, diſſembling man, is worſt!
Like forward boys, awhile in wanton play,
He ſports with hearts, then throws the toys away:
With ſpecious wiles weak woman he aſſails;
He ſwears, weeps, ſmiles, he flatters, and prevails:
Then, in the moment when the maid believes,
The perjur'd traitor triumphs, ſcorns, and leaves.
How oft my Damon ſwore, th' all-ſeeing ſun
Should change his courſe, and rivers backward run,
Ere his fond heart ſhould range, or faithleſs prove
To the bright object of his ſtedfaſt love!
O! inſtant change thy courſe, all-ſeeing ſun!
Damon is falſe! ye rivers, backward run!
But die, O! wretched Cælia, die! in vain
Thus to the fields and floods you breathe your pain!
The tear is fruitleſs, and the tender ſigh,
And life a load!—forſaken Cælia, die!
Fly ſwifter, time! O! ſpeed the joyful hour!
Receive me, grave!—then I ſhall love no more!
Ah! wretched maid, ſo ſad a cure to prove!
Ah! wretched maid, to fly to death from love!
Yet oh! when this poor frame no more ſhall live,
Be happy, Damon! may not Damon grieve!
Ah me! I 'm vain! my death can not appear
Worth the vaſt price of but a ſingle tear.

Forlorn,

Forlorn, abandon'd, to the rocks I go;
But they have learn'd new cruelties of you!
Alone, relenting Echo with me mourns,
And faint with grief ſhe ſcarce my ſighs returns!
Then, ſighs, adieu! ye nobler paſſions, riſe!
Be wiſe, fond maid!—but who in love is wiſe?
I rage, I rail, th' extremes of anger prove,
Nay, almoſt hate!—then love thee beyond love!
Pity, kind heaven, and right an injur'd maid!
Yet, oh! yet, ſpare the dear deceiver's head!
If from the ſultry ſuns at noon-tide hours
He ſeeks the covert of the breezy bowers,
Awake, O South, and where my charmer lies,
Bid roſes bloom, and beds of fragrance riſe!
Gently, O gently round in whiſpers fly,
Sigh to his ſighs, and fan the glowing ſky!
If o'er the waves he cuts the liquid way,
Be ſtill, ye waves, or round his veſſel play!
And you, ye winds, confine each ruder breath,
Lie huſh'd in ſilence, and be calm as death!
But if he ſtay detain'd by adverſe gales,
My ſighs ſhall drive the ſhip, and fill the flagging ſails.

TRANS-

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

HESIOD

AND

APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

" ——Vos exemplaria Græca
" Nocturnâ verſate manu, verſate diurnâ." HOR.

THE BATTLE OF THE GODS AND TITANS.

From the Theogony of HESIOD; with a Deſcription of Tartarus, &c.

——μάχην δ' ἀμέγαρτον ἔγειραν
Πάντες, &c. Θεογ. 666.

NOW ſounds the vault of heaven with loud alarms,
And Gods by Gods embattling ruſh to arms:
Here ſtalk the Titans of portentous ſize,
Burſt from their dungeons, and aſſault the ſkies;
And there, unchain'd from Erebus and Night,
Auxiliar * giants aid the Gods in fight:
An hundred arms each tower-like warrior rears,
And ſtares from fifty heads amid the ſtars;
The dreadful brotherhood ſtern-frowning ſtands,
And hurls an hundred rocks from hundred hands:
The Titans ruſh'd with fury uncontrol'd;
Gods ſunk on Gods, o'er giant giant roll'd;
Then roar'd the ocean with a dreadful ſound,
Heaven ſhook with all its thrones, and groan'd the ground,
Trembled th' eternal poles at every ſtroke,
And frighted hell from its foundations ſhook:
Noiſe, horrid noiſe, th' aërial region fills,
Rocks daſh on rocks, and hills encounter hills;

* Ægeon, Cottus, Gyges.

Through earth, air, heaven, tumultuous clamours riſe,
And ſhouts of battle thunder in the ſkies.
Then Jove omnipotent diſplay'd the God,
And all Olympus trembled as he trod:
He graſps ten thouſand thunders in his hand,
Bares his red arm, and wields the forky brand;
Then aims the bolts, and bids his lightnings play;
They flaſh, and rend through heaven their flaming way:
Redoubling blow on blow, in wrath he moves;
The ſing'd earth groans, and burns with all her groves;
The floods, the billows, boiling hiſs with fires,
And bickering flame, and ſmouldering ſmoke aſpires:
A night of clouds blots out the golden day;
Full in their eyes the writhen lightnings play:
Ev'n chaos burns: again earth groans, heaven roars,
As tumbling downward with its ſhining towers;
Or burſt this earth, torn from her central place,
With dire diſruption from her deepeſt baſe:
Nor ſlept the wind: the wind new horror forms,
Clouds daſh on clouds before th' outrageous ſtorms,
While, tearing up the ſands, in drifts they riſe,
And half the deſerts mount th' encumber'd ſkies:
At once the tempeſt bellows, lightnings fly,
The thunders roar, and clouds involve the ſky:
Stupendous were the deeds of heavenly might;
What leſs, when Gods conflicting cope in fight?
Now heaven its foes with horrid inroad gores,
And ſlow and ſour recede the giant powers:
Here ſtalks Ægeon, here fierce Gyges moves,
There Cottus rends up hills with all their groves;

Theſe

Theſe hurl'd at once againſt the Titan bands
Three hundred mountains from three hundred hands:
And overſhadowing, overwhelming bound
With chains infrangible beneath the ground;
Below this earth, far as earth's confines lie,
Through ſpace unmeaſur'd, from the ſtarry ſky;
Nine days an anvil of enormous weight,
Down ruſhing headlong from th' aërial height,
Scarce reaches earth; thence toſt in giddy rounds
Scarce reaches in nine days th' infernal bounds:
A wall of iron of ſtupendous height
Guards the dire dungeons black with threefold night:
High o'er the horrors of th' eternal ſhade
The ſtedfaſt baſe of earth and ſeas is laid;
There in coercive durance Jove detains
The groaning Titans in afflictive chains.
A ſeat of woe! remote from chearful day,
Through gulphs impaſſable, a boundleſs way.
Above theſe realms, a brazen ſtructure ſtands
With brazen portals, fram'd by Neptune's hands;
Through chaos to the ocean's baſe it ſwells;
There ſtern Ægeon with his giants dwells;
Fierce guards of Jove! from hence the fountains riſe
That waſh the earth, or wander through the ſkies;
That groaning murmur through the realm of woes,
Or feed the channels where the ocean flows;
Collected horrors throng the dire abodes,
Horrid and fell! deteſted ev'n by Gods!
Enormous gulph! immenſe the bounds appear,
Waſteful and void, the journey of a year:

Where beating ſtorms, as in wild whirls they fight,
Toſs the pale wanderer, and retoſs through night:
The powers immortal with affright ſurvey
The hideous chaſm, and ſeal it up from day.
Hence through the vault of heaven huge Atlas rears
His giant limbs, and props the golden ſpheres:
Here ſable Night, and here the beamy Day,
Lodge and diſlodge, alternate in their ſway.
A brazen port the varying powers divides:
When Day forth iſſues, here the Night reſides;
And when Night veils the ſkies, obſequious Day,
Re-entering, plunges from the ſtarry way.
She from her lamp, with beaming radiance bright,
Pours o'er th' expanded earth a flood of light:
But Night, by Sleep attended, rides in ſhades,
Brother of Death, and all that breathes invades:
From * her foul womb they ſprung, reſiſtleſs powers,
Nurs'd in the horrors of Tartarean bowers,
Remote from Day, when with her flaming wheels
She mounts the ſkies, or paints the weſtern hills:
With downy footſteps Sleep in ſilence glides
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the ſpacious tides;
The friend of life! Death unrelenting bears
An iron heart, and laughs at human cares;
She makes the mouldering race of man her prey,
And ev'n th' immortal powers deteſt her ſway.
Thus fell the † Titans from the realms above,
Beneath the thunders of Almighty Jove;

* Of night. † 820.

Then

Then earth impregnate felt maternal woes,
And ſhook through all her frame with teeming throes:
Hence roſe Typhoeus, a gigantic birth,
A monſter ſprung from Tartarus and Earth,
A match for Gods in might! on high he ſpreads
From his huge trunk an hundred dragons heads,
And from an hundred mouths in vengeance flings
Envenom'd foam, and darts an hundred ſtings;
Horror, terrific, frowns from every brow,
And like a furnace his red eye-balls glow;
Fires dart from every creſt; and, as he turns,
Keen ſplendors flaſh, and all the giant burns:
Whene'er he ſpeaks, in echoing thunders riſe
An hundred voices, and affright the ſkies,
Unutterably fierce! the bright abodes
Frequent they ſhake, and terrify the Gods:
Now bellowing like a ſavage bull, they roar,
Or angry lions in the midnight hour;
Now yell like furious whelps, or hiſs like ſnakes;
The rocks rebound, and every mountain ſhakes:
He hurl'd defiance 'gainſt th' immortal powers,
And heaven had ſeiz'd with all its ſhining towers,
But, at the voice of Jove, from pole to pole
Red lightnings flaſh, and raging thunders roll,
Rattling o'er all th' expanſion of the ſkies,
Bolt after bolt o'er earth and ocean flies.
Stern frowns the God amidſt the lightnings blaze,
Olympus ſhakes from his eternal baſe;
Trembles the earth: fierce flame involves the poles,
Devours the ground, and o'er the billows rolls:

Fires from Typhoeus flash: with dreadful sound
Storms rattle, thunder rolls, and groans the ground;
Above, below, the conflagration roars,
Ev'n the seas kindled burn through all their shores,
Deluge of fire! Earth rocks her tottering coasts,
And gloomy Pluto shakes with all his ghosts;
Ev'n the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,
Start at the din that rends th' infernal shores:
Then, in full wrath, Jove all the God applies,
And all his thunders burst at once the skies;
And rushing gloomy from th' Olympian brow,
He blasts the giant with th' almighty blow;
The giant tumbling sinks beneath the wound,
And with enormous ruin rocks the ground:
Nor yet the lightnings of th' Almighty stay,
Through the sing'd earth they burst their burning way;
Earth kindling inward, melts in all her caves,
And hissing floats with fierce metallic waves:
As iron fusile from the furnace flows,
Or molten ore with keen effulgence glows,
When the dire bolts of Jove stern Vulcan frames,
In burning channels roll the liquid flames;
Thus melted earth, and Jove, from realms on high,
Plung'd the huge giant to the nether sky.

Then from Typhoeus sprung the winds that bear
Storms on their wings, and thunder in the air:
But from the Gods descend of milder kind,
The East, the West, the South, and Boreal wind;
These in soft whispers breathe a friendly breeze,
Play through the groves, or sport upon the seas;

They

They fan the ſultry air with cooling gales,
And waft from realm to realm the flying ſails:
The reſt in ſtorms of ſounding whirlwinds fly,
Toſs the wild waves, and battle in the ſky;
Fatal to man! at once all ocean roars,
And ſcatter'd navies bulge on diſtant ſhores.
Then thundering o'er the earth they rend their way,
Graſs, herb, and flower, beneath their rage decay;
While towers, and domes, vain boaſts of human truſt,
Torn from their inmoſt baſe, are whelm'd in duſt.
Thus heaven aſſerted its eternal reign
O'er the proud giants, and Titanic train;
And now in peace the Gods their Jove obey,
And all the thrones of heaven adore his ſway.

THE LOVE OF JASON AND MEDEA.

From the Third Book, Verſe 743, of Apollonius Rhodius.

Νὺ μὲν ἔπειτ' ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἄγεν κνέφας, &c.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE tranſlator has taken the liberty, in the following verſion from the Argonautics of Apollonius, as well as in the ſtory of Talus, to omit whatever has not an immediate relation to the ſubject; yet hopes that a due connection is not wanting; and that the reader will not be diſpleaſed with theſe ſhort ſketches from a Poet who is affirmed to be every where ſublime, by no leſs a critic than Longinus; and from whom many verſes are borrowed by ſo great a Poet as Virgil.

NOW riſing ſhades a ſolemn gloom diſplay,
O'er the wide earth, and o'er th' ethereal way:
All night the ſailor marks the northern team,
And golden circlet of Orion's beam:
A deep repoſe the weary wanderer ſhares,
And the faint watchman ſleeps away his cares;
Ev'n the fond mother, while all breathleſs lies
Her child of love, in ſlumber ſeals her eyes;

No

No ſound of village-dog, no noiſe invades
The death-like ſilence of the midnight ſhades:
Alone Medea wakes: To love a prey,
Reſtleſs ſhe rolls, and groans the night away:
Now the fire-breathing bulls command her cares;
She thinks on Jaſon, and for Jaſon fears:
In ſad review, on horrors horrors riſe;
Quick beats her heart, from thought to thought ſhe flies:
As from repleniſh'd urns, with dubious ray,
The ſun-beams dancing from the ſurface play,
Now here, now there, the trembling radiance falls
Alternate flaſhing round th' illumin'd walls;
Thus fluttering bounds the trembling virgin's blood,
And from her ſhining eyes deſcends a flood:
Now raving with reſiſtleſs flames ſhe glows,
Now ſick with love ſhe melts with ſofter woes:
The tyrant God, of every thought poſſeſt,
Beats in each pulſe, and ſtings and racks her breaſt:
Now ſhe reſolves the magic to betray
To tame the bulls, now yield him up a prey:
Again, the drugs diſdaining to ſupply,
She loaths the light, and meditates to die:
Anon, repelling with a brave diſdain
The coward thought, ſhe nouriſhes the pain:
Thus toſt, retoſt with furious ſtorms of cares,
On the cold ground ſhe rolls, and thus with tears:
Ah me! where'er I turn, before my eyes
A dreadful view, on ſorrows ſorrows riſe!
Toſt in a giddy whirl of ſtrong deſire,
I glow, I burn, yet bleſs the pleaſing fire.

O had

O had this ſpirit from its priſon fled,
By Dian ſent to wander with the dead,
Ere the proud Grecians view'd the Colchian ſkies;
Ere Jaſon, lovely Jaſon, met theſe eyes!
Hell gave the ſhining miſchief to our coaſt,
Medea ſaw him, and Medea 's loſt——
But why theſe ſorrows? if the powers on high
His death decree, die, wretched Jaſon, die!
Shall I elude my fire? my art betray?
Ah me! what words ſhall purge the guilt away!
But could I yield——O whither muſt I run
To find the man——whom virtue bids me ſhun?
Shall I, all loſt to ſhame, to Jaſon fly?
And yet I muſt—If Jaſon bleeds, I die!
Then, ſhame, farewell! Adieu for ever, fame!
Hail, black diſgrace! be fam'd for guilt my name!
Live! Jaſon, live! enjoy the vital air!
Live through my aid! and fly where winds can bear!
But when he flies, ye poiſons, lend your powers,
That day, Medea treads th' infernal ſhores!
Then, wretched maid, thy lot is endleſs ſhame,
Then the proud dames of Colchos blaſt thy name:
I hear them cry—'The falſe Medea 's dead,
'Through guilty paſſion for a ſtranger's bed;
'Medea, careleſs of her virgin fame,
'Preferr'd a ſtranger to a father's name!'
O may I rather yield this vital breath,
Than bear that baſe diſhonour, worſe than death!
Thus wail'd the fair, and ſeiz'd with horrid joy
Drugs foes to life, and potent to deſtroy;

A maga-

A magazine of death! again ſhe pours
From her ſwoln eye-balls tears in ſhining ſhowers;
With grief inſatiate, and with trembling hands,
All comfortleſs the caſk of death expands:
A ſudden fear her labouring ſoul invades,
Struck with the horrors of th' infernal ſhades:
She ſtands deep-muſing with a faded brow,
Abſorpt in thought, a monument of woe!
While all the comforts that on life attend,
The cheerful converſe, and the faithful friend,
By thought deep-imag'd in her boſom play,
Endearing life, and charm deſpair away:
Th' all-cheering ſuns with ſweeter light ariſe,
And every object brightens to her eyes:
Then from her hand the baneful drugs ſhe throws,
Conſents to live, recover'd from her woes;
Reſolv'd the magic virtue to betray,
She waits the dawn, and calls the lazy day:
Time ſeems to ſtand, or backward drive his wheels:
The hours ſhe chides, and eyes the eaſtern hills:
At length the dawn with orient beams appears,
The ſhades diſperſe, and man awakes to cares.
Studious to pleaſe, her graceful length of hair
With art ſhe binds, that wanton'd with the air;
From her ſoft cheek ſhe wipes the tear away,
And bids keen lightnings from her eyes to play;
From limb to limb refreſhing unguents pours,
Unguents, that breathe of heaven, in copious ſhowers:
Her robe ſhe next aſſumes; bright claſps of gold
Cloſe to the leſſening waiſt the robe infold;

Down

Down from her ſwelling loins, the reſt unbound
Floats in rich waves redundant o'er the ground:
Laſt, with a ſhining veil her cheeks ſhe ſhades,
Then ſwimming ſmooth along magnificently treads.'
Thus forward moves the faireſt of her kind,
Blind to the future, to the preſent blind:
Twelve maids, attendants on her virgin bower,
Alike unconſcious of the bridal hour,
Join to the car the mules: dire rites to pay,
To Hecate's black fane ſhe bends her way;
A juice ſhe bears, whoſe magic virtue tames
(Through fell Perſephone) the rage of flames;
It gives the hero, ſtrong in matchleſs might,
To ſtand ſecure of harms in mortal fight;
It mocks the ſword: the ſword without a wound,
Leaps as from marble, ſhiver'd to the ground:
She mounts the car;* nor rode the nymph alone;
On either ſide two lovely damſels ſhone:
Her hand with ſkill th' embroider'd rein controls;
Back fly the ſtreets, as ſwift the chariot rolls.
Along the wheel-worn road they hold their way,
The domes retreat, the ſinking towers decay:
Bare to the knee ſuccinct a damſel train
Behind attends, and glitters tow'rd the plain.
As when her limbs divine, Diana laves
In fair Parthenius, or th' Amneſian waves,
Sublime in royal ſtate the bounding roes
Whirl her bright car along the mountain brows;
Swift to her fane in pomp the goddeſs moves;
The nymphs attend that haunt the ſhady groves,

* 869.

Th'

Th' Amneſian fount, or ſilver-ſtreaming rills;
Nymphs of the vales, or Oreads of the hills!
The fawning beaſts before the goddeſs play,
Or, trembling, ſavage adoration pay:
Thus on her car ſublime the nymph appears,
The crowd falls back, and as ſhe moves reveres;
Swift to the fane aloft her courſe ſhe bends;
The fane ſhe reaches, and to earth deſcends:
Then to her train—Ah me! I fear we ſtray,
Miſled by folly to this lonely way!
Alas! ſhould Jaſon with his Greeks appear,
Where ſhould we fly? I fear, alas, I fear!
No more the Colchian youths, and virgin train,
Haunt the cool ſhade, or tread in dance the plain:
But ſince alone;—with ſports beguile the hours,
Come chaunt the ſong, or pluck the blooming flowers;
Pluck every ſweet, to deck your virgin bowers!
Then warbling ſoft,* ſhe lifts her heavenly voice;
But ſick with mighty love, the ſong is noiſe;
She hears from every note a diſcord riſe,
Till, pauſing, on her tongue the muſic dies;
She hates each object, every face offends;
In every wiſh, her ſoul to Jaſon ſends;
With ſharpen'd eyes the diſtant lawn explores,
To find the object whom her ſoul adores:
At every whiſper of the paſſing air,
She ſtarts, ſhe turns, and hopes her Jaſon there:
Again ſhe fondly looks, nor looks in vain;
He comes, her Jaſon ſhines along the plain.

* 947.

As

As when, emerging from the watery way,
Refulgent Sirius lifts his golden ray,
He ſhines terrific! for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death;
Such to the nymph approaching Jaſon ſhows,
Bright author of unutterable woes;
Before her eyes a ſwimming darkneſs ſpread,
Her fluſh'd cheek glow'd, her very heart was dead;
No more her knees their wonted office knew,
Fix'd, without motion, as to earth ſhe grew:
Her train recedes; the meeting lovers gaze
In ſilent wonder, and in ſtill amaze:
As two fair cedars on the mountain's brow,
Pride of the groves! with roots adjoining grow;
Erect and motionleſs the ſtately trees
Awhile remain, while ſleeps each fanning breeze,
Till from th' Æolian caves a blaſt unbound
Bends their proud tops, and bids their boughs reſound;
Thus gazing they, till by the breath of love
Strongly at length inſpir'd, they ſpeak, they move:
With ſmiles the love-ſick virgin he ſurvey'd,
And fondly thus addreſt the blooming maid:
Diſmiſs, my fair, my love, thy virgin fear;
'Tis Jaſon ſpeaks, no enemy is here!
Man, haughty man, is of obdurate kind;
But Jaſon bears no proud, inhuman mind,
By gentleſt manners, ſofteſt arts refin'd.
Whom wouldſt thou fly? Stay, lovely virgin, ſtay!
Speak every thought! far hence be fears away!
Speak!

Speak! and be truth in every accent found!
Dread to deceive! we tread on *hallow'd ground.
By the ſtern power who guards this ſacred place,
By the illuſtrious authors of thy race;
By Jove, to whom the ſtranger's cauſe belongs,
To whom the ſuppliant, and who feels their wrongs;
O guard me, ſave me, in the needful hour!
Without thy aid, thy Jaſon is no more;
To thee a ſuppliant, in diſtreſs I bend,
To thee a ſtranger, and who wants a friend!
Then, when between us ſeas and mountains riſe,
Medea's name ſhall ſound in diſtant ſkies;
All Greece to thee ſhall owe her heroes fates,
And bleſs Medea through her hundred ſtates.
The mother and the wife, who now in vain
Roll their ſad eyes faſt-ſtreaming o'er the main,
Shall ſtay their tears; the mother, and the wife,
Shall bleſs thee for a ſon's or huſband's life!
Fair Ariadne, ſprung from Minos' bed,
Sav'd the brave Theſeus, and with Theſeus fled,
Forſook her father, and her native plain,
And ſtemm'd the tumults of the ſurging main;
Yet the ſtern ſire relented, and forgave
The maid, whoſe only crime it was to ſave:
Ev'n the juſt Gods forgave: and now on high
A ſtar ſhe ſhines, and beautifies the ſky:
What bleſſings then ſhall righteous heaven decree
For all our heroes ſav'd, and ſav'd by thee!
Heaven gave thee not, to kill, ſo ſoft an air,
And cruelty ſure never look'd ſo fair!

* Temple of Hecate.

He

He ceas'd; but left ſo charming on her ear
His voice, that liſtening ſtill ſhe ſeem'd to hear:
Her eye to earth ſhe bends with modeſt grace,
And heaven in ſmiles is open'd in her face.
A glance ſhe ſteals; but roſy bluſhes ſpread
O'er her fair cheek, and then ſhe drops her head:
A thouſand words at once to ſpeak ſhe tries;
In vain—but ſpeaks a thouſand with her eyes:
Trembling, the ſhining caſket ſhe expands,
Then gives the magic virtue to his hands;
And had the power been granted to convey
Her heart—had given her very heart away.

EPISTOLA AD AMICUM RUSTICANTEM,

Scripta Vere ineunte Cantab. 1709.

ECQUID abſenti tibi cura Grantæ?
Ecquid antiqui memor es ſodalis!
Chare permultis, mihi præter omnes
Chare, Georgî.

Cernis! ut mulcet levis aura campos!
Ut roſâ dulci, violiſque terram
Flora depingit, Zephyruſque blandis
Ventilat alis!

Tarde, quid ceſſas? Age Rozinantis
Terga conſcendas eques * ingementis,
Tenè ruralis Galatæa duris
Detinet Ulnis?

* Obeſo fuit corpore.

Digne

Digne ſuccendi meliore flammâ!—
Sive * Clariſſam, Juvenumvè curam
Philliden mavis, placeatvè, quondam
Pulchra, Lycoris.

Tarde, quid ceſſas? tibi multa virgo
Splendidos lædit lacrymis ocellos,
Et tibi fruſtrà ad ſpeculum comarum
Circinat orbes!

Te frequens votis revocat ſophiſtes,
Dum Johannenſi madidus lyæo,
De tubis haurit, revomitque dulcem
Undique nubem.

Quin velis ſcribam quid habet novorum
Granta? Marlburus ſpoliis onuſtus,
Gallicas fudit propè † Scaldis undam
Strage Phalangas.

O! triumphalem gladium recondas!
Ite vos laurus ſanie rubentes!
Sis memor pacis, viridique cingas
Tempora Myrto!

Huc ades divûm atque hominum voluptas
Mollè ſubridens, Venus! huc ſorores
Gratiæ! longùm vale, O! Minerva,
Aſpera Virgo!

* Tres elegantes apud Cantabrigiam Puellæ.

† Juxtà Aldenardum.

Barbaro tandèm ſatiata ludo,
Ægidem ponas, gladiumque; caſtam
Virginem dirus gladius, feroxque
Dedecet Ægis.

Flagitas noſtræ quid agunt camœnæ?
Uror infelix! mihi me Belinda
Surripit! Collum O! niveum, O! Puellæ
Suave labellum!

Ah! ut obliquo aſpiciens ocello
Torruit pectus!—neque tu furoris
Inſcius blandi! tibi ſævit imis
Flamma medullis!

Tu tamen felix! cohibere triſtes
Tu potes curas! * Cerealis hauſtus
Eſt tibi, præſens relevare diro
Pectora luctu.

Corticem aſtrictum pice cum reducis,
Audin' ingenti tonat ut boatu
Fumidus! ſummo ruit ut lagenæ
Spumeus ore!

Cernis! ut vitro nitet invidendo
Aureum nectar! comes it facetus
Cui jocus, quocum Venus & Cupido
Spicula tingunt.

Jam memor charæ, cyathum coronas,
Virginis:—plenum video!—ah! caveto
Dextra nè quaſſet malè, dum laborat
Pondere dulci!

* Anglicè *kettled ale*.

Euge!

Euge! ficcâſti benè, fortiterque!—
Hinc adeſt curæ medicina! ſuaves
Hinc tibi ſomni, & tibi ſuaviora
Somnia ſomnis!

Hos bibens ſuccos, nihil invidebis
Italis, quamvis cyathi Falerno
Dulcè nigreſcant, neque Gallicanæ
Laudibus uvæ!

Hic Johannenſi latitans ſuili
Grunnio, ſcribens ſitiente labro,
Aut graves hauſtus, inimica Muſis
Pocula, duco.

SIXTEEN ODES *

OF

ANACREON.

ODE XV. Happy Life.

THE wealth of Gyges I deſpiſe;
Gems are uſeleſs glittering toys.
Gold I leave, and ſuch vain things,
To the low aim and pride of kings.
Let my hair with unguents flow,
With roſy garlands crown my brow!
The preſent moment I enjoy,
Doom'd in the next, perhaps, to die!
Then, while the hour ſerenely ſhines,
Toſs the gay die, and quaff thy wines:
But ever, in the genial hour,
To Bacchus the libation pour,
Leſt death in wrath approach, and cry,
Man—taſte no more the cup of joy.

* Firſt publiſhed in the Gentleman's Magazine; and afterwards inſerted in the tranſlations of Anacreon, publiſhed by Mr. Fawkes.

ODE

ODE XVI. The Power of BEAUTY.

SOME ſing of Thebes, and ſome deſtroy
In lofty numbers haughty Troy.
I mourn, alas! in plaintive ſtrains,
My own captivity and chains!
No navy, rang'd in proud array,
No foot, no horſeman, arm'd to ſlay,
My peace alarm! Far other foes,
Far other hoſts, create my woes:
Strange, dangerous hoſts, that ambuſh'd lie
In every bright love-darting eye!
Such as deſtroy, when beauty arms
To conquer, dreadful in its charms!

ODE XX. To his MISTRESS.

THE Gods o'er mortals prove their ſway,
And ſteal them from themſelves away:
Transform'd by their almighty hands,
Sad Niobe an image ſtands;
And Philomel, up-born on wings
Through air, her mournful ſtory ſings.
Would heaven, indulgent to my vow,
The happy change I wiſh, allow;
The envy'd mirrour I would be,
That thou mightſt always gaze on me;
And could my naked heart appear,
Thou 'dſt ſee thyſelf—for thou art there!

O! were I made thy folding veſt,
That thou mightſt claſp me to thy breaſt!
Or turn'd into a fount, to lave
Thy naked beauties in my wave!
Thy boſom-cincture I would grow,
To warm thoſe little hills of ſnow;
Thy ointment, in rich fragrant ſtreams
To wander o'er thy beauteous limbs;
Thy chain of ſhining pearl—to deck,
And cloſe embrace thy graceful neck:
A very ſandal I would be
To tread on—if trod on by thee!

ODE XXIV. IMITATED.

ALAS! alas! I ſee each day
Steals me from myſelf away;
And every ſtep of life I tread,
I ſpeed to mingle with the dead.
How many years are paſt, my friends,
I know, and there my knowledge ends.
How many years are ſtill in ſtore,
I neither can, nor would explore.
Then, ſince the hours inceſſant fly,
They all ſhall find me crown'd with joy.
To thoſe, my cares I here bequeath,
Who meanly die for fear of death,
And daily with aſſiduous ſtrife
Contrive to live, accurs'd with life.
Then, Care, begone! I 'd dance and play;
Hence, with thy ſerious face away!
I 'll

I 'll laugh; and whilſt gay wine inflames,
I 'll court the laughter-loving dames;
And ſtudy to reſign my breath
In extaſy, and ſmile in death.

ODE XXV. Imitated.

BRING me, O bring th' enlivening draught,
Lenient of grief, and anxious thought.
Then Care retires, aſham'd to ſhow
His downcaſt eye, and faded brow.
I baniſh buſineſs to the great,
To all that curſe, yet covet ſtate.
Death haſtes amain: then who would run
To meet what moſt he ſtrives to ſhun?
Or antedate the dreadful day
By cares, and aid the fiend to ſlay?
If tears could bribe his dreadful powers,
I 'd weep, and bleſs the precious ſhowers;
But let our lot be joy or woe,
Alike he ſpeeds to ſtrike the blow.
Then crown the bowl!—ye ſorrows, fly
To kill ſome wretch who wants to die.

ODE XXXI. The pleaſing Frenzy.

NOW bring, by all the powers divine,
Bring me a bowl of roſy wine;
A mighty bowl of wine I crave:
When wine inſpires, 'tis ſweet to rave.

In frantic rage Alcmæon drew
His falchion, and his *mother ſlew:
Oreſtes in a furious mood
Raving ſhed his † mother's blood.
Dreadful, ſober madmen, they!—
None, harmleſs drunkard, none I ſlay:
The blood of grapes I only crave;
I quaff it, and 'tis ſweet to rave.

Alcides, frantic, graſp'd his bow;
His quiver rattled, ſtor'd with woe:
Stern Ajax ſhook his glittering blade,
And broad his ſevenfold ſhield diſplay'd:
Dangerous madman! how he drew
His ſword, and hoſts in fancy ſlew!

I, peaceful I, no falchion wield;
I bend no bow, I poiſe no ſhield.
The flowery garland crowns my hairs,
My hand the powerful goblet bears;
The powerful goblet, nobly brave,
I drain, and then 'tis ſweet to rave.

ODE XXXVI.

TALK not to me of pedant rules;
I leave debates to learned fools,
Who ſolemnly in form adviſe;
At beſt, impertinently wiſe!

To me more pleaſing precepts give,
And teach the ſcience how to live;

* Eryphile. † Clytæmneſtra.

To

To bury in the friendly draught
Sorrows that ſpring from too much thought;
To learn ſoft leſſons from the fair,
How life may glide exempt from care.
Alas! I 'm old! I ſee my head
With hoary locks by time o'erſpread:
Then inſtant be the goblet brought,
To make me young—at leaſt in thought.
Alas! inceſſant ſpeeds the day
When I muſt mix with common clay;
When I muſt tread the diſmal ſhore,
And dream of love and wine no more.

ODE XXXVII. The SPRING.

SEE, Winter 's paſt! the ſeaſons bring
Soft breezes with returning Spring;
At whoſe approach the Graces wear
Freſh honours in their flowing hair:
The raging ſeas forget to roar,
And, ſmiling, gently kiſs the ſhore:
The ſportive duck, in wanton play,
Now dives, now riſes into day;
The cranes from freezing ſkies repair,
And ſailing float to warmer air:
Th' enlivening ſuns in glory riſe,
And gaily dance along the ſkies.
The clouds diſperſe; or if in ſhowers
They fall, it is to wake the flowers:

See,

See, verdure cloaths the teeming earth!
The olive ſtruggles into birth:
The ſwelling grapes adorn the vine,
And kindly promiſe future wine:
Bleſt juice! already I in thought
Quaff an imaginary draught.

ODE XLVIII. Gay Life.

GIVE me Homer's tuneful lyre,
Let the ſound my breaſt inſpire!
But with no troubleſome delight
Of arms, and heroes ſlain in fight:
Let it play no conqueſts here,
Or conqueſts only o'er the fair!
Boy, reach that volume—book divine;
The ſtatutes of the God of Wine!
He, legiſlator, ſtatutes draws;
And I, his judge, inforce his laws;
And, faithful to the weighty truſt,
Compel his vot'ries to be juſt:
Thus, round the bowl impartial flies,
Till to the ſprightly dance we riſe;
We friſk it with a lively bound,
Charm'd with the lyre's harmonious ſound;
Then pour forth, with an heat divine,
Rapturous ſongs that breathe of wine.

ODE L. The happy Effects of WINE.

SEE! see the jolly god appears;
His hand a mighty goblet bears:
With sparkling Wine full-charg'd it flows,
The sovereign cure of human woes.
Wine gives a kind release from care,
And courage to subdue the fair;
Instructs the cheerful to advance
Harmonious in the sprightly dance:
Hail, goblet! rich with generous wines!
See! round the verge a vine-branch twines.
See! how the mimic clusters roll,
As ready to re-fill the bowl!
Wine keeps its happy patients free
From every painful malady;
Our best physician all the year.
Thus guarded, no disease we fear,
No troublesome disease of mind,
Until another year grows kind,
And loads again the fruitful vine,
And brings again our health——new wine.

ODE LII. GRAPES; or the VINTAGE.

IO! the vintage now is done!
And black'ned with th' autumnal sun
The grapes gay youths and virgins bear,
The sweetest product of the year!

In

In vats the heavenly load they lay,
And ſwift the damſels trip away:
The youths alone the wine-preſs tread,
For wine 's by ſkilful drunkards made:
Mean time the mirthful ſong they raiſe,
Io! Bacchus, to thy praiſe!
And, eying the bleſt juice, in thought
Quaff an imaginary draught.

Gaily, through wine, the old advance,
And doubly tremble in the dance:
In fancy'd youth they chant and play,
Forgetful that their locks are grey.

Through wine, the youth completes his loves;
He haunts the ſilence of the groves:
Where, ſtretch'd beneath th' embowering ſhade,
He ſpies ſome love-inſpiring maid:
On beds of roſy ſweets ſhe lies,
Inviting ſleep to cloſe her eyes:
Faſt by her ſide his limbs he throws,
Her hand he preſſes—breathes his vows;
And cries, My love, my ſoul, comply
This inſtant, or, alas! I die.

In vain the youth perſuaſion tries!
In vain!—her tongue at leaſt denies:
Then ſcorning death through dull deſpair,
He ſtorms th' unwilling willing fair;
Bleſſing the grapes that could diſpenſe
The happy, happy impudence.

ODE

ODE LIII. The Rose.

COME, lyriſt, tune thy harp, and play
Reſponſive to my vocal lay:
Gently touch it, while I ſing
The Roſe, the glory of the ſpring.
To heaven the Roſe in fragrance flies,
The ſweeteſt incenſe of the ſkies.
Thee, joy of earth, when vernal hours
Pour forth a blooming waſte of flowers,
The gaily-ſmiling Graces wear
A trophy in their flowing hair.
Thee Venus queen of beauty loves,
And, crown'd with thee, more graceful moves.
In fabled ſong, and tuneful lays,
Their favourite Roſe the Muſes praiſe:
To pluck the Roſe, the virgin-train
With blood their pretty fingers ſtain,
Nor dread the pointed terrors round,
That threaten, and inflict a wound:
See! how they wave the charming toy,
Now kiſs, now ſnuff the fragrant joy!
The Roſe the poets ſtrive to praiſe,
And for it would exchange their bays;
O! ever to the ſprightly feaſt
Admitted, welcome, pleaſing gueſt!
But chiefly when the goblet flows,
And Roſy wreaths adorn our brows!
Lovely ſmiling Roſe, how ſweet
The object where thy beauties meet!

Aurora

Aurora with a bluſhing ray,
And Roſy fingers, ſpreads the day:
The Graces more enchanting ſhow
When Roſy bluſhes paint their ſnow;
And every pleas'd beholder ſeeks
The Roſe in Cytheræa's cheeks.
When pain afflicts, or ſickneſs grieves,
Its juice the drooping heart relieves;
And, after death, its odours ſhed
A pleaſing fragrance o'er the dead;
And when its withering charms decay,
And ſinking, fading, die away,
Triumphant o'er the rage of time,
It keeps the fragrance of its prime.
Come, lyriſt, join to ſing the birth
Of this ſweet offſpring of the earth!
When Venus from the ocean's bed
Rais'd o'er the waves her lovely head;
When warlike Pallas ſprung from Jove,
Tremendous to the powers above;
To grace the world, the teeming earth
Gave the fragrant infant birth,
And 'This,' ſhe cry'd, 'I this ordain
'My favourite, queen of flowers to reign!'
But firſt th' aſſembled gods debate
The future wonder to create:
Agreed at length, from heaven they threw
A drop of rich, nectareous dew;
A bramble-ſtem the drop receives,
And ſtrait the Roſe adorns the leaves.

The

The gods to Bacchus gave the flower,
To grace him in the genial hour.

ODE LIV. Grown Young.

WHEN ſprightly youths my eyes ſurvey,
I too am young, and I am gay;
In dance my active body ſwims,
And ſudden pinions lift my limbs.
Haſte, crown, Cybæba, crown my brows
With garlands of the fragrant roſe!
Hence, hoary age!—I now am ſtrong,
And dance, a youth among the young.
Come then, my friends, the goblet drain!
Bleſt juice!—I feel thee in each vein!
See! how with active bounds I ſpring!
How ſtrong, and yet how ſweet, I ſing!
How bleſt am I! who thus excell
In pleaſing arts of trifling well!

ODE LV. The Mark.

THE ſtately ſteed expreſſive bears
A mark imprinted on his hairs:
The turban that adorns the brows
Of Aſia's ſons, the Parthian ſhows:
And marks betray the lover's heart,
Deeply engrav'd by Cupid's dart:
I plainly read them in his eyes,
That look too fooliſh, or too wiſe.

ODE

ODE LVI.

ALAS! the powers of life decay!
My hairs are fall'n, or chang'd to grey!
The ſmiling bloom, and youthful grace,
Is baniſh'd from my faded face!
Thus man beholds, with weeping eyes,
Himſelf half-dead before he dies.
For this, and for the grave, I fear,
And pour the never-ceaſing tear!
A dreadful proſpect ſtrikes my eye;
I ſoon muſt ſicken, ſoon muſt die.
For this the mournful groan I ſhed;
I dread—alas! the hour I dread!
What eye can ſtedfaſtly ſurvey
Death, and its dark tremendous way?
For ſoon as fate has clos'd our eyes,
Man dies—for ever, ever dies!
All pale, all ſenſeleſs in the urn!
Never, ah! never to return.

ODE LXIV. To Apollo.

ONCE more, not uninſpir'd, the ſtring
I waken, and ſpontaneous ſing:
No Pythic laurel-wreath I claim,
That lifts ambition into fame:
My voice unbidden tunes the lay:
Some god impells, and I obey.

Liſten

Liſten, ye groves!—The Muſe prepares
A ſacred ſong in Phrygian airs;
Such as the ſwan expiring ſings,
Melodious by Cäyſter's ſprings,
While liſtening winds in ſilence hear,
And to the gods the muſic bear.

Celeſtial Muſe! attend, and bring
Thy aid, while I thy Phœbus ſing:
To Phœbus and the Muſe belong
The laurel, lyre, and Delphic ſong.

Begin, begin the loſty ſtrain!
How Phœbus lov'd, but lov'd in vain;
How Daphne fled his guilty flame,
And ſcorn'd a god that offer'd ſhame.
With glorious pride his vows ſhe hears;
And heaven, indulgent to her prayers,
To laurel chang'd the nymph, and gave
Her foliage to reward the brave.

Ah! how, on wings of love convey'd,
He flew to claſp the panting maid!
Now, now o'ertakes!—but heaven deceives
His hope—he ſeizes only leaves.

Why fires my raptur'd breaſt? ah! why,
Ah! whither ſtrives my ſoul to fly?
I feel the pleaſing frenzy ſtrong,
Impulſive to ſome nobler ſong:
Let, let the wanton fancy play;
But guide it, leſt it devious ſtray.

But oh! in vain, my Muſe denies
Her aid, a ſlave to lovely eyes.

Suffice it to rehearſe the pains
Of bleeding nymphs, and dying ſwains;
Nor dare to wield the ſhafts of Love,
That wound the gods, and conquer Jove.
I yield! adieu the lofty ſtrain!
I am Anacreon once again:
Again the melting ſong I play,
Attemper'd to the vocal lay:
See! ſee! how with attentive ears
The youths imbibe the nectar'd airs!
And quaff, in lowery ſhades reclin'd,
My precepts, to regale the mind.

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